
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<http://books.google.com>



Princeton University Library



32101 064079260

0901

P889

1815,
July-Dec

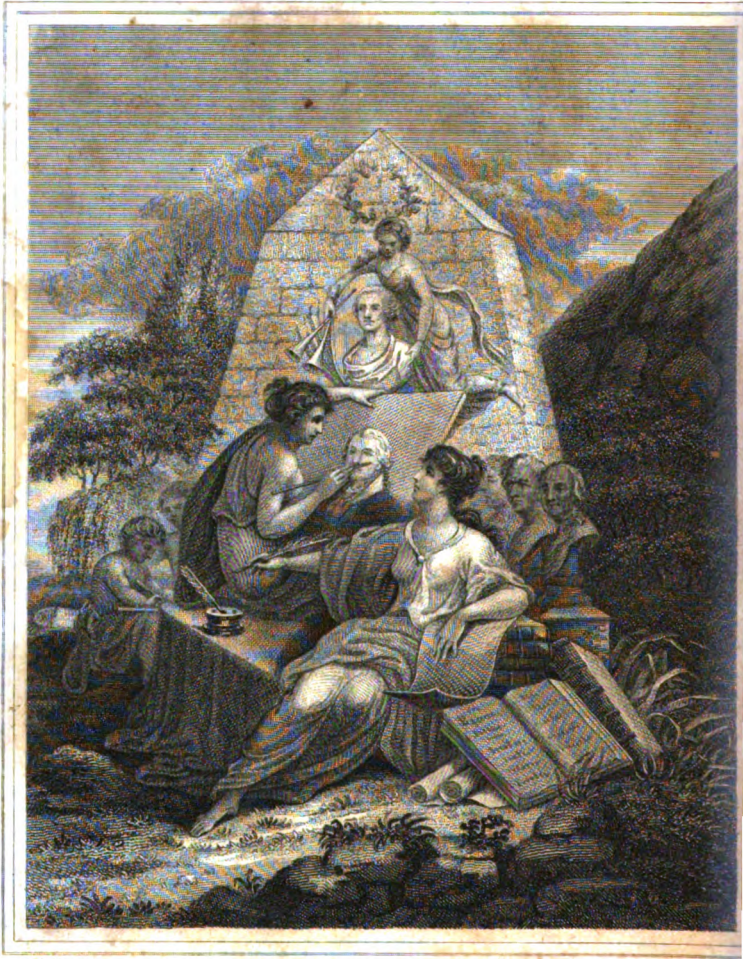
Library of



Princeton University.

Theodore F. Sanxay Fund

ALLEGORICAL



American Literature & Fine Arts Rewarding Patriotism & Virtue.

THE
PORT FOLIO

VOLUME

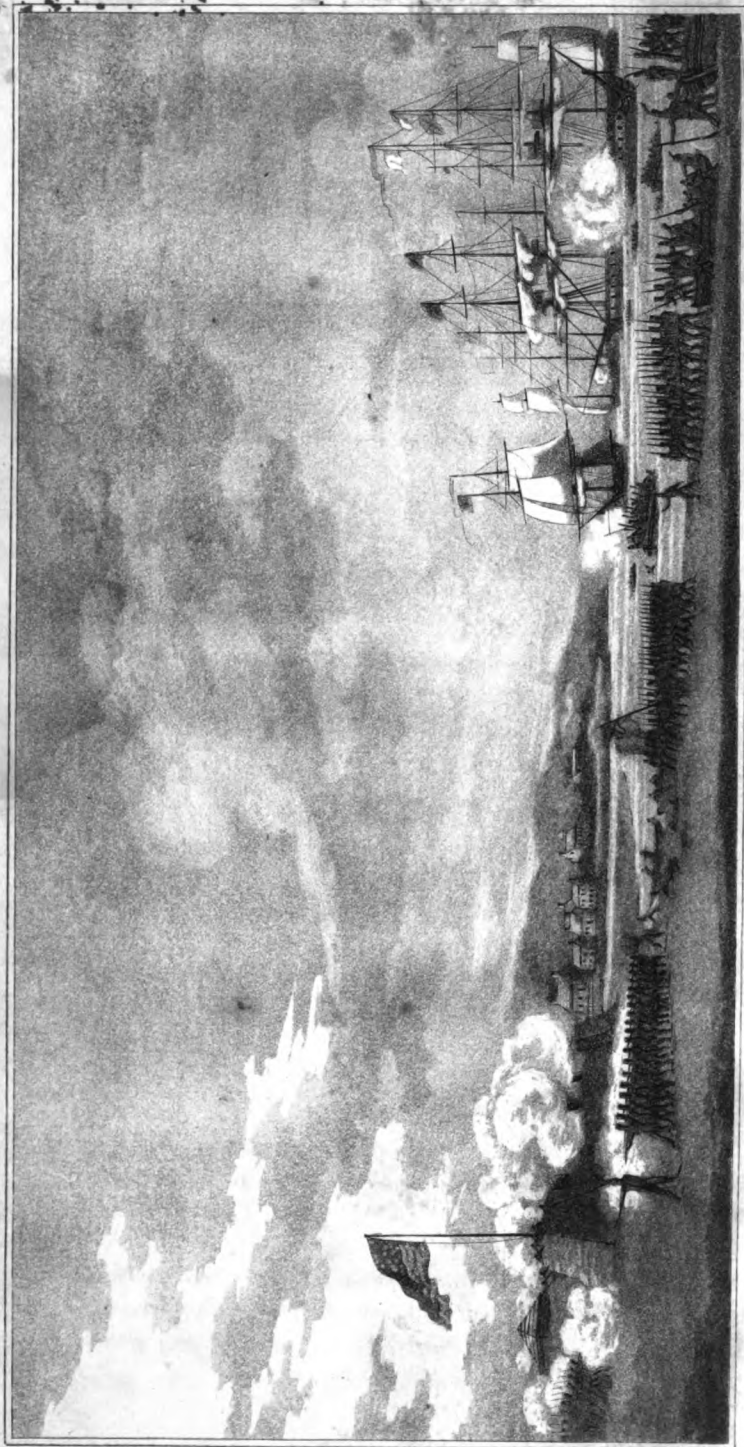
6

THIRD SERIES



PHILADELPHIA

Published by The Doctor.



H. Lloyd Jones sculp.

Attack on Fort Oswego.

Wm M. Hall.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. VI.

JULY, 1815.

No. I.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

MEMOIRS OF BROWN'S CAMPAIGN.

We value the following communication from our military correspondent the more highly, from a belief that the two battles which it so satisfactorily describes, have never been duly appreciated by the public. We are even apprehensive, that by no small proportion of our fellow-citizens, they are entirely forgotten, being lost to them in the more dazzling lustre of subsequent events. It is the more necessary, therefore, to rescue them from this state of unmerited obscurity, and place them on the records of our achievements in arms, where, in the eyes of our countrymen and of the world, they may contribute to brighten our national glory, and be easily accessible to the future historian. In no other way can the brave men who were engaged in them receive that tribute of admiration and applause to which they are entitled. ED.

A REPAILED account of the battles of Oswego and Sandy Creek, on Lake Ontario, on the 5th, 6th and 30th of May 1814, by detachments of the army under the command of major general Brown, reported by an officer of the general staff.

GENERAL BROWN, after his arrival upon the Niagara frontier, with the troops intended to act under his immediate command, having received information that the enemy was preparing

749397
(RECAP)

Digitized by Google

an expedition from Kingston against Oswego, detached colonel Mitchell with his battalion of artillery, armed with muskets, to the arduous and important service of retrograding as expeditiously as possible to the defence of Oswego River, where was deposited an immense quantity of public property, together with the ordnance, ordnance stores, and naval equipments for the Ontario fleet at Sacket's harbour. The colonel arrived at Oswego from Batavia, a distance of *one hundred and fifty-one miles*, in four and an half days march, and such was the order and regularity of this rapid movement, that the soldiers were not injured, nor any left behind. The fort of Oswego was found unoccupied, and only nominally a fortification. Time had destroyed every external defence.

Indeed it was worth occupancy only on account of the barracks. The exertions preparatory for the expected attack were proportionate to the exigencies of the occasion. The guns, which had been considered as unfit for service, were reprov'd, and with the batteries prepared for action.

The British Ontario fleet, commanded by sir James Lucas Yeo, having on board more than two thousand regular troops, under the command of lieutenant general Drummond, arrived on the morning of the 5th of May, and anchored off the fort, within the effective range of the guns of the fleet. The attack commenced, and a constant fire was kept up during the day on the fort and batteries. A powerful flotilla attempted repeatedly to land the troops; but such was the destructive effect of the artillery from the batteries, under the direction of that excellent officer captain Boyle, that the enemy was repulsed with great loss of men and several of the boats. The policy of the commanding officer in pitching his tents on the left bank of the river, and his skilful manœuvring of his troops on the right, had the desired effect to deceive the enemy with respect to his numbers. The British troops were re-embarked, the fleet left its anchorage, and the object of the expedition was apparently relinquished.

The next morning the fleet returned, and, anchoring within half cannon shot of captain Boyle's batteries, renewed and continued the cannonade with great vigour. Captain Boyle and lieutenant Legate were not idle. Their batteries and skilful arrangements protected their men, whilst the British ship the *Wolf*, suf-

ferred severely in men, masts, and rigging. She was repeatedly set on fire with hot shot.

Colonel Mitchell knowing the fort to be untenable, and finding it impossible to prevent the landing of the enemy who was now approaching the shore at different points in great force, informed his officers of his determination to fight as long as the honour of our arms and the interest of his country should require it, and afterwards effect a retreat to the main depot at the Falls, the protection of which was the great object of his march.

When the enemy, under the cover of the fleet, had landed and advanced on the plain, the firing from the shipping and gun boats ceased. Colonel Mitchell took this favourable opportunity to deploy his battalion from a ravine in rear of the fort, where he had been compelled to remain, to avoid the immense shower of grape from the whole fleet. He now, with Spartan bravery, advanced with two companies, under the command of captain Melvin and lieutenant Ansart, (the latter commanding the excellent company of captain Romaine, who was detached on important duty on the left bank of the river) and attacked the enemy advancing to the fort, whilst captain M'Intire and captain Pierce, gallantly engaged and beat off a vastly superior force of the enemy's light troops, who had been detached for the purpose of preventing a retreat. Captain Boyle kept up a deadly fire on the boats landing, and on the enemy advancing. The contest was as daring as it was unequal; for the ground was maintained by the Americans against the main body of the enemy, until a party of them had carried captain Boyle's batteries, and ascended the bastions of the fort in rear of his left flank. Colonel Mitchell says, in his report, that having done the enemy as much harm as was in his power, "he retreated in good order." The force of the enemy on shore was much more than *two thousand* soldiers and sailors, whilst the Americans did not exceed *three hundred* soldiers, and about thirty sailors under the gallant lieutenant Pearce of the navy.

The entire loss of the enemy, in his several attacks on colonel Mitchell's position, was upwards of *two hundred and eighty* in killed and wounded, including among the latter several officers,* while that of the Americans did not exceed fifty in number.

* Captain Mulcaster of the Royal Navy, second in command in the fleet, and a number of officers were badly wounded.

The determined bravery displayed by our troops in the field, and on the retreat, merits the admiration and applause, not only of the army, but of the whole nation. Colonel Mitchell wore his full uniform on the day of action, and, while retreating, was particularly singled out by the British officers as a mark for the aim of their sharp shooters. The colonel, on his retreat, dismounted under a brisk and galling fire of musquetry, and gave his horses to captain Pierce who was exhausted in consequence of ill health, and to a wounded sergeant, thereby saving them, by his bravery and humanity, from the bayonets of a *mortified* and *exasperated* foe.

Colonel Mitchell reported, in the warmest language, the gallant conduct of his whole detachment. Those excellent officers, whose names have not been mentioned in this sketch, but who ought, from their heroism, to be made known to their country, were adjutant Charles Macomb, lieutenant Daniel Blaney, lieutenant William King, lieutenant Robb, lieutenant William M'Clinck, and lieutenant Charles Newkirk. Lieutenant Blaney from Delaware, a young officer of high promise, and a favourite in the corps, was killed gallantly fighting at the head of his platoon. He rests in the tomb of honour.

The result of this affair was a victory to the Americans. In consequence of their obstinate resistance at the fort, persevered in for two entire days, the enemy relinquished the whole object of the expedition. Public property to the amount of more than a million of dollars was saved.

This was the first affair in general Brown's brilliant campaign. It was the precursor of the glory afterwards achieved on the Niagara frontier, by those distinguished troops, who were ordered by the commanding general, when they "*should come in contact with the enemy to bear in mind Oswego and Sandy Creek.*"

The patriotic general Ellis, with his brigade, the militia of the neighbourhood, and the Indian warriors of the Oneida and Onondaga nations, made expeditious marches to join colonel Mitchell and afford protection to the important depot he had been despatched to protect. The colonel was further reinforced by a detachment of riflemen, under the command of major Appling, of the United States army. The enemy, although prepared with proper pilots and boats to ascend the river, made no further attempts to accomplish his important object, which would have gi-

ven him the undisputed superiority of the lake, during the remainder of the war. The enemy, having raised a few navy guns, that were sunk by captain Woolsey, burnt the barracks, and robbed some of the inhabitants, with great precipitation, on the same night, abandoned the fort, and returned without a single laurel on his brow.

Another expedition terminated in the plunder of private property at Sodus, and a complete defeat at the mouth of Genesee River by militia, under the command of that excellent officer, general Peter B. Porter.

The commanding officer of the Canadas, being foiled in his attempts to capture the public stores on the Oswego River, now blockaded and threatened Sacket's Harbour, with the double view of making a diversion in favour of the British army on the Niagara frontier, and, at the same time, of retarding and intercepting all transportation by water.

In this situation, Sacket's Harbour was considered in danger. Colonel Mitchell was ordered to reinforce that post. He left Oswego Falls in command of major Appling, with orders as soon as captain Woolsey should be ready to sail, to embark his rifleman on board the flotilla, for its protection against the light boats of the enemy. Captain Woolsey, by his well directed *demonstrations and reports*, having induced the enemy off Oswego, to believe that all the guns and naval stores were to be sent up the Oneida Lake, to be transported to the harbour by land, soon found a favourable opportunity to run his boats with the heavy cannon, anchors and cables into Lake Ontario. Every exertion was made, and every precaution taken in this important and hazardous enterprize, to run by the blockading squadron in the night, into Sacket's Harbour. Captain Woolsey escaped discovery until he arrived near the mouth of Sandy Creek,* when he was observed by a detachment of gun boats, manned with upwards of *two hundred* choice sailors and marines from the fleet, under the command of captain Popham of the Royal Navy. Captain Woolsey wisely ran his boats, protected by riflemen, up Sandy Creek, as far as practicable, and gave information to general

* Twenty miles from Sacket's Harbour.

Gaines and commodore Chauncey of his situation. The next morning, being the 30th of May, captain Popham ascended Sandy Creek with his gun boats, in the expectation that the rich and important prize in view (*viz*, all the guns, cables and anchors for the ships *SUPERIOR* AND *MOHAWK*, would be obtained without much danger or opposition. The marines were landed and put in order of battle. The gun boats, forming a powerful battery, were placed in a situation to co-operate with them. At this moment major Appling, who was in the woods near the place of landing, advanced and opened on them a fatal fire. It was returned by the enemy; but his artillery and musquetry had no effect. The contest was short. The enemy falling in every direction under the unerring aim of the American marksmen soon surrendered. Our whole loss on the occasion was one killed and two wounded. The loss of the enemy was fifty-six killed and wounded, including officers.

Two post captains, four lieutenants of the navy, and a hundred and fifty-six sailors and marines were made prisoners.

Four gun boats, mounting one sixty-eight pound carronade, one long twenty-four pounder, one long twelve pounder, one five and a half inch cohorn, with sir James Yeo's elegant gig, and a large quantity of ordnance stores, were the trophies of this important victory.

The riflemen under the gallant major Appling were the only troops engaged. They did not exceed one hundred and twenty in officers and men. The Indian warriors and militia were not on the battle ground, until after a proposal was made to surrender.

Colonel Mitchell, who arrived with reinforcements immediately after the action, reported to general Gaines that "major Appling planned and executed this brilliant affair, so honourable to our arms, so deserving of the applause of the nation, and so important as effecting the ulterior operations of the campaign."

Major Appling was deservedly raised by brevet in quick succession, to the rank of lieutenant colonel and colonel: he received, moreover, the thanks of the president of the United States, and the applause of the commanding general of the army, for this distinguished achievement.

ON THE PEOPLING OF AMERICA.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE objections contained in the following paper to that hypothesis which would people America from the continent of Asia, by the way of Behring's strait, although not new in themselves, have scarcely, we presume, occurred to the generality of our readers. To them, therefore, they stand in the relation of newly discovered truths. At all events, they are sensible, and will not be read without interest by those who are curious on the subject to which they relate. As a further objection to the same hypothesis, as well, indeed, as to every other on the same topic with which we are acquainted, our correspondent might have added, that there are found in the new world, several species of animals which are not known to exist at all in any part of the old. Whence are these derived? The solution of this question, impracticable at present, should it ever be attained, will be the result of a further development of the system of nature. ED.

WHENCE COME THE MEN AND ANIMALS OF AMERICA?

ON this question, many opinions have been offered at different times, and by writers of various countries, some of them materially differing from the others. Many of these hypotheses have been long since consigned to oblivion, and those that yet remain are so generally lame and imperfect, that we are almost forced into the belief, that the question cannot be satisfactorily answered.

At present, those who do not wish to leave this curious subject in all its original obscurity, have adopted the hypothesis of Dr. Robertson; a preference, which is more, perhaps, to be ascribed to the eloquent and classical language of that great historian, than to the weight of his facts, or even the plausibility of his speculations. As it is the writings of the advocates of this opinion that are usually referred to as authority in relation to the point in question, it may not be improper in me to endeavour to show, that its author formed his belief on very slight grounds, and that there are several important points which such an opinion fails to elucidate.

“The vicinity of the two continents of Asia and America, says Dr. Robertson, renders it highly probable that the human race first passed that way from Asia. In latitude sixty-six degrees north, the two coasts are only thirteen leagues asunder, and about midway between them lie two islands, the distance from

which to either shore is short of twenty miles; at this place the natives of Asia, could find no difficulty in passing over to the opposite coast; which is in sight of their own; they might have also travelled across on sledges or on foot, for we have reason to believe, from the accounts of captain Cook and his officers, that the strait is entirely frozen over in the winter, so that the continents during that season, with respect to the communication between them, may be considered as one land.

“ We may therefore conclude, that the Asiatics having settled in those parts of America, where the Russians have discovered the proximity of the two continents, spread gradually over its various regions.”

This proposed rout for the emigration of mankind from Asia to America, is, in the very commencement, opposed by the striking fact, that about Behring's straits, the precise spot where Dr. Robertson believes man to have crossed over from one continent to the other, there is a very widely extended race of men interposed, who are utterly dissimilar to either Asiatics or Americans. This race is the Esquimaux, who, as Dr. Robertson himself acknowledges, bear a near resemblance to the northern Europeans, and none to the American Indians.

This fact, so directly adverse to the Dr's. general theory, obliges him to form a new opinion as to the origin of the Esquimaux, whom he supposes to be descendants from the Norwegians and Icelanders. But is it probable, I was near saying possible, that within the time that has elapsed since the fourteenth century, the Norwegians could have been degraded from their lofty stature down to that of Esquimaux? Can we suppose, moreover, that any people used to the comforts of civilized life, would stay in the most dreary, desolate, and unfruitful region on earth—in a tract of country where the cold is so excessive, that ten degrees farther to the south than Behring's Straits every aqueous and fermented liquid is frozen, notwithstanding the efforts of man, and where even spirits of wine are reduced by the frost to the consistence of oil? Is it possible, I say, that any thing short of actual compulsion could have induced a people that had ever been familiar with a better fate, to remain in an abode so uninviting and dismal? An answer in the affirmative would be opposed to every known spring of human action.

Mr. Pennant, though the most able defender of Dr. Robertson's opinion, observes that the Norwegians, when they first landed in America, found the Esquimaux already there, and gave them the name of Skrälingues, or dwarfish people, from their small stature. See Arctic Zoology, Introduct. Vol. I. p. 164.

But the facts most strongly opposed to a migration to America by way of Behring's straits, may be deduced from the utter impossibility of animals ever reaching this continent, by that route, and if *they* could arrive in this way, still the theory is indefensible; for we must believe, that men and animals did come by the same passage; wherever such passage may have lain. To admit the contrary would be a libel on the proceedings of the Deity, who without a deviation from his uniform wisdom and simplicity of design, could not have provided two ways where one only was necessary. This must be obvious to the lowest capacity.

Some persons, however, have the hardihood to contend, that men and animals did pass by Behring's straights to America.—Such an allegation as this, supposes that animals living now only in the hottest parts of America, such as the guanias, alligators, monkeys, parrots, and a vast number more, actually past in the winter, within the Arctic circle, through a cold that congeals spirits of wine! for the writers who maintain this hypothesis, have been necessarily obliged to make them pass in the winter, in order that they may avail themselves of a bridge of solid ice forty miles in length, which, during this season, connects the two worlds together. Besides, is not all herbage either killed or covered with snow, for hundreds of miles, both on the Asiatic, and the American side of the strait during the inclemencies of winter?

This brief examination of Robertson's theory is all I conceive necessary; the more so, as he himself simply advances it without attempting its permanent establishment. Several writers have, indeed, endeavoured to confirm it, but without success. Neither has the laboured and curious essay of Dr. Barton, nor the shorter attempt of Mr. Pennant eventuated more favourably to their respective writers. Their arguments I shall pass over without notice. Dr. Barton's arguments may be found in his *New Views of the Origin of our Aborigines*, and those of Mr. Pennant in his introduction to his *Arctic Zoology*. Vol. I. p. 161.

Some authors have advanced an opinion, that men and the inferior animals crossed the Pacific ocean by way of the islands extended through that sea, and under their present size and arrangement. As this supposition has an intimate connection with my own opinions, it shall be considered in a future part, when, I trust, its errors will be rendered obvious to every inquirer.

The opinion of the abbé Clavigero, that land existed in early times between Africa and America, over which men and animals passed, and which has since been destroyed, is erroneous, I conceive, only on the score of locality. The principle I believe to be correct, but its place of application wrong. The new and old worlds were united by intervening land; but the connecting tract of territory was on the west side of America, not on the east. But this position will be discussed hereafter. In the mean time, I would observe that in Rees's Cyclopædia, under the article America, the various hypotheses respecting the peopling of the new world, have been ably considered. To that work, therefore, the reader is at present referred for ampler information.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HAMMOND AND TIBULLUS.

(*Concluded.*)

THE eighth elegy is borrowed from the third elegy of the third book of Tibullus. It begins:

Ah what avails thy lover's pious care?
His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain;

Quid prodest cælum votis implesse, Neæra?
Blandaque cum multa thura dedisse prece?
Non, ut marmorei prodirem è limine tecti,
Insignis clarâ conspicuasque domo.

This is the elegy which contains the passage selected by Dr. Russel to illustrate the "soft melancholy and tenderness" which Hammond, beyond all his countrymen, knew to give to his love

verses. Unluckily for the poet, and his panegyrist, they are too evidently borrowed plumes, to afford the wearer a legitimate undivided title to their splendour! Let us compare them with what Tibullus says:

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
Then old with love insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I scorn the Lybian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only ask to live my Delia's slave,
And when I long have serv'd her, call her wife.

Thus Hammond, and now his model, as he is called:

Sed tecum ut longæ satiarem gaudia vitæ,
Inque tuo caderet nostra senecta sinu;
Tunc, cum permenso defunctus tempore lucis,
Nudus Læthæa cogerer ire rate.

Nec me regna juvant, nec Lydius aurifer amnis,
Nec quas terrarum sustinet orbis opes.
Hæc alii cupiant: liceat mihi paupere cultu
Securo carâ conjuge posse frui.

Elegy the ninth of Hammond, answers to the second elegy of the third book of Tibullus, beginning:

Qui primus caram juveni carumque puellæ
Eripuit juvenem ferreus ille fuit.
Durus et ille fuit qui tantum ferre dolorem
Vivere et ereptâ conjuge qui potuit.

With the usual fidelity it is thus Englished by Hammond though perhaps a little improved upon by making the lover, who could bear the deprivation even *harder-hearted* than the man who could inflict it.

He who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man, but harder in my mind,
The lover still, who died not of despair.

A pretty close translation this of the first quatrain! and so indeed it continues, though the elegy is somewhat amplified in its English dress. It is to this elegy that Dr. Johnson applies the censure of "frigid pedantry, Roman imagery," &c. But if the doctor had compared the two elegies, he would have immediately perceived the cause of this pedantry and Roman imagery. Why Hammond first threatens his mistress with dying, and then inquires of her,

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend,
With eyes averted light the solemn pyre, &c.

and why he talks of bearing the golden vase in sable weeds, of Panchaia's odours,

And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year,

he would have found that Mr. Hammond had been very faithful, as became him, to his original, who has it:

Ergo ego cum tenuem fuero mutatus in umbram,
Candidaque ossa super nigra favilla teget
Ante meum veniat longos incompta capillos
Et fleat ante meum mæsta Neæra rogam.

The allusions in the original, are spread over too large a surface to exemplify them all by quotation. It will be enough to account for the imagery of "culling his ashes," "Panchaia's odours &c."—as thus:

Post hæc carbaceis humorem tollere ventis,
Atque in marmoreâ ponere sicca domo.
Illuc quas mittit pinguis Panchaia merces,
Eoique Arabes, dives et Assyria,
Et nostri memores lacrymæ fundantur eodem.

Elegy the tenth on Delia's birth-day, is borrowed from the second elegy of the second book of Tibullus, beginning,

Dicamus bona verba, venit natalis ad aras,
Quisquis ades, lingua, vir, mulierque fave.
Urantur pia thura focus, urantur odores
Quos tener è terra divite mittit Arabs.

Hammond,

This day which saw my Delia's beauties rise,
Shall more than all our sacred days be blest,
The world enamoured of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incense if her thoughts be kind:

*Ipse suos Genius adsit visurus honores,
Cui decorant sanctas mollia sarta comas.*

This elegy is very short both in the original and the imitation, which, though not very close, has sufficient points of resemblance both in the structure and language, to show that Hammond had Tibullus before him when he wrote it. Perhaps, however, we might indulge lord Chesterfield here, in calling him only a model.

Hammond's eleventh elegy begins:

The man who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encount'ring nations feel,
And death grew stronger by his fatal art:

It cannot be doubted that this is a translation of the following, which begins Tibullus's eleventh elegy of his first book; and it is the only instance in which the number of the copy and original accord.

*Quis fuit horrendos primus qui protulit enses?
Quam ferus, et vere ferreus ille fuit!
Tunc cædes hominum generi, tunc prælia nata;
Tunc brevior diræ mortis aperta via est.*

It proceeds:

*At nihil ille miser meruit: nos ad mala nostra
Vertimus, in sævas quod dedit ille feras,
Divitis hoc vitium est auri: nec bella fuerunt
Faginus adstabat cum scyphus ante dapes.*

Thus Englished:

Yet not from steel, debate and battle rose,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the strife.

In Hammond, this is entitled an elegy against lovers going to war. It is in fact so in Tibullus; but much longer and more amplified than in Hammond, who, after the two first quatrains, merely preserves the general sentiment of the original, with here and there a few minute coincidences.

The twelfth elegy answers to the twelfth of the fourth book of Tibullus. It begins:

No second love shall e'er my heart surprise,
This solemn league did first our passion bind:
Thou only thou can'st please thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can sooth his troubled mind.

And is evidently a copy of this, with which Tibullus commences,

Nulla tuum nobis subducet fœmina lectum.
Hoc primum juncta est fœdere nostra Venus.
Tu modo sola places; nec jam te præter in urbe
Formosa est oculis ulla puella meis.

With the omission of a few allusions, this elegy which is short, is faithfully and happily translated, of which take the following examples:

Atque utinam posses uni mihi bella videri!
Displiceas aliis: sic ego tutus ero.
Nil opus invidia est: procul absit gloria vulgi,
Qui sapit, in tacito gaudeat ille sinu.

Oh that thy charms were only fair to me,
Displease all others and secure my rest,
No need of envy—let me happy be,
I little care that others know me blest.

Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere sylvis,
Qua nulla humano sit via trita pede!
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
Where never human footsteps mark'd the ground;
Thou light of life all darkness can'st expel,
And seem a world with solitude around.

There are two more quatrains in this elegy translated with equal exactness, but they are omitted to avoid prolixity. Indeed the quotations might have been fewer throughout, had it not been necessary to establish the position, that the poems in question are rather translations than imitations.

The thirteenth and last elegy but one of Hammond, answers to the very first elegy of Tibullus, beginning thus:

Divitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro
Et teneat culti jugera multa soli:
Quem labor assiduus vicino terreat hoste,
Martia cui somnos classica pulsa fugent.

This is a long elegy, both in the original and the copy, the latter containing twenty-two stanzas, made up for the most part of this first elegy of Tibullus, though there are intermingled with it, some passages from others, and particularly the fifth. I shall content myself with giving a few instances of translation, beginning with the first quatrain already quoted.

Let others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers never sound.

The following probably furnished Dr. Johnson with the occasion of reproaching Hammond with an apparent want of feeling and sincerity, in turning himself into a shepherd, and talking of his lambs and goats:

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

In the original:

Non agnamve sinu pigeat, fætumve capellæ
Desertum oblita matre referre domum.

Hammond's next stanza, however, would not subject him to the same reproach, though he is equally indebted to Tibullus for the thought and its appendages.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
 And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
 Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
 Secure and happy sink at last to rest!

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
 Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu:
 Aut gelidas hibernus aquas quum fuderit Auster,
 Securum somnos imbre juvante sequi!

Tibullus taking it into his head to introduce his patron Mes-
 sala into his elegy, in these words:

Te bellare decet terra, Messala, marique,
 Ut domus hostiles præferat exuvias.

Hammond does the same with his, Lord Chesterfield. But
 as his lordship was no warrior, unless a tongue-one, the compli-
 ment would by no straining, apply; and therefore it was of neces-
 sity commuted for commendation of another kind, happily light-
 ing on his parliamentary qualifications.

Stanhope in wisdom as in wit divine,
 May rise and plead Britannia's glorious cause.

And again:

Let Stanhope speak his listening country's wrong.

In the next stanza, however, our poet is completely fortunate
 in finding a passage in the Roman bard, (though obliged to resort
 to his fifth elegy for it) which wholly applies; and thus it runs in
 English:

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend,
 Delia shall wonder at her noble guest,
 With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
 And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Who can doubt that his lordship had read, and was highly
 gratified with this delicate compliment; and yet had he seen the
 lines from Tibullus which suggested them, and which follow, he
 must at least have doubted on this occasion, whether his protégé
 "sat down to write what he thought, or to think what he should
 write."

Huc veniet Messala meus cui dulcia poma,
 Delia selectis detrahet arboribus;
 Et tantum venerata virum, hunc sedula curet;
 Huic paret, atque epulas ipsa ministra gerat.

The fourteenth and last elegy, beginning,

What scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
 In some lone spot with peace and thee retir'd, &c.

does not, so far as I have been able to discover, owe any of its beauties to the Roman poet. It appears to be truly original, and is among the best of his elegies. It is expressive of a resolution he has formed, to renounce a hopeless passion, and to devote himself in future, to nobler and more worthy pursuits.

In books a calm, but fixt content to find;
 Safe joys, that on ourselves alone depend.

From the foregoing remarks and illustrations, it must, I think, appear, that of the whole fourteen elegies, twelve of them are evidently copied from Tibullus, although Hammond has the reputation of an original author, only adopting the manner and imbibing the spirit of his Roman model.

From the arrangement of the English elegies, carefully varied in numbering from the Latin ones, it cannot be doubted, that an imposition was intended; and that they were designed to be palm'd upon the public as original. But whether this was merely a freak of the young author, somewhat like that of Chatterton concerning the poems of Rowley, or a contrivance of his editor for the purpose of gain, can only be conjectured.

With respect to the criticisms of the earl and the two doctors, although the triumvirate are obviously dupes of the imposition, each seems to contain a share of truth, but not the whole truth. With lord Chesterfield and Dr. Russel, it must be admitted, that Hammond is a writer possessing feeling and taste; and yet, considering him with Dr. Johnson, as directly making court to his mistress with the pastoral foolery of kids and lambkins, who will not agree with him, that he deserved to lose her? but the fact appears to be, that from a congeniality of feeling, the lovesick

bard, found a solace in reading and copying the tender effusions of Tibullus, and thence acquired such a familiarity with their sentiments and language, that it was both more easy and more grateful to him, to exhibit them in an English dress, than to draw upon his mind, for original compositions. It is scarcely a correct idea, to suppose, that an enamoured poet is to frame his verses as a mendicant does his supplications,—upon a calculation of the surest mode of exciting the hand of the solicited to a charitable donation. Is it not rather the privilege of the lover, to rave, to chide, to expostulate, to complain? Besides, to a haughty lady of sense and dignity, the mode of addressing her under a feigned character and Roman imagery, might be supposed more grateful than plain and direct whining. That Hammond, however, was sincerely and deeply in love, his mistress could not doubt, unless she was destitute of the sensibility, which might enable her to recognize the strong symptoms of that passion, impressed upon his poems.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ORATION IN DEFENCE OF THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

THIS society consists of an association of young gentlemen lately formed in the University of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of mutual improvement in such branches of scholastic literature and science as are suitable to their years. Although the proceedings of the society are secret, as is usually and very properly the case with institutions of the kind, its business is believed to be conducted with a degree of spirit, regularity and intelligence, highly creditable to the youthful members. From the talents it calls forth, the love of letters it awakens, the spirit of enterprize and generous emulation which it cherishes, and above all, from its corrective influence over the morals and behaviour of its members, it gives ample promise of contributing, in no small degree, to the promotion of learning and science, and of enhancing the usefulness and reputation of the university.

An exhibition in oratory having been held by the members of this society, on the evening of the first day of last month, in which the speakers did great honour to themselves and their instructors, we have been permitted to publish the following oration, which was delivered on the occasion. With the spirit which it breathes and the sentiments it expresses, we are not a little pleased, and flatter ourselves that they will meet the approbation of our readers. It is by the fostering of such a spirit and the inculcation of such sentiments, that

our youth are to be inspired with a love of country and taught to respect themselves, our independence placed on an immoveable basis, and a national character ultimately formed.—Ed.

DURING a long and eventful series of years, the United States have ranked, both physically and morally, with the most conspicuous objects on the theatre of the world. Since the achievement of our independence by the gallantry of our fathers, and the establishment of our excellent form of government by their wisdom and virtue, it has been our fortune to excite much attention and awaken no inconsiderable share of envy and jealousy among foreign nations. Within this period we have repeatedly welcomed to our shores, and invited to share in the rights of our hospitality, travellers from abroad of specious manners, but depraved hearts—men, indeed, in form, but demons in disposition—who have afterwards made it their business and their boast, to assail us with the most flagitious and indiscriminate calumny—to represent us as a people without talent or energy, knowledge or literature, a spirit of enterprize or resources of art—to denounce and scoff at us as unsightly in appearance, enfeebled in person, corrupt in morals, savage in manners, and, in our whole nature, degenerate and base. Even the soil on which we tread, and the streams which water it, the climate of our country, and the very elements of heaven, have these profligate tourists selected as themes of the coarsest defamation. With talents for misrepresentation, which rank them with the ablest apostles of falsehood, and in a strength of colouring bounded only by the limits of their own conception, they have dared to portray the new world as in all respects degraded when compared with the old.

This feeble but faithful picture of vice and licentiousness, ingratitude and malevolence, will not fail to remind you of those unblushing miscreants—those slanderers by profession, Weld and Volney, Ash and Bulow, Janson and Moore, with a tribe of others, their associates in infamy, whose very names are offensive to the ear of virtue—wretches, whom the troubles of Europe, a state of houseless penury, a restless disposition, the wages of turpitude, or their own crimes and the apprehension of a gibbet, sent forth into our country, to repay with defamation the courtesies they experienced, and scatter their poison on the hand that fed them.

In relation to the people of the United States, one of the most insulting charges of these disciplined calumniators is, that being totally destitute of a national character, and strangers to those highest and purest of earthly attachments, a love of country and of glory, they are entirely absorbed in a dishonest and grovelling cupidity of gain.

To some of the accusations preferred against our country by these writers, it would be degrading in us to reply. They carry with them their own refutation in the grossness which characterizes them, and fail entirely of their intended effect, from the violence and indecency with which they are urged. Like a weapon lanced with too much eagerness, they exhaust the vigour of the arm that threw them, and pass harmless by the object at which they are aimed.

Touching several, however, of the charges which have just been specified, a few remarks will not, as I flatter myself, constitute an exercise altogether unsuitable to the present occasion. In the observations I have to offer on these oft-repeated calumnies, I shall not have recourse to abstract reasoning. I shall not, by a logical arrangement of premises and consequences, endeavour to prove, that there exists, in the reason and nature of things, no perceptible source of American inferiority—no cause, why man, in the new world, should not be equal to man in the old.

On this subject, however fair and conclusive the inference might be, I shall not attempt to derive arguments from the unrivalled beauty and grandeur of the inferior works of nature on the American continent. I shall not pause to ask, why the most goodly and magnificent portion of terrestrial creation should be destined as the abode of a race of mortals corrupt and degraded beyond their fellows? Nor shall I condescend to inquire, wherefore an atmosphere as pure, a sun as bright, a climate as genial, and food and drink as wholesome and abundant, as the earth can boast, should prove deleterious in their operation on man, for no other reason, than because he was born to the westward of the Atlantic? The solution of these problems must be reserved for the superior penetration of some of the future tourists that may visit our country.

Instead of attempting, then, by philosophical induction, to establish the theory, that the man of America *may* possess, in the highest degree, all the attributes of human nature, I shall, by a shorter and surer process, appeal to history, and prove by *facts* that he actually *does*.

Turning, in retrospect, to a far distant period, we behold the Americans, while yet in the character of infantile colonists, astonishing England and appalling France, by their prowess and enterprize and talents in war. Corroborative of this assertion we derive conclusive testimony from the brilliant achievement of the capture of Louisburgh, in the year 1745, by a handful of brave but undisciplined New Englanders. An instance of more signally gallant and successful daring is no where recorded in military annals.

When on the banks of the Monongahela, where the unfortunate Braddock was defeated and fell, a savage foe had carried terror and confusion into the British ranks, by whom was the arm of massacre arrested, and the salvation of the discomfitted army achieved? Let history answer—it was by the youthful Washington and his brave Virginians. When in a moment of consternation and dismay the veterans of England, forgetful or regardless of their renown in arms, had ingloriously turned their back on the enemy, the intrepid Americans threw themselves into their rear, breasted the desolating tempest of pursuit, and saved the regulars from inevitable destruction. Is it true, then, that on an occasion calculated to test the souls of the bravest, the provincials alone retained their firmness—alone remained the heroes and champions of the day? and were they, notwithstanding, men of enfeebled arms, pusillanimous spirits, and degenerate intellects? On this point we court the decision of an unprejudiced world—we await the sentiment of all posterity. If the soldiers whose bravery retrieved, in part, the disasters of the day, deserve such epithets, where shall we find terms to characterize those whose misconduct produced them?

Descending to a later period in the annals of America, we still find ample cause to be proud of our birthright. The conduct of our countrymen, throughout their long and sanguinary struggle for independence, breaks on us in colours of pecu-

liar brilliancy. Whether we look into the scenes of civil or military life—the senate chamber or the field, of that memorable period, the whole is morally and physically sublime. A broader display of the best and most exalted qualities of human nature—a more resplendent galaxy of greatness and glory, has never presented itself to the admiration of the world. That luminous and inextinguishable blaze of Grecian wisdom supported by more than Roman firmness and patriotism, began with the celebrated battle at Lexington, and terminated only with the capture of York.

Wherefore should I speak of that unprecedented instance of devotedness to country and contempt of death—that *chef d'œuvre* of human gallantry, the battle of Bunker's hill? Already is it as familiar to you as the most recent transactions of your own lives. It mingles with the favourite narratives of the nursery, and constitutes a part of the alphabet of our patriotism. It swells with a laudable and high-minded pride the bosom of the school-boy, fires the soul of youth and manhood, and even rekindles, for a moment, the declining glow in the bosom of age. To Americans of every period and condition of life, it will hold up, to the latest posterity, a splendid object of national exultation. In that most memorable fete of arms, Great Britain saw reduced to a reality and demonstrated as a fact, what, but an hour before, she would have treated with derision as a dream of lunacy—her bravest officers surpassed in prowess by men who had never before unsheathed a sword; and her veteran columns checked, repulsed, almost annihilated, by a body of yeomanry inferior in numbers, unorganized, undisciplined, and many of them unarmed. Yet was this corps of *invincibles*, whose deeds, for patriotism, valour, and firmness, rank with those of the heroes of Thermopylæ, natives of a country so calumniously stigmatized as the birth-place of none but degenerate mortals,—men destitute alike of physical energy, intellectual eminence and moral worth!

A want of time forbids me to awaken in your recollection or picture to your fancy all the scenes of our revolutionary conflict, in which the talents and heroic virtues of many of our countrymen shone with a lustre almost superhuman—a lustre that will irradiate the page of history while letters shall be cultivated or

greatness admired. Nor must I attempt to delineate that unparalleled epitome of all in man that is morally, physically, or intellectually sublime, which shone forth in the character of the commander in chief. Such a task is far beyond the compass of a tyro in learning. It would better suit the matured and masculine pen of a Marshall or a Walsh, or the fervid eloquence of a Randolph or an Ames.

In confirmation, however, of the position I am maintaining—that the American character will sustain a comparison with that of any other people, whether ancient or modern, I must recall to your recollection a few more of the events of our revolutionary war. Here the victories of Trenton and Princeton, Monmouth and Stony-Point, Bennington and Saratoga, rise before us in bold relief and brilliant colouring! On those memorable occasions, American genius and valour achieved an event beyond the power of the nations of Europe. They proudly triumphed over British experience, discipline and skill.

But it is not alone in the northern section of the union, that the laurel was planted during our contest for freedom. In the regions of the south—on the plains of York and Guilford, Camden and Eutaw, the Cowpens and Ninety Six, and even on the much neglected summit of King's mountain, it sprang luxuriantly from the blood of our heroes, and still shades the consecrated earth that covers them. On those and other fields of fame, which are still viewed with exultation by our brethren of the south, the armies of Britain were taught to respect the talents and shrink from the swords of Green and Morgan, Sumpter and Marian, Shelby and Pickens, Washington and Lee, and their brave associates—A brotherhood of heroes more daring and accomplished—richer in expedients or bolder in execution, the brightest period of the most warlike nation has never produced.

But the intellect of America shone in council with as brilliant a lustre, as that which distinguished her armies in the field. Where, within the compass of human performance, will you find examples of greater depth of thought or felicity of expression—more vigour of conception or eloquence of greater fervency and force, than in the productions of our statesmen during our struggle for independence? We may fearlessly point to the several petitions and remonstrances addressed on that occasion to the go-

vernment and people of England, to the speeches of our Lees and Henries, our Adamses and Rutledges, to the declaration of our independence, and, subsequently, to that inimitable state paper, the constitution of our government—we may fearlessly point to these productions, and defy the world to answer our question.

Nor must I forbear to mention the diplomatic correspondences that have occurred at sundry times, and on various topics of policy, between the American ministers and those of France and England, not excepting the recent one at Ghent, in each of which the genius of our country has been signally triumphant. The discussions have resembled the controversies of school-boys with mature scholars, versed in investigation and disciplined in logic.

Another scene of American heroism and greatness was opened to the world on the waters and shores of the Mediterranean. Where and when—the annals of naval warfare are unhesitatingly challenged to answer the question—where and when did ever a British squadron of equal force, achieve as much, dare as boldly and execute as vigorously, as did the squadron of the United States in the Tripolitan war, under the command of the gallant Preble? What nation of modern Europe can boast an instance of lofty magnanimity, self-devotedness and contempt of death, equal to that of Somers and his associates? and where is the name on earth so formidable to the barbarians of the north of Africa, as that of Decatur, though a stripling at the time? We search in vain the history of the Crusades, and even the archives of chivalry itself, for an instance of individual enterprize and intrepidity surpassing in compass of design and firmness of action, the march of Eaton at the head of his Arabs, through the burning and inhospitable sands of Lybia.

Conclusively do I assert—and did time admit, the position might be proved—that Preble and his companions collected on the waters of the Mediterranean, so often the theatre of naval combat, a harvest of glory more rich and durable, than that which had antecedently rewarded the labours of all the squadrons of Greece and Rome, or the more formidable fleets of France and Britain. Europe beheld with astonishment, and Africa not without consternation and dismay, a spirit of daring enterprize, connected with a power of fearful exploit, which threatened to become the terror and pride of the ocean.

But it was reserved for the operations of the late war to throw a still brighter lustre around the naval and military reputation of the United States, and to effect a broader development of the real greatness of the American character. To sketch even the briefest outline of *all* the brilliant fetes so triumphantly achieved by the arms of our country, during that memorable and sanguinary contest, neither comports with my intention nor falls within my province. Most of all, time would be wanting for the completion of the task. Were I to make the attempt, not only would yonder setting stars invite to sleep, but to-morrow's dawn would re-illumine the east, before I should have finished the glowing recital. Besides, such are the brilliancy and attractiveness of numerous points in the stupendous scene, that I should pause and hesitate where to begin, or what course to pursue.

Whether we cast our eyes towards the East, the North, or the South—the Lakes or the Atlantic—the prospect is unspeakably magnificent and sublime. Wherever our army marched of late, or our navy rode from the commencement of the conflict, the flag of our country is waving in triumph—stars of American glory throwing their lustre through groves of laurel present themselves to view with a dazzling effulgence. But the star of Britain shines “dimly through a mist” and victory perches on her standard no longer.

Proud as may seem the declaration, and wounding to the ear of those who were lately our enemies, it is, notwithstanding, true, that for reputation in arms, America stands, at present, unrivalled among nations.* Where are now the laurels of those far-famed INVINCIBLES—those conquerors of Europe, the veterans of Wellington? Blasted at Chippewa and Niagara, Erie and Plattsburg—wrested from their brows on the plains of New Orleans! Where is now that matchless effulgence of naval glory

* The orator is not to be understood as asserting here, that the United States, as a military and naval nation, is more powerful than Great Britain, France or Russia. Such a declaration would be absurd. His meaning is, that, ship to ship and gun to gun at sea, and man to man and bayonet to bayonet, on shore, the American sailors and soldiers have no equals. Of the truth of this point, the events of the late war have furnished abundant and conclusive testimony.

which once encircled the flag of Britain? Transferred by right of conquest to the star-spangled banner of the United States. Where shall we now look for the trident of the ocean, which once formed an emblem of British supremacy? Let our artists, hereafter, answer the question, by placing it on the shield of our national escutcheon, mingled with the arrows of the eagle of freedom.

Should any foreigner, in future times, dare to insult you with the offensive insinuation of American inferiority; pronounce to him but the name of Hull or Decatur, Bainbridge or Jones, Brown or Jackson, Scott or Macomb, Ripley or Miller, or even that of the youthful Croghan or Jesup, and he will be put to silence: if he be an Englishman, point to the Atlantic or the Pacific, lake Erie or lake Champlain, the Niagara frontier or the banks of the Mississippi, and he will turn in confusion from the poignancy of the rebuke.

Such are a few of the existing evidences of the elevation and resources of the American character, and the unconquerable firmness of the American mind.

But the portraiture of our country's greatness and glory is not yet complete. For a peculiar aptitude to the science of mechanics, the genius of the United States is proverbially pre-eminent. So felicitous, too, is its pliancy, so vigorous its powers, so fervent its enthusiasm, and so inexhaustible its perseverance, that it is amply fitted for every species and degree of acquirement. I defy the ingenuity of our ablest calumniator to designate a single pursuit in which the American mind has been seriously and steadfastly engaged, without attaining in it to the highest rank of eminence and honour. In proof of this assertion, I might instance, in particular, commerce and navigation, ship-building and agriculture, architecture and gunnery, with the art of painting and the practice of eloquence, in each of which our country ranks with the most distinguished of nations.

Nor does it comport with the reason and nature of things, that literature should constitute a degrading exception, when men of genius in America shall, hereafter, have become scholars and writers by profession. Then shall the applause of mankind succeed to the reproaches we have heretofore experienced on the score of letters. Then will open on the admiration of the world.

the true Augustan age of our country, ushered in and brightened by the Homers and Virgils, the Tassos and Voltaires, the Shakspears and Miltons, and the Bacons and Lockes of the New Hemisphere, equal in every attribute of greatness and excellence, to those that have given lustre and immortality to the old.

ON VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

By those who wish to become thoroughly versed in the knowledge of vegetables, and of the numerous and striking analogies, in point of structure, powers, habits, and functions, which exist between them and animals, the following paper will be perused with interest. We, therefore, publish it without hesitation, from a belief, that among the readers of the Port Folio, there are many persons to whom it will be gratifying. Instructive it must necessarily prove to every one who may attentively study it. By disclosing such similitudes, such harmonies, *such approaches towards unity*, in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, it simplifies greatly the study of nature, and is not a little favourable to true theology. Had the ancients possessed even a very limited knowledge of the unity of design and workmanship that pervades creation, it is not within the nature of things, that they could ever have been led astray by the doctrines of Polytheism. Ed.

ON THE ANALOGY BETWEEN ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If your readers are not quite weary of the curious subject of animal and vegetable analogies and resemblances, they will not be displeased at the following summary by La Metherie in his account of the state of science for the year 1813, in the *Journal de Physique*. Tom. 78, p. 19. T. C.

Philosophers of the highest antiquity have compared the organization of vegetables with that of animals. Pythagoras, Empedocles, Aristotle, Theophrastus—they have explained themselves on this subject very decidedly. They supposed that the same *functions* took place in the animal and in the vegetable. They were, indeed, unacquainted with the true circulation of ani-

mal fluids, but they conceived it to be similar in vegetables. They observed that some plants, like the date tree, when single, produced no fruit: hence they drew the conclusion of sexual organization.

Harvey demonstrated the true circulation of the blood: hence it was suspected that the other fluids as the lymph, circulated also. Latterly, the lymphatic vessels in which this circulation takes place, have been discovered.

It has also been thought that the sap and other vegetable juices circulated: and some vegetable physiologists have conjectured that they have even distinguished the vessels which serve this purpose.

The discovery has also been made of real, sexual organs in plants.

It is on a purview of these facts, that I have deemed it proper to treat of Vegetable Physiology. In my "Considerations on organized beings," I have compared the physiology of vegetables with that of animals, and it is thus the subject must be considered in demonstrating that the *functions* of these two classes of being are the same.

I have made it clear, that there are, in vegetables, the same (organic) *systems* that Pinel, Bichat, and others have demonstrated in animals. viz:

A system of cellular tissue.

A system of serous membranes.

A system of mucous membranes.

A system of fibrous membranes.

A system of peratic or horny membranes.

A system of nuclei, (as that of nuts.)

A system of fibro-serous

———— fibro-mucous } membranes.

———— sevo-mucous }

A system of cicatriceous membranes.

A system of membranes belonging to the gall nut.

An epidermoid system. (Corresponding to the epidermis of animals. T. C.)

A criniceous or capillary system. (des poils.)

A thorny system.

A dermoid system. (Similar to the true skin of animals. T. C.)

A dermoid system producing colour. (Corresponding to the rete mucosum. T. C.)

A tracheal system. (or system of air vessels. T. C.)

A medullary system.

A fibrous, or sap-vessel system.

A glandular system.

A system of exhalant, or transpiratory organs.

A system of inhalant organs, or absorbents.

A system of moving fibres, in the tracheæ, which supply in vegetables the place of muscular fibres in animals.

A system of vital forces.

A system of organs of nutrition.

A pneumatic system: i. e. of organs of respiration.

A system of organs of circulation. (Not strictly I believe of circulation. T. C.)

A sexual system; organs of reproduction.

An external system of organs of sensation.

An internal system of organs of sensation.

This method of considering the subject of vegetable organization, I say, appears to me to throw great light upon it; and I think I may venture to say that by such means the anatomy and physiology of vegetables may be found nearly as much advanced as those of animals. Doubtless much yet remains to be discovered both in the one science and the other: they are very much behind hand, for instance, with respect to polypi and vermiculæ among animals, and with respect to the fuci and the tramellæ among vegetables: if the one can be made to throw light on the other, each will advance.

We must not wander from the principle acknowledged by the ancients, that the anatomy and physiology of vegetables ought to be brought closer to those of animals, above all with regard to the more extensive species which are best known. The *functions* in these two classes of being, particularly in insects and vegetables, have very striking analogies, which ought to serve as the basis of researches that may be instituted hereafter respecting them.

OF THE ORGANIZATION OF VEGETABLES.

Link has pursued these leading principles in the new researches he has published on the organization of plants. He examines the cellular tissue. According to *Link*, this tissue is composed of small membranous vesicles, of various figures: he distinguishes several varieties dependant on the figure.

The alveolar tissue.

The lengthened tissue, (alongè.)

The globular tissue.

The vesicular tissue.

The tissue of the rind, or the white and soft substance between the tree and the bark, (aubier.)

Link then speaks of the Tracheæ (or air vessels) of which he distinguishes and describes several varieties.

1. *Vessels spiral and free, or loose.* (en spirale libre.) They are formed of a spiral lamina, which is frequently composed of several others. He has counted as many as seven. They have been described by *Grew* and *Malpighi*: those that are composed of others, have been described by *Sprengel*.

2. *Vessels with cemented spirals,* (soulée.) They do not differ from the others, excepting that they do not unroll. They have been described by *Rudolph*.

3. *False tracheæ.* The transverse lines which spread over these vessels are much interrupted. *Hedwig* has described them.

4. *Porous tubes.* The tracheal tubes are perforated with minute pores. *Mirbel* has described them.

5. *Vessels with false partitions.* The several varieties are marked by lines not very distinct, which appear to be partitions.

6. *Vessels consisting of others in the form of buckets,* (en chapelets.) These vessels sometimes exhibit compressed parts, that seem to separate the others below and above the compression. *Etranglemens.* *Malpighi* has described them.

7. *Vessels with false cellules.* The false partitions are sometimes so numerous, that these vessels resemble the porous ones.

8. *Annular vessels.* Consisting of several rings separated from each other. *Bernhardi* has described them.

All these vessels belong no doubt to the same class of organs, of which they form only varieties: but I am persuaded that in observing them, there is room for optical delusion.

I am of opinion, says Link, that the spiral vessels, the false tracheæ, the porous tubes, and in short all the varieties of tracheæ, form a particular class of organs destined to contain the air necessary to the preparation of the juices. They accompany the sap vessels in plants, just as the sanguiferous vessels of animals are accompanied by air vessels also.

It is well known that Swammerdam has demonstrated air vessels in insects, which are spread all through the body and accompany the larger vessels. The same appearance has been observed in birds.

“Repeated observations, says Link, carefully made, have caused me to abandon the modern theory of the vessels of plants, and to follow that of the older naturalists. At present I consider *the fibres of plants as vessels wherein the sap rises: perfectly distinct from the cellular tissue, and constituting a peculiar set of organs.* Such was the opinion of Grew and Malpighi.

This opinion I (La Metherie) have demonstrated in my considerations on organized beings, by developing the organization of a vegetable fibre which I have shown to consist of different vessels, principally of two kinds: the one, large, sappy, the other small. This may be distinctly seen by cutting across any tree, as an oak, and remarking the annual growths. The large vessels are sap vessels, the small ones seem to me to be glandular, secreting the peculiar juices of the plant.

The sap vessels, says Link, do not receive their juices directly from the earth. At the extremity of their roots, and in the small capillary fibres, no tubular vessels are perceptible. He has observed like Sprengle, very distinct papillæ filled with nutritious juice, which is pumped up by the tubular vessels, and distributed through the plant.

A fibrous vessel does not pervade the whole trunk of the plant in the direction of its length. In a bundle of fibres, vessels end, and others commence in a curious manner. (Is it not so in animal glands? T. C.)

It is very likely that the juice contained in the vessels as well as in the cells, easily passes through the pores of the membranes into other vessels or cells. Thus, a large poplar cut down, and lying on moist ground, will put forth vertical branches.

OF THE HEAT IN VEGETABLES.

It is well known that nature makes provision to distribute warmth through vegetables as well as animals. In the former, it is often more considerable than in the latter. Indeed it is sometimes very great. You can hardly bear your hand sometimes on the *arum maculatum*.

This vegetable heat arises, 1st. From respiration, but not in a great degree. 2. From fermentation, as in animals. 3. From the different juices forming new products, fluid or solid. 4. From the process of nutrition, producing the solidification and chrystallization of new parts. 5. From galvanic action, taking place between the heterogeneous parts of vegetable, disengaging heat and light. Thus *la Capurine*, (*pastentium*) frequently shoots forth bright sparks. It is to this cause doubtless, that the *arum* is so warm at the period of flowering. The excitability in this and in all the sexual parts of plants at that season is very great, and is probably the effect of galvanism. This observation may be applied to the motions of other plants, as the *mimosa*, the *hedasylum gyrans*, the *dionæa*, the *apocium*, &c. Galvanism greatly contributes to the production of animal heat, and so it ought in vegetables.

Thus far *La Metherie*. As to animal and vegetable heat, it must pervade every such system wherever, by dint of organization, a gas is converted into a fluid as in respiration, or a fluid into a solid as in the progress of nutrition. This is enough to account for all the phenomena, without recurring to the galvanic action of fluids, whose existence is very disputable, or the galvanic heat of such action, even if such actions exist. I do not deny it; but we have as yet no precise facts whereon to affirm it; nor need we introduce more causes than are necessary to explain the phenomena. The vegetable Aphorisms of *Mirbel*, will give a brief view of all the modern notions of vegetable anatomy. T. C.

Carlisle.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LARA, A TALE.—*Eastburn, Kirk, & Co. New-York, 1815.*

IN the olden times of Grcece, the Iliad laid a broad foundation for Epic poetry. The superstruction however, has ever since been tapering off; and, unless some signal change take place, an event which would formerly have been the occasion of an Epic poem, will ere long be the subject only of a newspaper puff. Once, too, it required the silent labour of several years to polish and perfect a reputable Epic; but, in these days of despatch, we make poems with as much facility as we manufacture pins. •

It is to be expected that the gradual improvement of successive generations will introduce facilities in the manipulations of the mechanical arts; but imperishable poetry, it should seem, must be made *in the good old way*. There can be no division of labour in the operations of the intellect. Poets must tread the same old path that Homer trod before them. We see nothing in the mental constitution of the moderns to make their conceptions stronger, or their associations more rapid, than those of the ancients; nor are we yet informed how, from any other cause, they should be capable of producing durable poetry in a shorter time than that which limited the exertions of Homer and of Virgil.—This doctrine, however, we are almost compelled to abandon. Poems which command the general praise, are now the offspring of a few months' labour only. If, indeed, in the republic of letters, merit is to be determined by the suffrage of readers, Scott and Byron will occupy higher niches in the Temple of Fame than Homer or Virgil: for hundreds peruse Marmion and Childe Harold with avidity, who never have penetrated farther than to the Second Book in either the Iliad or the Æneid.

But although we boast of living in the United States of America, and may therefore be supposed to apply on all subjects those high-wrought principles of republicanism which characterize our countrymen; yet, at the risk of establishing an *imperium in imperiis*, we cannot recognize the above as a legitimate rule in the commonwealth of letters. We disbelieve that the readers of Homer and Virgil have diminished in number, since the appearance of Scott and Byron. Multitudes read the latter who would

otherwise read nothing at all: and most readers, we doubt not, are taught in childhood and take it for granted in age, that the former are the only patterns of excellence in heroic poetry.

Scott and Byron have certainly a numerous host of admirers on both sides of the water. We are with those, however, who think that the duration of their fame will not be commensurate with the extent of their present popularity. Works of imperishable reputation have almost always been obliged to struggle, in the outset, with the tide of popular applause; and in few, (can't we say in *no?*) instances have they succeeded, where long time and assiduous labour had not been employed in their production. So uniform, indeed, has this been the course of events, that whenever a poem is lauded upon its first appearance by the πολλοί, we begin to have fearful anticipations of its durability.

We would not be understood to infer, from experience, the *impossibility* of making a poem of enduring merit in a comparatively short period of time; but that such a thing is *probable*, we, by no means, believe. Poems, like paintings, seem to require the softening touches of time to fit them for the public eye: and authors who are sufficiently presumptuous to lanch forth their productions into the world, with all the imperfections of the protocol on their heads, must be contented with ephemeral celebrity.

We have not been retailing, here, any new-fledged dogmas of our own. It must be superfluous to mention, that what we have laid down is orthodox among all critics in all ages.

Bespeaking permission to be a little pedantic, we would renew the acquaintance of our readers with a personage, between whom and the authors we have just been speaking of, there appears to us to be a remote family likeness;—we mean Lucilius. Horace characterizes him as,—

—————*facetus,*
Emunctæ naris, durus componere versus:

And in another place, the same author acknowledges his popularity when he says, *sale multo urbem defricuit*. This Lucilius, however, did not come down to posterity as an eminent poet. Why?

“*Garrulus, atque piger scribendi ferre laborem;*
Scribendi recte:”

In horâ sæpe ducentos,
Ut magnum, versus dictabat, stans pede in uno."

He composed with too much ease and published with too little correction. His poetry was sufficiently elegant for the vulgar eye; but it could not stand the test of time and the scrutiny of taste. He wrote a good deal, to be sure; but—"ut magnum nil miror"—poetry is not to be estimated by the quantity.

It is to be regretted that Scott and Byron will not follow the counsel of their critics; that they will not select appropriate subjects: write poems; lay them by; and withhold them from the press till they have undergone all the emendations which time and labour can effectuate. Writings which, with occasional modifications, should suit the taste of such authors for ten years, could not fail of pleasing others forever. But Scott and Byron are too averse to labour and too avaricious of applause. They write fast; and publish as fast as they write. By this means, the manuscripts of the poets and the impressions of their printers are completed almost smultaneously; and their poems oftentimes remind us of the young of the American pheasant, which are said to be so anxious of being disencumbered of the egg, and so eager to be abroad, that they are not unfrequently seen running about with the shells on their backs.—But let us attend to Lara.

This little volume is about five inches in length—two and a half in breadth—and one third of an inch in thickness. Indeed it is the very *minimum visibile* of books. Its first appearance suggested to us the facility with which it is portable in young ladies' bosoms and young gentlemen's pockets. With regard to its internal structure, also, it is peculiar. Instead of imitating the modern method, by bringing up the rear of Lara with a formidable body of explanatory notes, the noble author has troubled us with *one only*; and *that* is protruded into the very van of the poem.

The work is executed with the well-known characteristics of its author; vivid conceptions—strong expression—abrupt narrative. My lord seems to have a great antipathy to the protraction of a bloated epic; and in his zeal to exhibit poetry in its bones and sinews, he has brought it down too near to its skeleton. His condensity of thought is often so great, and his transition so sudden that our attention must be continually on the alert to

keep the thread of the story; and not unfrequently are we obliged to put up the petition of Falstaff to Hal,—

“I would your grace would take me with you.”

The characters in this, as well as in the other poems of the same writer, are such only as inhabit the regions of hyperbole;—and yet they exhibit frequently traits which are very natural and very interesting. There is a general similarity pervading all the poems of this author; and indeed he has told us that Lara is but the counterpart of the Corsair:

“The reader of Lara may probably regard it as a sequel to a poem that recently appeared: whether the cast of the hero’s character, the turn of his adventures, and the general outline and colouring of the story, may not encourage such a supposition, shall be left to his determination.”

With all his over-strained fiction, we always peruse the writings of lord Byron with peculiar pleasure. There is something in them that *harrows up our souls*,—something that shakes up our feelings from the very bottom. We never experience that fatigue which prompts us to number the pages as we pass: for when we are journeying through a wild, romantic region, where abrupt precipices over-shadow our path, and the *disjecta membra* as it were of another world are piled in promiscuous heaps around us, our attention is so much absorbed, that we seldom think of counting mile-stones.

Canto 1.—Lara is the son of a nobleman. His father dies while he is yet too young to appreciate such a loss; and he is left lord of himself, with none to manage his education or to control his will. In these circumstances he very naturally rushes into every extreme of vicious indulgence:

—————all action and all life,
 Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife;
 Woman—the field—the ocean—all that gave
 Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,
 In turn he tried—he ransack’d all below,
 And found his recompence in joy or wo,
 No tame, trite medium; for his feelings sought
 In that intenseness an escape from thought;
 The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed
 On that the feeblér elements hath rais’d;

The rapture of his heart had look'd on high,
 And ask'd if greater dwelt beyond the sky:
 Chain'd to excess, the slave of each extreme,
 How woke he from the wildness of that dream?
 Alas! he told not—but he did awake
 To curse the wither'd heart that would not break.
 Books, for his volume heretofore was man,
 With eye more curious he appear'd to scan,
 And oft in sudden mood for many a day
 From all communion he would start away:
 And then his rarely call'd attendants said,
 Through night's long hours would sound his hurried tread
 O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frown'd
 In rude but antique portraiture around.

This sudden change in the conduct of their master, had the usual effect upon Lara's vassals. Every one knew more about him than any body else; and each suffered his knowledge to exude in hints, conveying most portentous information in a wink and a nod.*

They hear'd, but whisper'd "*that* must not be known—
 "The sound of words less earthly than his own.
 Yes, they who chose might smile, but some had seen
 They scarce knew what, but more than should have been.
 Why gaz'd he so upon the ghastly head
 Which hands profane had gather'd from the dead,
 That still beside his open'd volume lay,
 As if to startle all save him away?
 Why slept he not when others were at rest?
 Why heard no music, and received no guest?
 All was not well they deem'd—but where the wrong?
 Some knew perchance—but 'twere a tale too long:
 And such besides were too discreetly wise,
 To more than hint their knowledge in surmise;
 But if they would—they could"—around the board
 Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord.

* We cannot omit this occasion of giving praise to Shakespeare; and of corroborating the observation of Dr. Johnson—that in the writings of other poets a character is an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species. *NXX* is one of those personages who hug themselves upon the important qualification of *knowing a thing or two*.

"*Nym*.—I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though Patience be a tried mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell:—I say little; but when time shall serve then shall be smiles;—but that shall be as it may, &c."

“ And Lara left in youth his father-land:”—My lord knows why; and went—my lord knows where. He was gone, however, till memory had almost ceased to name his name; and “ comes at last in sudden loneliness,” accompanied by only a single page, a youth of foreign aspect. That he had been upon adventures which wrought an entire revolution in his character, was beyond question:—

—————’tis quickly seen
 Whate’er he be, ’twas not what he had been;
 That brow in furrow’d lines had fix’d at last,
 And spake of passions, but of passion past;
 The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
 Coldness of mien and carelessness of praise;
 A high demeanour, and a glance that took
 Their thoughts from others by a single look;
 And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
 The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,
 That darts in seeming playfulness around,
 And makes those feel that will not own the wound;
 All these seem’d his, and something more beneath
 Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe.
 Ambition, glory, love, the common aim
 That some can conquer, and that all would claim,
 Within his breast appear’d no more to strive;
 Yet seem’d as lately they had been alive;
 And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
 At moments lighten’d o’er his livid face.
 Not much he lov’d long question of the past,
 Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts vast
 In those far lands where he had wandered lone,
 And—as himself would have it seem—unknown:
 Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan
 Nor glean experience from his fellow man;
 But what he had beheld he shunn’d to show,
 As hardly worth a stranger’s care to know;
 If still more prying such inquiry grew,
 His brow fell darker and his words more few.

Vain thought! that hour of ne’er unravell’d gloom
 Came not again, or Lara could assume
 A seeming of forgetfulness that made
 His vassals more amaz’d nor less afraid—

Had memory vanish'd then with sense restor'd?
Since word, nor look, nor gesture of their lord
Betrayed a feeling that recall'd to these
That fevered moment of his mind's disease.
Was it a dream? was his the voice that spoke
Those strange wild accents; his the cry that broke
Their slumber? his the oppress'd o'er-laboured heart
That ceased to beat, the look that made them start?
Could he who thus had suffered, so forget
When such as saw that suffering shudder yet?
Or did that silence prove his memory fix'd
Too deep for words, indellible, unmix'd
In that corroding secrecy which gnaws
The heart to show the effect, but not the cause?
Not so in him; his breast had buried both,
Nor common gazers could discern the growth
Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half told;
They choak the feeble words that would unfold.
In him inexplicably mix'd appeared
Much to be lov'd and hated, sought and feared;
Opinion varying o'er his hidden lot,
In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot;
His silence form'd a theme for other's prate—
They guess'd—they gaz'd—they fain would know his fate.
What had he been? what was he, thus unknown,
Who walked their world, his lineage only known?
A hater of his kind? yet some would say,
With them he could seem gay amidst the gay;
But own'd, that smiles if oft observ'd and near,
Waned in its mirth and withered to a sneer;
That smile might reach his lip, but pass'd not by,
None e'er could trace its laughter to his eye:
Yet there was softness too in his regard,
At times, a heart as not by nature hard,
But once perceiv'd, his spirit seem'd to chide
Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,
And steel'd itself, as scorning to redeem
One doubt from others half withheld esteem;
In self-inflicted penance of a breast
Which tenderness might once have wrung from rest;
In vigilance of grief that would compel
The soul to hate for having lov'd too well.
'There was in him a vital scorn of all:
As if the worst had fall'n which could befall

He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring spirit from another hurl'd;
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
By choice the perils he by chance escaped;
But 'scap'd in vain, for in their memory yet
His mind would half exult and half regret:
With more capacity for love than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
And troubled manhood followed baffled youth;
With thought of years in phantom chace mispent,
And wasted powers for better purpose lent;
And fiery passions that had pour'd their wrath
In hurried desolation o'er his path,
And left the better feelings all at strife
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;
But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,
He called on Nature's self to share the shame,
And charged all faults upon the fleshly form
She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm;
Till he at last confounded good and ill,
And half mistook for fate the acts of will:
Too high for common selfishness, he could
At times resign his own for other's good,
But not in pity, not because he ought,
But in some strange perversity of thought,
That sway'd him onward with a secret pride
To do what few or none would do beside;
And this same impulse would in tempting time
Mislead his spirit equally to crime;
So much he soared beyond, or sunk beneath
The men with whom he felt condemn'd to breathe,
And long'd by good or ill to separate
Himself from all who shared his mortal state;
His mind abhorring this had fix'd her throne
Far from the world, in regions of her own;
Thus coldly passing all that pass'd below,
His blood in temperate seeming now would flow:
Ah! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glowed,
But ever in that icy smoothness flowed!
'Tis true, with other men their path he walked,
And like the rest in seeming did and talked,
Nor outrag'd Reason's rules by flaw nor start,
His madness was not of the head, but heart;

And rarely wandered in his speech, or drew
 His thoughts so forth as to offend the view.
 With all that chilling mystery of mien,
 And seeming gladness to remain unseen;
 He had (if 'twere not nature's boon) an art
 Of fixing memory on another's heart:
 It was not love perchance—nor hate—nor aught
 That words can image to express the thought;
 But they who saw him did not see in vain,
 And once beheld, would ask of him again;
 And those to whom he spake remembered well,
 And on the words, however light, would dwell;
 None knew, nor how, nor why, but he entwined
 Himself perforce around the hearer's mind;
 There he was stamp'd, in liking, or in hate,
 If greeted once; however brief the date
 That Friendship, Pity, or Aversion knew,
 Still there within the inmost thought he grew.
 You could not penetrate his soul, but found,
 Despite your wonder, to your own he wound;
 His presence haunted still; and from the breast
 He forc'd an all unwilling interest;
 Vain was the struggle in that mental net,
 His spirit seem'd to dare you to forget!

Equally well drawn is the character of his page,—

His only follower from those climes afar
 Where the soul glows beneath a brighter star;
 For Lara left the shore from whence he sprung,
 In duty patient, and sedate though young;
 Silent as him he serv'd, his faith appears
 Above his station, and beyond his years.
 Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's land,
 In such from him he rarely heard command;
 But fleet his step, and clear his tones would come,
 When Lara's lip breath'd forth the words of home:
 Those accents as his native mountains dear,
 Awake their absent echoes in his ear,
 Friends', kindreds', parents' wonted voice recall,
 Now lost, abjured, for one—his friend, his all.
 For him earth now disclos'd no other guide;
 What marvel then he rarely left his side?

Light was his form, and darkly delicate
That brow whereon his native sun had sate,
But had not marr'd though in his beams he grew;
The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone through;
Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show
All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;
But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care
That for a burning moment fevered there;
And the wild sparkle of his eye seemed caught
From high, and lightened with electric thought,
Though its black orb those long low lashes fringe,
Had tempered with a melancholy tinge;
Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there.
Or if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share.
And pleas'd not him the sports that please his age,
The tricks of youth, the frolics of the page,
For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,
As all forgotten in that watchful trance;
And from his chief withdrawn, he wandered lone,
Brief were his answers, and his questions none;
His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book;
His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook:
He seemed, like him he served, to live apart
From all that lures the eye, and fills the heart:
To know no brotherhood, and take from earth
No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.
If aught he lov'd, 'twas Lara; but was shown
His faith in reverence and in deeds alone;
In mute attention; and his care, which guessed
Each wish, fulfill'd it ere the tongue expressed.
Still there was haughtiness in all he did,
A spirit deep that brook'd not to be chid;
His zeal though more than that of servile hands,
In act alone obeys, his air commands;
As if 'twas Lara's less than *his* desire
That thus he served, but surely not for hire.
Slight were the tasks enjoin'd him by his lord,
To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword;
To tune his lute, or if he will'd it more,
On tomes of other times and tongues to pore;
But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,
To whom he show'd nor deference nor disdain,
But that well-worn reserve which prov'd he knew
No sympathy with that familiar crew:

His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,
Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.
Of higher birth he seemed, and better days,
Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,
So femininely white it might bespeak
Another sex, when match'd with that smooth cheek,
But for his garb, and something in his gaze,
More wild and high than woman's eye betrays;
A latent fierceness that far more became
His fiery climate than his tender frame:
True, in his words it broke not from his breast,
But from his aspect might be more than guessed.
Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore
Another ere he left his mountain-shore;
For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,
That name repeated loud without reply,
As unfamiliar, or, if rous'd again,
Start to the sound, as but remembered then;
Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that spake,
For then, ear, eyes, and heart, would all awake.

Having thus returned from foreign climes Lara joined as before in the carousals of the great and gay; but he was a hermit in the midst of the busiest company. He saw others, but did not share himself, in the *decursum honorum*. Wherever he went, his eccentric reserve excited the silent gaze and the fearful whisper.

He was on a walk in one of those evenings which we have heard so often described,—when gentle zephyrs kiss the fluttering leaf—the glassy stream reflects the immortal lights that live along the sky—the slightest ripple of the brook is heard: it was a night of too much beauty for the evil; and Lara turned in silence to his castle gate, extremely agitated with the associations which the scene was calculated to call up.

He turned within his solitary hall,
And his high shadow shot along the wall;
'There were the painted forms of other times,
'Twas all they left of virtues or of crimes,
Save vague tradition; and the gloomy vaults
That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults;
And half a column of the pompous page,
That speeds the specious tale from age to age;

Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,
 And lies like truth, and still most truly lies.
 He wandering mused, and as the moonbeam shone
 Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,
 And the high fretted roof, and saints, that there
 O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictur'd prayer,
 Reflected in fantastic figures grew,
 Like life, but not like mortal life, to view;
 His bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,
 And the wide waving of his shaken plume
 Glanc'd like a spectre's attributes, and gave
 His aspect all that terror gives the grave.

"Twas midnight—hark!—a sound—a voice—a shriek—a
 fearful call—a long, loud shriek—and silence.—The vassals
 awoke and rushed with their usual cowardice and confusion to the
 spot whence the noise appeared to issue. There

Cold as marble where his length was laid,
 Pale as the beam that o'er his features played,
 Was Lara stretch'd; his half drawn sabre near,
 Dropp'd it should seem in more than nature's fear;
 Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,
 And still defiance knit his gathered brow;
 Though mix'd with terror, senseless as he lay,
 'There liv'd upon his lip the wish to slay;
 Some half form'd threat in utterance there had died,
 Some imprecation of despairing pride;
 His eye was almost seal'd, but not forsook,
 Even in its trance the gladiator's look,
 That oft awake his aspect could disclose,
 And now was fix'd in horrible repose.

As they raise him and are about to bear him off, he recovers,
 and begins to jabber away in a language which nobody can under-
 stand. To the page, however, who soon approached, it was suffi-
 ciently intelligible; and the changes in his cheek and brow show-
 ed, that what his lord had uttered ought not to be told in plain
 English. After a little conversation with Kaled in the unknown
 tongue, the horrors of Lara's dream (if a dream it could be cal-
 led) were entirely dispelled.

Day after day his vassals expected to witness a repetition of
 this anomalous exhibition: but their master agreeably disappoint-

ed their fears. He was never heard again to shriek at midnight; nor was he ever found a second time in that terrific predicament which had struck such a deep dread into his retainers.

Otho, a neighbouring lord, holds a splendid festival. Lara is invited and attends. Without mixing, however, in the mirth and dance, he leans with folded arms against a lofty pillar, and watches with mute attention the steps of each fluttering fair,—not observing the stern glance of a stranger, which was steadily fixed upon him. At length he met it; and then commenced that hostility of the eyes which proud ones always feel when looking at each other. The stranger soon put an end to it, however, by crying out *'tis he!*—“*'tis he!*”—“*'tis who?*” The company were thrown into utter confusion. The eyes of all were fastened upon Lara;—but he remained unchanged either in look or action, till the stranger approached him and exclaimed with sneering impertinence—“*'tis he!*—how came he thence?—what doth he here?” Lara could not pass by interrogation urged with such an air of pertinacity and defiance. With great composure and moderation he met the inquisitorial tone—“My name is Lara!—when thine own is disclosed, expect from me a fit requital for thy unlooked for courtesy. *'Tis Lara!*—if you would make further inquiries, I shun no question.” “Thou shun’st no question! Ponder—is there not a question, which, though your ear may shun, your heart must answer? And am I unknown too? Gaze again!”

With slow and searching glance upon his face

Grew Lara’s eyes:

But recognizing nothing that he wished to know, he was turning contemptuously around to pass away,—when the stern stranger motioned him to stay:—“A word!—I charge thee stay, and answer to one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer; but as thou wast and art—nay, frown not, lord; if what I say is false, it is easily disproved—but as thou wast and art, looks down on thee, courts not thy smiles, fears not thy frowns. Art thou not he? whose deeds——” “Whatever I be, I shall no longer listen to the incoherent gibberish of such accusers as thou art: the wonderful tale, no doubt, thou couldst unfold, which begins with such a courteous prologue.” Here Otho interposed:—“If there be any thing between you which requires explanation, this is not a fit time or place for its adjustment. If you, sir

Ezzelin, have any thing to say which count Lara should hear, you can communicate it to-morrow, in any place your mutual judgment may appoint. I pledge myself for your appearance. I know you well; although, like count Lara, you have lately returned, after a long absence, from other lands. And if I am not mistaken Lara's blood and birth will forbid him to shrink from the punctilio of knighthood."—"To-morrow be it," Ezzelin replied.

What answers Lara? to its centre shrunk
His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk;
The words of many, and the eyes of all
That there were gather'd seem'd on him to fall;
But his were silent, his appear'd to stray
In far forgetfulness away—away—
Alas! that heedlessness of all around
Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

"To-morrow!—aye to-morrow!" he finally answers: then seized his cloak—called his page, and marched off—*mad enough!*

Kaled had marked the strife between Lara and sir Ezzelin; and when the crowd around him expressed their wonder at the calmness of his lord under the insult of a stranger, his colour went and came—

The lip of ashes, and the cheek of flame;
And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops threw
The sickening iciness of that cold dew
That rises as the busy bosom sinks
With heavy thoughts from which reflection shrinks.
Yes—there be things that we must dream and dare,
And execute ere thought be half aware:
Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow
To seal his lip, but agonize his brow.
He gaz'd on Ezzelin till Lara cast
That sidelong smile upon the knight he passed;
When Kaled saw that smile, his visage fell,
As if on something recognized right well;
His memory read in such a meaning more
Than Lara's aspect unto others wore.

In about an hour Ezzelin also retires.—The carousal breaks up in due season: the all-approving guest has gone, and the courteous host has crept to his couch.

Canto 2.—The time for the disclosure arrives. Lara is punctually on the spot;—why comes not sir Ezzelin? When a story is to be told, upon which depends the life or death of Lara's future fame, the accuser's rest should not be so long indulged.

The hour is past: why comes not sir Ezzelin? Murmurs begin to rise, and Otho is not a little annoyed. "I know my friend," says he; "if he be yet on earth, we may expect him here: the roof that held him is in the valley between my own and noble Lara's lands; and he certainly had been punctually present, unless the necessity of obtaining proof for the appointed explanation, had occasioned his delay. But I pledged myself for his appearance; and I repeat the pledge; if sir Ezzelin come not, I will myself redeem his knighthood's stain." Lara answered:—"I am here; and ready to listen to the tales of evil from the tongue of a stranger, whose words already might have wrung my heart, had I not considered him as mad; or, at worst, a most ignoble foe. I know him not—but he pretends to have known me in lands where—; but I must not trifle too: produce this babbler—or, here in thy hold, redeem the pledge with thine own falchion."

Proud Otho on the instant, reddening, threw
His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew.
"The last alternative befits me best,
And thus I answer for mine absent guest."
With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,
However near his own or other's tomb;
With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke,
Its grasp well used to deal the sabre-stroke;
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.
In vain the circling chieftains round them closed,
For Otho's phrenzy would not be opposed;
And from his lip those words of insult fell—
His sword is good who can maintain them well.
Short was the conflict, furious, blindly rash,
Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash:
He bled, and fell; but not with deadly wound,
Stretched by a dextrous sleight along the ground.
"Demand thy life!" He answered not: and then
From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,
For Lara's brow upon the moment grew
Almost to blackness in its demon hue:

And fiercer shook his angry falchion now
 Than when his foe's was levelled at his brow;
 Then all was stern collectedness and art,
 Now rose the unleavened hatred of his heart;
 So little sparing to the foe he fell'd,
 That when the approaching crowd his arm withheld,
 He almost turned the thirsty point on those
 Who thus for mercy dared to interpose:
 But to a moment's thought that purpose bent,
 Yet look'd he on him still with eye intent,
 As if he loathed the ineffectual strife
 That left a foe, how'er o'erthrown, with life,
 As if to search how far the wound he gave
 Had sent its victim onward to his grave.

The chieftains raise the bleeding Otho—while Lara, the cause
 and conqueror in this affair, heedless of them all, strode off in
 haughty silence—mounted his steed, and took his way homeward.

Where was Sir Ezzelin all this while?—He left Otho's hall
 long before morning; but the path was so familiar to him, that he
 could not well miss it in the darkest night. His dwelling is near
 at hand;—he is not there: his host is alarmed—his squires dis-
 tressed; they search with great eagerness along and around the
 path, in dread of discovering some signs of perpetrated murder;
 but their search is bootless;—

————— not a brake hath borne
 Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn;
 Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,
 Which still retains a mark where murder was;
 Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,
 The bitter print of each convulsive nail,
 When agonized hands that cease to guard,
 Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sword.
 Some such had been, if here a life was reft,
 But these were not; and doubting hope is left;
 And strange suspicion whispering Lara's name,
 Now daily mutters o'er his blackened fame;
 Then sudden silent when his form appeared,
 Awaits the absence of the thing it feared;
 Again its wonted wondering to renew,
 And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

Such sway did the feudal chiefs exert throughout this clime, that their infant monarch could hardly be said *to reign*; and therefore Otho, when his wounds were healed, resolved to take upon himself the authority of demanding account of Sir Ezzelin at Lara's hands. Suspicion had grown almost into belief, that *he* was the cause of this Ezzelin's sudden disappearance: for who but Lara could have reason to fear his presence? who had made him disappear, if not the man on whom his threatened charge would otherwise have rested too deeply?—The general rumour, bearing in its aspect that air of mystery which is so grateful to the crowd, the apparent friendlessness of Lara, who neither solicited the confidence nor cared for the love of any, joined with that disposition in men, to blame rather than to praise,—contributed to gather over his head a most portentous storm.

There were at this time a great many malcontents in that land, who had long cursed the feudal oppression under which they were compelled to groan; and who waited but a leader and a signal to commence the havoc of civil discord. By his bounty and courtesousness, Lara gained great numbers of these desperadoes to his interest; inasmuch as Otho's

— Summons found the destined criminal
 Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall,
 Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven,
 Defying earth, and confident of heaven.
 That morning he had freed the soil-bound slaves
 Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves,
 Such is their cry—some watchword for the fight
 Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right:
 Religion—freedom—vengeance—what you will,
 A word's enough to raise mankind to kill;
 Some factious phrase by cunning caught and spread
 That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed!

Otho with all his powers commences an attack, and—but

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
 The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?
 The varying fortune of each separate field,
 The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?
 The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall?
 In this the struggle was the same with all;

Save that distempered passions lent their force
 In bitterness that banished all remorse.
 None sued, for Mercy knew her cry was vain,
 The captive died upon the battle-slain:
 In either cause one rage alone possessed
 The empire of the alternate victor's breast;
 And they that smote for freedom or for sway
 Deem'd few were slain, while more remain'd to slay.
 It was too late to check the wasting brand,
 And Desolation reaped the famished land;
 The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,
 And Carnage smiled upon her daily dead.

Otho is beaten in the first conflict: but Lara's numbers grew intemperate by success. Heedless of their leader's commands, they rush in all manner of confusion upon the foe—are cut off in the nightly ambuscade, and swept away by famine and fevers. Exposed to death in all these horrid shapes, their number rapidly diminished; and at the end of one little week, Lara found his thousands dwindled to a scanty, though a disciplined and desperate band. There are but two alternatives left: he must either fly or submit. He determines upon the former; and accordingly takes up his march in the night for a neighbouring state. Long before morning he reaches the barrier stream;—

Already they descry—Is yon the bank?
 Away! 'tis lined with many a hostile rank.
 Return or fly!—What glitters in the rear?
 'Tis Otho's banner—the pursuer's spear!
 Are those the shepherd's fires upon the height?
 Alas! they blaze too widely for the flight;
 Cut off from hope, and compass'd in the toil,
 Less blood perchance hath bought a richer spoil!
 A moment's pause, 'tis but to breathe their band,
 Or shall they onward press, or here withstand?
 It matters little—if they charge the foes
 Who by the border-stream their march oppose,
 Some few, perchance, may break and pass the line,
 However link'd to baffle such design.
 "The charge be ours! to wait for their assault
 "Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt."
 Forth flies each sabre, rein'd is every steed,
 And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed:

In the next tone of Lara's gathering breath
How many shall but hear the voice of death!
His blade is bared, in him there is an air
As deep, but far too tranquil for despair;
A something of indifference more than then
Becomes the bravest if they feel for men—
He turned his eye on Kaled, ever near,
And still too faithful to betray one fear;
Perchance 'twas but the moon's dim twilight threw
Along his aspect an unwonted hue
Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint expressed
The truth, and not the terror of his breast.
This Lara mark'd, and laid his hand on his:
It trembled not in such an hour as this;
His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,
His eye alone proclaimed, "We will not part!
"Thy hand may perish, or thy friends may flee,
"Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee!"
The word hath passed his lips, and onward driven
Pours the link'd band through ranks asunder riven;
Well has each steed obey'd the armed heel,
And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel;
Outnumber'd, not outbrav'd, they still oppose
Despair to daring, and a front to foes;
And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,
Which runs all redly, till the morning beam.

The word is given; and his band pours with desperate impetuosity through the ranks of the foe. Lara is seen everywhere commanding—aiding—animating all.

Himself he spared not—once they seemed to fly—
Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,
And shook—why sudden droops that plumed crest?
The shaft is sped, the arrow's in his breast!
That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,
And Death hath stricken down yon arm of pride.
The word of triumph faded from his tongue;
That hand, so raised, how droopingly it hung!
But yet the sword instinctively retains,
Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins;
These Kaled snatches: dizzy with the blow,
And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow,
Perceives not Lara that his anxious page
Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage:

Meantime his followers charge, and charge again;
Too mix'd the slayers now to heed the slain!

Kaled conducts his wounded lord to a line remote from the scene of action:

And with his scarf would stanch the tides that gush
With each convulsion in a blacker gush:

But Lara motions him, it is in vain; clasps Kaled's hand and smiles his thanks to that dark page,—who neither fears, nor feels, nor heeds any thing except that damp brow which rests upon his knees.

Otho and his followers arrive; but Lara regards them not, and continues his conversation in the unknown tongue with Kaled, who seemed by his voice and breath to be nearer his end than his lord.

But gasping heav'd the breath that Lara drew,
And dull the film along his dim eye grew;
His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head droop'd o'er
The weak yet still untiring knee that bore;
He press'd the hand he held upon his heart—
It beats no more, but Kaled will not part
With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,
For that faint throb which answers not again.
"It beats!"—Away, thou dreamer! he is gone—
It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.
He gaz'd, as if not yet had pass'd away
The haughty spirit of that humble clay;
And those around have rous'd him from his trance,
But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance;
And when in raising him from where he bore
Within his arms the form that felt no more,
He saw the head his breast would still sustain,
Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain;
He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear
The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,
But strove to stand and gaze, but reel'd and fell,
Scarce breathing more than that he lov'd so well.
Than that *he* lov'd! Oh! never yet beneath
The breast of man such trusty love may breathe!
That trying moment hath at once reveal'd
The secret long and yet but half conceal'd;

In baring to revive that lifeless breast,
 Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confest,
 And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame—
 What now to her was Womanhood or Fame!

Kaled survived Lara but a little while. She loved him even unto death. No question—no menace could obtain from her the name of the region whence she came, or the reason that she left her all behind for the sake of one so little like a lover as Lara. She was silent to the last. The scanty remnant of her life was spent in bewailing her Lara:

And she would sit beneath the very tree
 Where lay his drooping head upon her knee;
 And in that posture where she saw him fall,
 His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall;
 And she had shorn, but sav'd her raven hair,
 And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,
 And fold, and press it gently to the ground,
 As if she stanch'd anew some phantom's wound.
 Herself would question, and for him reply;
 Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly
 From some imagin'd spectre in pursuit;
 Then seat her down upon some linden's root
 And hide her visage with her meagre hand,
 Or trace strange characters along the sand—
 This could not last—she lies by him she lov'd;
 Her tale untold—her truth too dearly prov'd.

Are we then shut out from all hope of learning the history of Lara's adventures while in other climes?—that he had spent his summer days in a land of strife, was evident from the dints of scars which were observable on his breast. These only tell, however, that somewhere blood had been spilt. Sir Ezzelin, who, doubtless, could have made a satisfactory disclosure—alas! where is he?

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)
 A Serf* that crossed the intervening vale,

* "The reader is advertised that the name only of Lara being Spanish, and no circumstance of local or national description fixing the scene or hero of the poem to any country or age, the word '*Serf*,' which could not be correctly applied to the lower classes in Spain, who were never vassals of the soil, has nevertheless been employed to designate the followers of our fictitious chieftain."

When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,
And nearly veil'd in mist her waning horn;
A Serf that rose betimes to thread the wood,
And hew the bough that bought his children's food,
Pass'd by the river that divides the plain
Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain:
He heard a tramp—a horse and horseman broke
From out the wood—before him was a cloak
Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow,
Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow.
Rous'd by the sudden sight at such a time,
And some foreboding that it might be crime,
Himself unheeded watch'd the stranger's course,
Who reach'd the river, bounded from his horse,
And lifting thence the burden which he bore,
Heav'd up the bank, and dash'd it from the shore,
Then paus'd, and look'd, and turn'd and seem'd to watch,
And still another hurried glance would snatch,
And follow with his step the stream that flow'd,
As if even yet too much its surface show'd:
At once he started, stoop'd, around him strown
The winter floods had scatter'd heaps of stone;
Of these the heaviest thence he gather'd there,
And slung them with a more than common care.
Meantime the Serf had crept to where unseen
Himself might safely mark what this might mean;
He caught a glimpse, as of a floating breast,
And something glittered starlike on the vest,
But ere he well could mark the buoyant trunk,
A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk:
It rose again but indistinct to view,
And left the waters of a purple hue,
Then deeply disappear'd: the horseman gaz'd
Till ebb'd the latest eddy it had rais'd;
Then turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,
And instant spurr'd him into panting speed.
His face was mask'd—the features of the dead,
If dead it were, escaped the observer's dread;
But if in sooth a star its bosom bore,
Such is the badge that knighthood ever wore,
And such 'tis known Sir Ezzelin had worn
Upon the night that led to such a morn.
If thus he perish'd, Heaven receive his soul!
His undiscover'd limbs to ocean roll;

And charity upon the hope would dwell
It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.

There are a great many slight inaccuracies and little faults in Lara: but the length of the poem and the length of our critique are already out of all proportion; we must therefore pass them over in silence.

We must now turn to the most unpleasant, though not the most useless discharge of our censorian duty:—that of detecting and pointing out faults. Most of these, we are happy to state, lie more in diction than in thought—are more the results of inadvertency and haste than of poetic inability.

“*Then*, when he most required commandment, *then*”—

This line, though not upon the whole, a *very* bad one, irresistibly associated itself with Thomson's “O! Sophanisba, Sophanisba O!”

“His brow fell darker and his words more few.”

Here are two blemishes: in the first place, *fell*, as applied to *brow* and to *words*, is used in two different significations; and in the second place, *more few* we believe to be ungrammatical.

“The *tempest* of his heart in scorn had *guz'd*”—

Who ever saw a tempest with eyes?

It is a remark of the best writers, and it is obvious, indeed, to the slightest thought, that comparisons are striking and beautiful, when they are taken from the material world to illustrate the operations of the mind; but that they are insipid or irrelevant, when drawn from the affections of mind to illustrate the laws of matter. Locke, for example, compared the mind, while it was receiving ideas, to a dark closet, and Plato, to a dark cave, into which the light and the images of external objects were admitted by means of small chinks or loop-holes. This analogy is highly illustrative. If any person, however, had undertaken to express more fully his conception of a cave or a closet in these circumstances, by comparing it to the mind in the reception of its ideas, he would have rendered himself palpably obscure, if not altogether unintelligible. Lord Byron has fallen into this error in the following couplet:

"So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,

"And yet they glide *like happiness* away."

My lord's disposition to push and protract a description, has often provoked the censure of his critics. This, however, is not his predominant fault: for he generally "flings his pictures" in a few bold, rapid, and energetic strokes.—What could be a more vivid delineation of the bleedings of a wounded man than to call them

"———— the tides that rush

"With each convulsion in a blacker gush?"

But here comes the tail of the wounded snake:—

"And then as his faint breathing waxes low,

"In feeblér, not less fatal tricklings flow."

What becomes of the comparison in the second line of this couplet?

"His blade is bared, in him there is an air

"*As deep*, but far too tranquil for despair."

To such quaintness as is displayed in the following lines, we can only apply the criticism of Burchell:—

"*Not* that he *came*, but *came not* long before.

"And *lies* like *truth*, and still most *truly lies*."

FUDGE."

We could point at many other little faults in this poem; but such microscopic strictures, if pursued too far, might degenerate into hypercriticism, and we must therefore restrain our pen.

POEMS, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.—BY RICHARD DABNEY.

It was our intention to have given an analysis of this little volume in the present number of *The Port Folio*; but it was received at so late a period, that, on examining the quantity of matter already in type, we found ourselves prevented by the want of room.

We cannot help observing, however, that it possesses real merit, and will experience, as we flatter ourselves, a reception from the public different from that which usually awaits the productions of the American muse. It is a pleasing little morsel,

skilfully prepared by the hand of genius, and delicately seasoned by learning and taste, and will not fail to gratify the palates of those whose chief delight is in the "feast of the mind."

Many of the poems are of a pensive and melancholy cast, but to the mind of genuine sensibility, will not, on that account, be the less acceptable. Intending to lay before our readers hereafter more copious extracts from this welcome little native of our country, we can only present them, in the meantime, with the two following specimens, which to many will prove, we hope, a motive sufficiently strong to induce them to purchase and peruse the entire work.

THE TRIBUTE.

When the dark shades of death dim the warrior's eyes,
 When the warrior's spirit from its martial form flies,
 The proud rites of pomp are perform'd at his grave,
 And the pageants of splendour o'er its cold inmate wave;
 Though that warrior's deeds were for tyrants perform'd,
 And no thoughts of virtue that warrior's breast warm'd,
 Though the roll of his fame is the record of death,
 And the tears of the widow are wet on his wreath.
 What then are the rites that are due to be paid
 To the virtuous man's tomb, and the brave warrior's shade?
 To him, who was firm to his country's love?
 To him, whom no might, from stern Virtue, could move?
 Be his requiem, the sigh of the wretched bereft;
 Be his pageants, the tears of the friends he has left;
 Such tears, as were late, with impassion'd grief, shed
 On the grave, that encloses our CARRINGTON, dead.

AN EPIGRAM.—IMITATED.—FROM ARCHIAS.

————— Nos decebat
 Lugere, ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus,
 Humanæ vitæ varia reputantes mala;
 At, qui labores morte finisset graves,
 Omnes amicos laude et lætitia exequi.

Eurip. apud. Tull.

O wise was the people that deeply lamented
 The hour that presented their children to light,
 And gathering around, all the mis'ries recounted,
 That brood o'er life's prospects and whelm them in night.

And wise was the people, that deeply delighted,
When death snatch'd its victim from life's cheerless day;
For then, all the clouds, life's views that benighted,
They believed, at his touch, vanish'd quickly away.

Life, faithless and treach'rous, is forever presenting
To our view, flying phantoms we never can gain;
Life, cruel and tasteless, is forever preventing
All our joys, and involving our pleasure in pain.

Death, kind and consoling, comes calmly and lightly,
The balm of all sorrow, the cure of all ill,
And after a pang, that but thrills o'er us slightly,
All then becomes tranquil, all then becomes still.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.—A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS, BY “WALTER SCOTT.”

THIS poem is more purely historical than any other that Mr. Scott has written, and is made up out of a selection of very excellent materials. It relates to an age of knighthood and chivalry, wherein renown in arms constituted the only claim to honourable distinction; and celebrates exploits in war, which, even at that time of gallantry and daring, were regarded with astonishment and considered as almost beyond the compass of human achievement. Our author, therefore, has manifested no less judgment in the choice of his subject, than talent in handling, and genius in enriching and embellishing his story. In every point of real interest and importance—its own inherent grandeur and brilliancy, and the weight, extent, and durability of its consequences—his theme is pre-eminently superior to any that had previously given employment to his pen. It is the recovery, little less than miraculous, of the sceptre of Scotland, by sir Robert Bruce, through the medium of his own persevering heroism, and that of his few hardy and intrepid followers, after issuing from his asylum in the isle of Rachrin. The poem opens with the approach of sir Robert to the Scottish coast, under auspices the most gloomy and unpromising, gives a spirited but hasty outline of his brightening career, and terminates with the decisive victory of Bannockburn. A simple narrative of the events of that portion of time—which might be called, perhaps, without extravagance, a period of wonders—unaccompanied by the decorations of fancy or the

witchery of numbers, can never be read but with emotions of the liveliest interest by all the admirers of moral greatness and heroic courage. That this story must derive no small augmentation of interest from the fervid imagination and abundant resources of Mr. Scott, will be readily believed by all those who are familiar with the writings of that distinguished poet. On this point, however, no one will be able to form an opinion sufficiently decisive, till he shall have read with attention "The Lord of the Isles."

To the poetical merits of the bard of the Highlands, we have always borne, as we do at present, a willing testimony. We consider him as holding a high rank among the literary ornaments of the nineteenth century. Our approbation of his writings, however, has never been unqualified; nor has our admiration arisen to the pitch of enthusiasm. While alive to his beauties, in common with all the lovers of English poetry, we have never been blind or callous to his faults. The levity and irregularity of his versification and manner, besides being a style of writing of ephemeral popularity, is, in many instances, inconsistent with the weight and dignity of his subject. Heroic matter should never appear but in heroic numbers.

These remarks are more particularly applicable to the "Lord of the Isles," than to any of the former productions of Mr. Scott. For it will not be questioned that the story of "the Bruce" is, in all its qualities and relations, its argument and its end, vastly superior to that of *Marmion*, *James Fitz James*, or the hero of *Rokeby*. It should, therefore, have been told in more dignified numbers.

In reference to this point we are compelled to believe, that our author has been guilty of a fundamental error. The noble struggle of the Bruce to regain the sceptre of Scotland, which had been wrested from his grasp by lawless power, and to rescue his countrymen from the blood-red and unrelenting hand of oppression, is a subject for an epic poem much rather than a metrical novel. A more magnificent instance of moral sublimity,

A good man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly rising with a rescued state,

has rarely been presented to the eyes of the world; a story more truly epic than that narrating the events of such a spectacle, is no

where recorded in the page of history. Leaving at an immense distance behind it the implacable ire of a semi-barbarous chief, and the invasion of the dominions of king Latinus, even by such a personage as the "pious Æneas" followed by his banditti of fugitive Trojans, it might, if handled with a corresponding ability, be moulded into a poem, surpassing in grandeur the Eneid or the Iliad. Its remoteness, moreover, from the present period, and the customs and manners, but, more especially, the chivalrous spirit and masculine superstitions of the time and country to which it appertains, might be all rendered subservient, in an eminent degree, to its epic character. We regret, exceedingly, that the author of the Lord of the Isles should have thought so humbly either of his own qualifications or of the theme he has selected, as to have written nothing but a historical novel in irregular and, comparatively, undignified rhyme, in a case where he ought to have attempted a national poem in heroic verse—that he should have been content with the sweet but broken notes and desultory flight of the lark, when his ambition ought to have prompted him to soar with the eagle, and pour out his soul in melody with the swan. If we might hazard a brief but friendly advice to him, it would be, to reconsider the story of the Lord of the Isles, make it a serious work of years, and let it appear hereafter in an epic form, that might confer immortality on himself and his country. Provided his application and perseverance be equal to his genius and acquirements, we perceive no reason why he should shrink from the magnitude of such a task.

But Mr. Scott having declined giving his poem an epic cast, for reasons after which we have no right to inquire, it belongs to us to make a few remarks on it under the form of a metrical novel: and first of the

STORY. In most of the leading qualities composing what may be denominated the elements of excellence, this possesses a very respectable standing. It is plain and easy, compact, pertinent, comprehensive and spirited. Unincumbered by any unwieldy superabundance of episodes, it is diversified, notwithstanding, by a sufficient number of them to give it variety. Marked by no unsightly chasm in its progress, it embraces as many of the prominent events of the time, combined by their real affinities and

relative fitnesses, as are requisite to constitute a well organized whole. Under this shape it moves on with a natural march and sufficient consistency, till it reaches its *denouement*, the defeat of the English army at Bannockburn, and the marriage of Ronald of the Isles to Edith of Lorn.

If there be any material defect in the story, it is in the underplot—the management of the concerns of love, under circumstances not a little embarrassing, between the nominal hero and heroine of the piece. At the commencement of the novel—for such we must call it—it is clearly understood that Ronald, although affianced to Edith, has no love for her, his affections being placed on Isabel, the sister of Bruce. This being avowedly the case, and the state of the chieftain's mind being perfectly known to the proud maid of Lorn, we confess that, for ourselves, we perceive, from the subsequent intercourse between them, no strong and satisfactory reason, except policy—which has nothing to do with the affections of the heart—why he should have very tenderly loved and somewhat suddenly married her at the close of the war. It is true, Edith was, on one occasion, instrumental in preserving Ronald's life. This, however, in the natural course and relation of cause and effect, was a ground for gratitude rather than love. It is further true, that the maid of Lorn, in the dress and character of a page, accompanied the army of Bruce, rendered to the cause, in the capacity of a message-bearer, some slight services, was made a prisoner and in imminent danger of being put to death by the enemy, and was, for a short time, under the personal protection—though quite unknown to him—of the Lord of the Isles. But in all this there existed nothing to excite the tender passion in one whose affections were already pre-engaged; the more so, as Edith did not, at first, assume the dress of a page and follow the fortunes of Bruce for the particular purpose of being near to Ronald, sharing in his fatigues and dangers, watching his pillow in case of sickness or wounds, or rendering herself serviceable to him in any other way. Although her attachment to the chief of the Isles was probably strong enough to have induced her to do all this, yet such were not the motives of her conduct. Her disguise was put on, when she fled from the severity of her father, to prevent detection from those who might be sent in pursuit of her, and she

became a follower of the army by mere accident. It is true, she did, *in the last instance*, repair to the Scottish camp, with the view of being near to Ronald and observing his actions: but this she did as the result of policy and advice, not from the irresistible workings of affection. Besides, she had arrived on the plain of Bannockburn but a few hours before the battle was fought, at the very close of which, even before the wounds of the warriors had ceased to bleed, or their groans to pierce the ear of sensibility, a precipitate and unexpected eclclaircissement took place between her and her lover (as he had then become) and arrangements were set on foot for the celebration of their nuptials.

To say the least, so sudden and entire a revolution in the affections of Ronald, in relation both to Edith and Isabel, bespoke in that chief somewhat of a lightness and mutability of mind, not very consistent, perhaps, with the character of a brave and high-minded warrior. A sentiment of delicacy, moreover, in Edith herself towards her amiable and generous friend, who, in part, as it would seem, *to favour her*, had retired for life to the gloom of a convent, ought, we think, to have somewhat retarded the hurry of her steps towards the bower of Hymen. But as love, like "Cæsar's sword, levels all distinctions," we must allow even such stately and exalted personages as the maid of Lorn, and the Lord of the Isles, to become children during courtship, and act with the capriciousness and apparent want of motive corresponding to their character. All things considered, the marriage was, indeed, a very sudden affair, but not, perhaps, on that account, the less natural, or the less pleasing to the admirers of novels.

OF CHARACTER. Several of the characters in this poem, particularly those of the elder and younger Bruce, are exceedingly well drawn. Heroic and pious, magnanimous and benevolent, vigilant and full of policy, sage in council, firm and pre-eminently gallant in action, and, in all his measures and movements, free from the clouds and misguidance of passion—equally signalized by wisdom and deliberation, energy and perseverance—sir Robert is peculiarly fitted for royalty and command. He resembles, we think, not a little, the Godfrey of Tasso in his Jerusalem Delivered. Edward, on the other hand, is the fiery, prompt and fearless warrior, with the gallantry of Tancred and the impetuosity of Rinaldo.

It may be truly said of him, that "the firstlings of his heart were the firstlings of his hand." Quick in his sensibilities, prone to resent even an imaginary insult, and much less accustomed to deliberate than to act, his precipitancy led him into several errors, which his address and courage, however, enabled him to retrieve. Although extremely impatient of control, he submits without reluctance to the authority of sir Robert. This, he is induced to do fully as much from the love he bears him as his brother, as from a sentiment of loyalty towards him as his sovereign. His ardent attachment, moreover, to the good cause in which they were engaged, produced, no doubt, its full effect in restraining him within the bounds of due subordination. A striking and natural trait in his character, as a high-born and generous warrior, was his affection for his sister Isabel. This was steady and sincere, and, at the same time, so tender and delicate, as almost to subdue his stubborn nature; and, it was the only thing, perhaps, that could subdue it. When war existed no longer to engross his spirit or give employment to his sword, it would not have surprized us had Edward noticed with resentment the nonchalance of Ronald in relation to Isabel, and the *sans froid* with which he relinquished his pretensions to her hand, although lost to the world within the walls of a convent.

The character of De Argentine is finely portrayed, by a few bold and masterly touches. He is a knight of noble dispositions, refined courtesy, and invincible courage. His magnanimity in refusing to engage the Bruce in single combat on the field of battle, because his horse was superior to that of his adversary, cannot be surpassed; nor is there any where to be found a more exquisite portraiture of a high wrought sentiment of loyalty and of a sense of honour consummately chivalrous, than in the conduct of De Argentine, in first accompanying his monarch to a place of safety, in his retreat from Bannockburn, and then returning to the field of battle, already lost, to redeem the pledge he had previously given to encounter the Bruce, and, after performing prodigies of valour, falling beneath an overwhelming superiority of force.

Ronald, Lord of the Isles, although he has the honour of giving title to the poem, is but a secondary character. He pos-

sesses few qualities either of mind or body to distinguish him from the other chiefs that were around him. He is, indeed, bold, enterprising, and powerful in war: but so were all who espoused the cause of Scotland. His most distinguished act, and that which best entitles him to the character of a high minded cavalier, is his prompt and generous declaration in favour of the Bruce, in Artornish castle, when about to be assailed by the adherents of Lorn. On all other occasions he performed the duty of an intrepid, faithful and hardy chieftain, and nothing more. Of the four principal personages of the poem, the two Bruces, De Argentine and himself—he is the least interesting, although not, perhaps, the least distinguished as a warrior.

Edith and Isabel, the two heroines—for their claims to be so denominated are nearly equal—are described as lovely, high spirited and accomplished women. Strongly distinctive traits of character, however, they have none; unless it may be considered as somewhat peculiar in the maid of Lorn, that, although young, beautiful and richly dressed, she derived no gratification from looking at and admiring her image in the glass. The surrendering up of the spousal ring, with a view to absolve Ronald from his matrimonial engagement, is an event of no very elevated or extraordinary character. It may be called generous and high-spirited; but it was an act of which thousands would be capable. There are few gentlemen, we apprehend, in any of the principal cities of the United States, who could not, from the circle of their female acquaintance, select a dozen or two of young ladies, who, if placed in a similar situation, would sustain their parts as well as the Edith or Isabel of Scott. Isabel, it is true, braved the dangers of a boisterous sea to follow the fortunes of her royal brother, and Edith submitted to the toils of a camp life to avoid giving her hand, at the mandate of her father, to a chief of the English party who was not in possession of her heart. In all this, however, there was nothing very extraordinary. Give to the mind of woman, but more especially to her *heart*, a strong and favourite motive to action or suffering, and all experience testifies, that, weak as she is, she will surpass even man in resolution and fortitude. The most trying situation in which Edith was placed, and, indeed, she could not well have been placed in one that was more trying

—was, when, in the character of a mute, she was taken prisoner, and about to be hanged by the partisans of Clifford. Here, however, “love strong as death,” sustained her in her resolution to maintain a strict and inviolable silence. Had she spoken, at least, had she communicated the information required of her, she would have betrayed, perhaps to death, the man of her affections. We think so highly of the sex as to believe, that, under similar circumstances, a great majority of them would manifest equal fidelity and perseverance. They would die rather than prove unfaithful to love and honour.

THE INCIDENTS of the poem are, we think, sufficiently numerous: they are also, in general, well imagined, and introduced with effect. Some of them are truly and very highly interesting. In this number we would include the sudden and heaven-directed conversion of the aged Abbot in favour of Bruce, the adventure of Bruce and Ronald in the isle of Skye, where Edith is discovered in the dress of a page under the name of Amadine, the subsequent capture and meditated execution of Amadine, and, more especially still, his being urged by the force of his feelings to find the use of his tongue during the battle of Bannockburn, and the effects which that apparently supernatural recovery of speech produced immediately on the surrounding multitude. To these must be added the fall of Argentine and of sir Henry Boune. Although we have been ourselves most favourably impressed by these incidents, it must be acknowledged that there are others in the poem but little inferior to them.

THE SENTIMENTS are bold, masculine and lofty, rather than tender, delicate and refined—befitting the rough and hardy warrior, rather than persons of a softer texture. This is as it should be: the poem being chiefly of a heroic cast, they are, therefore, in their nature, the more appropriate. In a few instances, however, the poet has essayed, not unsuccessfully, to move the tenderer cords of the heart. We envy not the feelings of him who can read without strong emotion, accompanied by a tear of generous sympathy, the following lines on the fall of De Argentine:

“Then foremost was the generous Bruce

“To raise his (the mortally wounded Argentine’s) head, his helm to loose,

“Lord Earl, (said Argentine) the day is thine!

" My sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,

" Have made our meeting all too late;

" Yet this may Argentine,

" As boon from ancient comrade, crave—

" A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave."—

Bruce press'd his dying hand—its grasp

Kindly replied; but, in his clasp,

It stiffen'd and grew cold—

And, " O farewell!" the victor cried,

" Of chivalry the flower and pride,

The arm in battle bold,

The courteous mien, the noble race,

The stainless faith, the manly face!—

Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,

For late-wake of De Argentine.

O'er better knight on death-bier laid,

Torah never gleam'd nor mass was said!"

There are also, in the history of the speechless Amadine, sundry incidents peculiarly moving.

THE IMAGERY, which is abundant, is pleasing and impressive; being sometimes bold, picturesque and romantic, sometimes softer in its outline and colouring, and, at other times, rising to the true sublime. Of each of these kinds examples may be found in the extracts which will appear in the following pages.

THE DICTION of the Lord of the Isles we think, on the whole, more polished, and the VERSIFICATION more harmonious, than those of either of Mr. Scott's other productions. In many parts, however, they are materially injured by the introduction of a multitude of harsh sounding proper names. This constitutes the most disagreeable trait in the character of the poem; and we are sorry to say that it is too often repeated. Our author appears to be particularly partial to topographical descriptions of the highlands of Scotland and the adjacent isles. In indulging this favourite propensity, he necessarily introduces many names and much scenery, that can be interesting to none but Scottish readers. The beauties of such description, if indeed it possess any, must be utterly lost to all who are strangers to that romantic country. Natives of Scotland may be delighted with it, because they understand it. They can, with facility, accompany the poet in his march from place to place, experiencing, perhaps, in the mean time,

something of the pleasures of recollection, associated with that of the love of country. But to the people of every place except Scotland, these sources of gratification are wholly unknown. To, perhaps, nine tenths of Mr. Scott's readers, therefore, those unintelligible tissues of proper names are offensive rather than pleasing. So far, then, as his topographical descriptions have any influence, they circumscribe the pleasure derived from reading his productions. They fit them for the people of Scotland to the exclusion of the inhabitants of every other country.

The charge so universally preferred against Mr. Scott, ever since his first appearance as an author, of adulterating the English language by an unnecessary and unwarranted introduction of foreign words, might be well sustained by evidence derived from the Lord of the Isles. In this poem he has made nearly, if not quite, as liberal a use of his new-fashioned vocabulary as in any of his former writings. If one of the objects of polite literature be, to form and settle the standard of a language, it cannot be denied, even by his warmest advocates, that the poems of Mr. Scott, fascinating as they must be acknowledged to be, are defective and faulty. As far as their influence, in that respect, extends, it is to adulterate and barbarize, rather than to purify and refine the language in which they are written.

After having exceeded not a little the limits we had prescribed to ourselves, we have finished, at length, our general remarks on the Lord of the Isles. To make amends for any dulness or dryness that may have occurred in the discussion, we shall now proceed to enliven and adorn our pages by copious extracts from that excellent poem: in doing this, we shall not only gratify the taste of our readers, but enable them to exercise, to a certain extent, their own judgments as to the merits of the work.

The introduction to the poem we think so exceedingly beautiful, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting it at length.

Autumn departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,
Beneath a shroud of russet dropp'd with gold
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of sylvan music swell,

The deep-toned cushat, and the redbreast shrill;
 And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
 When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.
 Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more
 Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
 Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it o'er,
 No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
 The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
 And harvest-home hath hush'd the clanging wain,
 On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
 Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
 Some age-struck wanderer gleams few ears of scatter'd grain.
 Deem'st thou these sadden'd scenes have pleasure still,
 Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray,
 To see the heath-flower wither'd on the hill,
 To listen to the woods' expiring lay,
 To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
 To mark the last bright tints the mountain stain,
 On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,
 And moralize on mortal joy and pain?—
 O! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the minstrel strain!
 No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note
 Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie,
 Though faint its beauties as the tints remote
 That gleam through mist in autumn's evening sky,
 And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry,
 When wild November hath his bugle wound;
 Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,
 Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound,
 Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest found.
 So shalt thou list, and haply not unmoved,
 To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior day;
 In distant lands, by the rough West reproved,
 Still live some reliques of the ancient lay.
 For, when on Coolin's hills the lights decay,
 With such the Seer of Skye the eve beguiles,
 'Tis known amid the pathless wastes of Reay,
 In Harries known, and in Ionia's piles,
 Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles.

In the second stanza of the poem the descant of the bards on the powers of music is lofty and fine.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!" 'twas thus they sung,
 And yet more proud the descant rung,

“Wake, Maid of Lorn! high right is ours,
To charm dull sleep from Beauty’s bowers;
Earth, Ocean, Air, have nought so shy
But owns the power of minstrelay.
In Lettermore the timid deer
Will pause, the harp’s wild chime to hear;
Rude Heiskar’s seal through surges dark
Will long pursue the minstrel’s bark;
To list his notes, the eagle proud
Will poise him on Ben-Cailliaich’s cloud;
Then let not Maiden’s ear disdain
The summons of the minstrel train,
But, while our harps wild music make,
Edith of Lorn, awake, awake!

The marriage day of the maid of Lorn had arrived. From a consciousness that she did not possess the affections of Ronald of the Isles, her intended husband, she appears gloomy and dejected, amidst all the joy, and bustle, and preparations for revelry, by which she is surrounded. By way of tender rebuke for such behaviour, Morag, her aged nurse and governess, conducts her to the top of Artornish castle, which commanded a most extensive prospect of the Isles and mainland, and declares that, within that wide and populous expanse of territory, hers (Edith’s) is the only countenance that does not brighten with joy at the approaching marriage. The description is animated and beautiful.

Think’st thou, amid this ample round,
A single brow but thine has frown’d,
To sadden this auspicious morn,
That bids the daughter of high Lorn
Impledge her spousal faith to wed
The Heir of mighty Somerled;
Ronald, from many a hero sprung,
The fair, the valiant, and the young,
LORD OF THE ISLES, whose lofty name
A thousand bards have given to fame,
The mate of monarchs, and allied
On equal terms with England’s pride.—
From chieftain’s tower to bondsman’s cot,
Who hears the tale, and triumphs not?
The damsel dons her best attire,
The shepherd lights his beltane fire,

Joy, Joy! each warder's horn hath sung,
 Joy, Joy! each matin bell hath rung;
 The holy priest says grateful mass,
 Loud shouts each hardly galla-glass,
 No mountain den holds outcast boor,
 Of heart so dull, of soul so poor,
 But he hath flung his task aside,
 And claim'd this morn for holy-tide;
 Yet, empress of this joyful day,
 Edith is sad while all are gay."—

Under an able and feeling pencil, the younger Bruce carrying his "half lifeless" sister into Artornish castle might grow into an interesting picture. The scene is thus happily described:

To land these two bold brethren leapt,
 (The weary crew their vessel kept)
 And, lighted by the torches' flare,
 That seaward flung their smoky glare,
 The younger knight that maiden bare
 Half lifeless up the rock;
 On his strong shoulder lean'd her head,
 And down her long dark tresses shed,
 As the wild vine, in tendrils spread,
 Droops from the mountain oak.
 Him follow'd close that elder Lord,
 And in his hand a sheathed sword,
 Such as few arms could wield;
 But when he bound him to such task,
 Well could it cleave the strongest casque,
 And rend the surest shield.

Canto II.

In stanza VIII. of this canto, the Two Bruces are portrayed in a fine style by Ferrand, an aged and sagacious minstrel.

"I, too," the aged Ferrand said,
 "Am qualified by minstrel trade
 Of rank and place to tell;—
 Mark'd ye the younger stranger's eye,
 My mates, how quick, how keen, how high,
 How fierce its flashes fell,
 Glancing among the festal rout
 As if to seek the noblest out,

Because the owner might not brook
On any save his peers to look?
And yet it moves me more,
That steady, calm, majestic brow,
With which the elder chief even now
Scann'd the gay presence o'er,
Like being of superior kind,
In whose high-toned impartial mind
Degrees of mortal rank and state
Seem objects of indifferent weight.
The lady too—though closely tied
The mantle veil both face and eye,
Her motions' grace it could not hide,
Nor cloud her form's fair symmetry."—

Stanza XVIII. The picture of the chieftains arranged for combat as drawn in this stanza cannot fail to be much admired.

While thus for blows and death prepared,
Each heart was up, each weapon bared,
Each foot advanced,—a surly pause
Still revered hospitable laws.
All menaced violence, but alike
Reluctant each the first to strike,
(For aye accursed in minstrel line
Is he who brawls 'mid song and wine,
And, match'd in numbers and in might,
Doubtful and desperate seem'd the fight.)
Thus threat and murmur died away,
Till on the crowded hall there lay
Such silence, as the deadly still,
Ere bursts the thunder on the hill.
With blade advanced, each Chieftain bold
Show'd like the Swarder's form of old,
As wanting still the torch of life,
To wake the marble into strife.

The whole scene between the Abbot and the royal Bruce is awful and sublime. We know not where to look for a more impressive specimen of moral imagery, than that exhibited in the thirtieth, thirty-first and thirty-second stanzas.

Like man by prodigy amazed,
Upon the King the Abbot gazed;

Then o'er his pallid features glanc'd
Convulsions of ecstatic trance.
His breathing came more thick and fast,
And from his pale blue eyes were cast
Strange rays of wild and wandering light;
Uprise his locks of silver white,
Flush'd is his brow, through every vein
In azure tide the currents strain,
And undistinguished accents broke
The awful silence ere he spoke.
"De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread
To speak my curse upon thy head,
And give thee as an outcast o'er
To him who burns to shed thy gore;—
But, like the Midianite of old,
Who stood on Zophim, heaven-control'd,
I feel within mine aged breast
A power that will not be repress'd.
It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,
It burns, it maddens, it constrains!—
De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe:
O'er-master'd yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!"—
He spoke, and o'er the astonished throng
Was silence, awful, deep, and long.
Again that light has fired his eye,
Again his form swells bold and high,
The broken voice of age is gone,
'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone:—
"Thrice vanquish'd on the battle-plain,
Thy followers slaughter'd, fled, or ta'en,
A hunted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exiled,
Disown'd, deserted and distress'd,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd;
Bless'd in the hall and in the field,
Under the mantle as the shield.
Avenger of thy country's shame,
Restorer of her injured fame,
Bless'd in thy sceptre and thy sword,
De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful Lord,
Bless'd in thy deeds and in thy fame,
What lengthen'd honours wait thy name!

In distant ages, sire to son
 Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
 And teach his infants, in the use
 In earliest speech, to falter Bruce.
 Go, then, triumphant! sweep along
 Thy course, the theme of many a song!
 The Power, whose dictates swell my breast,
 Hath bless'd thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!—
 Enough—my short-lived strength decays,
 And sinks the momentary blaze.—
 Heaven hath our destined purpose broke,
 Not here must nuptial vow be spoke,
 Brethren, our errand here is o'er,
 Our task discharged.—Unmoor, unmoor!"—
 His priests received the exhausted Monk,
 As breathless in their arms he sunk.
 Punctual his orders to obey,
 The train refused all longer stay,
 Embark'd, raised sail, and bore away.

Canto III.

In stanzas V. and VI. we have a fine instance of a noble and courteous challenge and acceptance to combat, between the two most skilful and accomplished Knights of the age.

Courteous, but stern, a bold request
 To Bruce de Argentine address'd.
 "Lord Earl," he said,—“I cannot chuse
 But yield such title to the Bruce,
 Though name and earldom both are gone,
 Since he braced rebel's armour on—
 But, Earl or Serf—rude phrase was thine
 Of late, and lanch'd at Argentine;
 Such as compels me to demand
 Redress of honour at thy hand.
 We need not to each other tell,
 That both can wield their weapons well;
 Then do me but the soldier grace,
 This glove upon thy helm to place
 Where we may meet in fight,
 And I will say, as still I've said,
 Though by ambition far misled,
 Thou art a noble knight.”—
 "And I," the princely Bruce replied,
 "Might term it stain on knighthood's pride,

That the bright sword of Argentine
 Should in a tyrant's quarrel shine;—
 But, for your brave request,
 Be sure the honour'd pledge you gave
 In every battle-field shall wave
 Upon my helmet-crest;
 Believe, that if my hasty tongue
 Hath done thine honour causeless wrong,
 It shall be well redress'd.
 Not dearer to my soul was glove,
 Bestow'd in youth by lady's love,
 Than this which thou hast given!
 Thus, then, my noble foe I greet;
 Health and high fortune till we meet,
 And then—what pleases Heaven.”—

Stanza XVII. Bruce's description of a monarch herein given is something more than forcible and characteristic—it is sublime and appalling.

These mighty cliffs, that heave on high
 Their naked brows to middle sky,
 Indifferent to the sun or snow,
 Where nought can fade, and nought can blow,
 May they not mark a monarch's fate,—
 Raised high 'mid storms of strife and state,
 Beyond life's lowlier pleasures plac'd,
 His soul a rock, his heart a waste
 O'er hope and love and fear aloft
 High rears his crowned head—

Canto IV.

Stanza VI. The echo of Allan's dirge from the rocks and caves of old mount Coolin, is here finely described, while that stupendous pile, shooting into the heavens its bald and barren head far above the reach of any human sound, is pictured forth in all its sublimity.

Round and around, from cliff and cave,
 His answer stern old Coolin gave,
 Till high upon his misty side
 Languish'd the mournful notes, and died.
 For never sounds, by mortal made,
 Attain'd his high and haggard head,
 That echoes but the tempest's moan,
 Or the deep thunder's rending groan.

Stanza VII. The light motion of a bark through the waters is here described so perfectly in character, as to make the "sound an echo to the sense."

Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale,
The mountain breeze from Ben-na-darch
Is joyous in her sail!
With fluttering sound like laughter hoarse,
The cords and canvass strain,
The waves, divided by her force,
In rippling eddies chased her course,
As if they laugh'd again.
Not down the breeze more blithely flew,
Skimming the wave, the light sea-mew,
Than that gay galley bore
Her course upon that favouring wind,
And Coolin's crest has sunk behind,
And Stapin's cavern'd shore.

Stanza XX. This stanza throughout is imitably fine.

Oh, War! thou hast thy fierce delight,
Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright!
Such gleams, as from thy polish'd shield
Fly dazzling o'er thy battle-field!
Such transports wake, severe and high,
Amid the pealing conquest-cry;
Scarce less, when, after battle lost,
Mustering the remnants of a host,
And as each comrade's name they tell,
Who in the well-fought conflict fell,
Knitting stern brow o'er flashing eye,
Vow to avenge them or to die!—
Warriors!—and where are warriors found,
If not on martial Britain's ground?
And who, when waked with note of fire,
Love more than they the British lyre!—
Know ye not,—hearts to honour dear!
That joy, deep-thrilling, stern, severe,
At which the heart-strings vibrate high,
And wake the fountains of the eye!
And blame ye, then, the Bruce, if trace
Of tear is on his manly face,
When, scanty reliques of the train
That hail'd at Soone his early reign,

This patriot band around him hung,
 And to his knees and bosom clung?—
 Blame ye the Bruce?—his brother blamed,
 But shared the weakness, while ashamed,
 With haughty laugh his head he turn'd,
 And dash'd away the tear he scorn'd.

Stanza XXII. In this stanza is given a most striking and majestic picture of the "Royal Bruce," by an aged nun and his sister Isabel.

"No, Lady! in old eyes like mine,
 Gauds have no glitter, gems no shine;
 Nor grace his rank attendants vain,
 One youthful page is all his train.
 It is the form, the eye, the word,
 The bearing of that stranger Lord;
 His stature, manly, bold, and tall,
 Built like a castle's battled wall,
 Yet moulded in such just degrees,
 His giant-strength seems lightsome ease.
 Close as the tendrils of the vine
 His locks upon his forehead twine,
 Jet-black, save where some touch of gray
 Has ta'en the youthful hue away.
 Weather and war their rougher trace
 Have left on that majestic face;—
 But 'tis his dignity of eye!
 There, if a suppliant, would I fly,
 Secure, 'mid danger, wrongs, and grief,
 Of sympathy, redress, relief—
 That glance, if guilty, would I dread
 More than the doom that spoke me dead!"—
 "Enough, enough," the princess cried,
 "'Tis Scotland's hope, her joy, her pride!
 To meaner front was ne'er assign'd
 Such mastery o'er the common mind—
 Bestow'd thy high designs to aid,
 How long, O Heaven! how long delay'd!—
 Haste, Mona, haste, to introduce
 My darling brother, royal Bruce!"—

Canto V.

Stanza XIX. The poet sketches here a very interesting moonlight picture of the chase of Bruce's paternal castle.

They gain'd the Chase, a wide domain
Left for the Castle's sylvan reign,
(Seek not the scene—the axe, the plough,
The boor's dull fence, have marr'd it now)
But then, soft swept in velvet green
The plain with many a glade between,
Whose tangled alleys far invade
The depth of the brown forest shade.
Here the tall fern obscur'd the lawn,
Fair shelter for the sportive faun;
There, tufted close with copse-wood green,
Was many a swelling hillock seen;
And all around was verdure meet
For pressure of the fairies' feet.
The glossy holly loved the Park,
The yew-tree lent its shadow dark,
And many an old oak, worn and bare,
With all its shiver'd boughs, was there.
Lovely between, the moon-beams fell
On lawn and hillock, glade and dell.
The gallant Monarch sigh'd to see
These glades so loved in childhood free,
Bethinking that, as outlaw now,
He ranged beneath the forest bough.

Stanza XXXI. We have here a spirited description of the conflict, where Edward Bruce had too precipitately commenced his assault on the castle.

A harder task fierce Edward waits.
Ere signal given, the castle gates
His fury had assail'd;
Such was his wonted reckless mood,
Yet desperate valour oft made good,
Even by its daring, venture rude,
Where prudence might have fail'd.
Upon the bridge his strength he threw,
And struck the iron chain in two
By which its planks arose;
The warder next his axe's edge
Struck down upon the threshold ledge,
'Twixt door and post a ghastly wedge!
The gate they may not close.
Well fought the Southern in the fray,
Clifford and Lorn fought well that day,

But stubborn Edward forced his way
 Against an hundred foes.
 Loud came the cry, "The Bruce, the Bruce!"
 No hope or in defence or truce,
 Fresh combatants pour in;
 Mad with success, and drunk with gore,
 They drive the struggling foe before,
 And ward on ward they win.
 Unsparing was the vengeful sword,
 And limbs were lopp'd and life-blood pour'd,
 The cry of death and conflict roar'd,
 And fearful was the din!
 The startling horses plunged and flung,
 Clamour'd the dogs till turrets rung,
 Nor sunk the fearful cry,
 Till not a foeman was there found
 Alive, save those who on the ground
 Groan'd in their agony!

Canto VI.

Stanza XV. With the exception of a single line, viz.

The helmet crash'd like *hazel-nut*,

which, considering the subject, is highly undignified, we know not where, in English poetry, to find a combat better described, than that between the Bruce and sir Henry Bounce.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,
 A race renown'd for knightly fame.
 He burn'd before his Monarch's eye
 To do some deed of chivalry.
 He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his lance,
 And darted on the Bruce at once.
 —As motionless as rocks, that bide
 The wrath of the advancing tide,
 The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,
 And dazzled was each gazing eye—
 The heart had hardly time to think,
 The eye-lid scarce had time to wink,
 While on the King, like flash of flame,
 Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came!
 The partridge may the falcon mock,
 If that slight palfrey stand the shock—

But, swerving from the Knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er!—
High in his stirrups stood the King,
And gave his battle-axe the swing.
Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,
Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;
—First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

Stanzas XXVI, XXVII, and XXVIII, contain an excellent description of the long and decisive battle at Bannockburn, with the several motives which actuated the warriors.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
Unceasing blow by blow was met;
The groans of those who fell
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang,
That from the blades and harness rang,
And in the battle-yell.
Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
Both Southern fierce and hardy Soot;—
And O! amid that waste of life,
What various motives fired the strife!
The aspiring Noble bled for fame,
The Patriot for his country's claim;
This Knight his youthful strength to prove,
And that to win his lady's love;
Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
From habit some, or hardihood.
But ruffian stern, and soldier good
The noble and the slave,
From various cause the same wild road,
On the same bloody morning, trode,
To that dark inn the Grave!
The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins.
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
 And Randolph wipes his bloody brow,
 Nor less had toil'd each Southern knight,
 From morn till mid-day in the fight.
 Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
 Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,
 And Montague must quit his spear,
 And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!
 The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
 And Gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast
 Hath lost its lively tone;
 Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
 And Percy's shout was fainter heard,
 " My merry-men, fight on!"—
 Bruce with the pilot's wary eye,
 The slackning of the storm could spy.
 " One effort more, and Scotland's free!
 Lord of the isles, my trust in thee
 Is firm as Ailsa-rock;
 Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
 I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;
 Now, forward to the shock!"—
 At once the spears were forward thrown,
 Against the sun the broadswords shone;
 The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
 And loud King Robert's voice was known—
 " Carrick press on—they fail, they fail!
 Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,
 The foe is fainting fast!
 Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
 For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
 The battle cannot last!"—

Stanzas XXXI. and XXXII. In these stanzas the gallant bearing of the noble De Argentine, in his closing career of battle, is admirably portrayed. When Edward of England and those attached immediately to his person were retreating from the hard fought field,

With them rode Argentine, until
 They gained the summit of the hill
 But quitted there the train:—
 " In yonder field a gage I left,—
 I must not live of fame bereft;
 I needs must turn again.
 Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace
 The fiery Douglas takes the chace,

I know his banner well.
 God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,
 And many a happier field than this!—
 Once more, my Liege, farewell.”—
 Again he faced the battle-field,—
 Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.
 “Now then,” he said, and couch’d his spear,
 “My course is run, the goal is near,
 One effort more, one brave career,
 Must close this race of mine.”
 Then in his stirrups rising high,
 He shouted loud his battle-cry,
 “Saint James for Argentine!”

We have been repeatedly asked, whether the Lord of the Isles is equal to the other productions of Mr. Scott. We answer, yes—fully equal to any of them, except, perhaps, the Lady of the Lake. Although it will not be likely to force for its author, by a kind of hot-bed influence, so much broad popularity as that peculiarly fascinating performance, we are by no means convinced that it will acquire for him less substantial reputation. It is certainly the more dignified, and, as a whole, the more highly finished poem of the two. In a few select parts the Lady of the Lake has the ascendancy, in consequence of making a more powerful and touching appeal to our sensibilities. These passages would appear to have been composed during some of those felicitous moments, when the writer is prepared to pour out in words the whole force and fire of his soul; just as a painter is able to execute, at times, with a few dashes of his pencil, what, on other less happy occasions, he cannot achieve after hours of toil. If it be true, that, in certain parts of the Lady of the Lake, Mr. Scott has displayed more genius, it is no less so, that throughout the whole of the Lord of the Isles, he has manifested more talent for the management of his subject. Without vouching, therefore, for any augmentation of our author’s fame we feel persuaded, that that which he had previously acquired, through other channels, will be amply sustained by the Lord of the Isles.

To this poem is attached a large body of notes illustrative and explanatory, which will reward the attention of the curious reader.

C.

THOUGHTS OF A HERMIT.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON SIMPLICITY IN ORNAMENT.

THE progress of taste is somewhat curious. Before our minds have been disciplined by culture and exercise they are pleased only by the most striking objects, presented to them singly or in small numbers. Our faculties are at first too dull to be sensible of delicate touches, and too feeble to comprehend variety; but as they become cultivated they are able to make more intricate combinations, and they acquire greater susceptibility. This increased capacity of the mind is continually exercised by the passion for novelty. It seems to be a law which pervades all animal nature that the sensibility is diminished in proportion as the same stimulus has been long continued or often repeated. The craving after new excitements when the old ones have become languid, naturally leads us farther and farther from simplicity—partly from necessity, because the most simple objects being the first seized on, are the first exhausted, and partly from choice, because a greater variety and complexity are required to give a pleasing excitement to the faculties when they have been enlarged by culture.

Perceiving in the early stages of the progress that as we recede from simplicity our pleasure is augmented, it is natural that we should expect it to be still further increased by making further advances, or that the effect would continue to grow with its apparent cause. Experience, however, teaches us that from the limited power of our faculties they may be unable to act when too much is put upon them. That a certain portion of *time* is necessary for any object to produce that degree of excitement and sensation of which it is capable; but that if very many objects are presented to the mind at once, it is drawn off too quickly from one to the other for pleasurable emotion. That consequently our perceptions are often more lively and intense when they are confined to one or a few objects, than when they are extended to many: and that what we lose in the one case in the pleasure afforded by the vividness and distinctness of the image, is not compensated by the pleasure produced by variety in the other; in short, that variety itself ceases to be a source of pleasure when

the several parts which compose it have not a certain degree of *singleness*, but are seen confusedly. We are then compelled to retrace our steps and then we find taste in every thing passing from simple to refined, and from excessive refinement back towards simplicity again.

There are two considerations which ought to warn us that in our pursuit of pleasure we may wander too far from the precincts of simplicity. One grows out of the limited nature of our faculties which has been already mentioned; the other arises from the association of ideas. A certain degree of simplicity is by long habit so connected in our minds with the ideas of modesty, humility, innocence, truth and nature, that it rarely makes its appearance without reminding us of these agreeable qualities. Whilst on the other hand a parade of ornament, a manifest solicitude for intricacy and variety, convey the disagreeable ideas of pride, self-sufficiency, vanity, and affectation. These various feelings blend themselves with our judgment in all works of taste, and sway it to their mood, without our perceiving it.

That the perfection of taste will be found to consist in that middle point between extreme simplicity and extreme refinement will be best illustrated by examining some of those arts in which it is chiefly exercised.

In music, an uncultivated ear draws its pleasure from *melody* alone, or single sounds in agreeable succession. As the organs of hearing become susceptible of more complicated perceptions, and grow familiar with the pleasure produced by a *series* of sweet sounds, it seeks new delight from the more intricate combinations of *harmony*: and when the ear has become accustomed to the pleasures both of melody and concords, it pursues variety still further by searching out what will merely surprise by its strangeness and oddity; to effectuate which, sounds naturally harsh and unpleasing are occasionally resorted to. The best music, however, is always free from those false refinements; and the compositions of Handel to which the cultivated and the unpractised ear unite in giving the praise of excellence, are distinguished for their simplicity, and the perfection of their melody.

In architecture, if we knew its history from the time that it merely sheltered the savage from the inclemencies of the weather,

until it erected the magnificent temples of Greece, we might no doubt trace the progress of the art through all its stages to perfection. We may however perceive that the Grecian architecture, which all civilized nations agree to admire and imitate, is much more simple than the Gothic or the Arabic which in some countries preceded it. A disposition to add something more to its ornaments may be seen in the pedestals which the Romans placed under the Grecian columns; and in the ears of maize which have been superadded to the Corinthian capitals of the ill-fated capitol in Washington. For reasons which have been set forth in a preceding essay, innovation is not often attempted in our public edifices; but in our private buildings we see the same incessant desire to seek new ornaments when the old have become familiar, and in our zeal for something new to exhibit quaintness, ostentation or puerility; in a word, to solicit variety at the expense of beauty.

In painting, if we may trust those who are best skilled in that exquisite art, men are apt to run into the same excesses, and to pay the same penalty by a diminution of effect; and too great variety or gaudiness of colouring, too many figures, or too strong contrasts, are among the acknowledged imperfections, even of the most celebrated painters; while the best pieces of the best masters, stand distinguished for their comparative simplicity.—Take a gallery of pictures, or a collection of prints, the Shakespeare gallery for example, and it will be found that those on which the eye most fondly dwells, and to which it most frequently recurs, are those in which there are the fewest figures with the plainest *costume*. The multiplicity of figures and objects in the paintings of the Dutch School, has always been considered as their most prominent defect.

Whence arises the superior charms of what has been called *English gardening*, but in its being less encumbered with the labours of art, and in possessing the more common and familiar beauties of nature? The formal parterres; the fantastic forms of clipped yews; the straight gravelled walk or canal, and the avenue of equidistant trees are much less like the appearances which nature spontaneously puts on than the lawns, the clumps and the plantations of a modern pleasure ground, and yet how superior is the effect

of the latter to an unadulterated taste, than those ostentatious productions of perverted skill. It may, however, be remarked that this beauty of natural scenery can be fully relished only in a populous and long settled country, whose face is marked with the accumulated operations of art; but in embellishing our country-seats in the United States, where the features of nature have as yet undergone but little change, an appearance of human labour and skill, and even of formality, produces the agreeable effect of variety, and awakens the pleasing ideas of progressive civilization and improvement. But for these indications of art, the *simple* would predominate too much.

In our dress, our household furniture, our equipages, we may mark the same distinctions between the elegance of refinement and its abuse; and a disposition to prefer a great number of weak sensations to a few strong ones. There is nothing in which the agreeable moral associations produced by simplicity are so strong as in dress. A simple style, by its unpretending character, gives dignity to rank; adds the grace of modesty to ugliness; and alone imparts to native beauty, that full round splendour which dazzles the beholder.

In our style of writing, both in poetry and prose, we have been until of late, progressively receding from simplicity, until we have so far transcended the limits of good taste, and the error has become so obvious, that it now begins to be fashionable to court simplicity both of diction and thought.

It is certain, that as the bounds of human knowledge are enlarged, and ideas become more complex as well as more numerous, language must also become more multifarious and diversified. This is the cause of a legitimate and natural refinement in language: but it is also certain that the greater simplicity with which a thought can be expressed, so that it be fully and accurately expressed, the greater is its beauty and force; but when it is wrapt up in too many words, the meaning is less seen, and the effect is less felt. Redundant and elaborate language is so much interposed between the thoughts it conveys and the reader, his understanding sees them through a mist; he feels not their point from the envelop which encumbers them.

If we examine the most eminent poets of every nation we shall find that they are remarkable for the simplicity of their manner both in thought and expression; and that their most admired passages are most distinguished in this way. Homer, the father of epic poetry, and now, as ever before, the standard of excellence in that very dignified species of intellectual production, is the most simple of all poets.

If the same remark is not strictly true as to prose writers, it is because they are valued chiefly for their *materials*, and their *manner* is comparatively of little importance. Good sense, original thoughts, ingenious arguments, truths profound may be couched in language more or less simple, and will always meet with respect, in whatever style conveyed, for their intrinsic worth. But even here the charm of simplicity is manifested in determining the superiority between writings in other respects equal. The Rambler, amongst its other merits, certainly cannot boast of its simplicity. It has, however, obtained the praise of excellence, not by means of its laboured pomp and ostentatious splendour, but in defiance of them. The great number of moral truths, equally ingenious and important, with which that work abounds—its just views of the various passions and propensities of man, as exhibited both in the humble and elevated walks of life—its precision, its clearness, and its energy of style, have deserved and obtained the highest praise; but with all the just pretensions of this celebrated work, it is less generally read and admired than the papers of Addison in the Spectator: and yet the chief advantage which Addison has over Johnson, is in ease and nature; for in weight of matter, comprehension, and sagacity, he is to Johnson as a pigmy to a giant.

That we may have no doubt of the importance of a simple unaffected manner, even in prose composition, we may compare the different parts of an author's works with each other, and it will generally be found that those which have been distinguished for beauty, or strength, or pathos, are preeminent for their simplicity. Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," written after his taste was perfected, and his mind was matured, and generally considered to be his ablest production, is in a more plain and natural style than any of his other works. The unequalled reputation of Junius, who by the mere merit of style has given immortality to party

politics and personal invective (usually so short lived) shows how intimately fine writing is connected with simplicity. This rare production of an acute and exasperated mind, scarcely contains a word that is not in familiar use, nor a sentence which it does not seem that a well educated man may have used to express the same thought; so little does it exhibit the appearance of labour or art. We may apply to this writer's apparent ease of manner, what Horace says with a different view:

———Sibi quivis
Sperit idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret.
Ausus idem.

The same remark, indeed, may be applied to every species of composition, for to add the graces of simplicity and ease to the other excellencies of style, though seemingly the least difficult part of a writer's task, requires the utmost effort of human genius.

It has been uniformly observed by those who have discussed the metaphysics of taste, that simplicity was essential to sublimity. There must be a *singleness* in the thought or image presented to the mind, to produce the idea of uncontrollable power, the emotion of terror, or the inward glorying, in which they have severally supposed the sublime to consist. But a certain portion of it is no less essential to a strong perception of beauty. The lively pleasure which beauty is able to excite, can never be produced when there is that confusion in the mind, which a multiplicity of ideas must necessarily occasion. We accordingly find that in all matters of taste, we are often pleased with a less than a greater degree of variety. A certain portion stimulates attention, too much weakens, by diffusing it. In the endless diversity of fabrics used about our persons or dwellings, it may be commonly seen that gaudy colours, or a number of them, or a profusion of ornaments, which singly are beautiful in themselves, diminish, rather than add to the pleasure of the beholder. Why does the military dress have such effect in showing troops to advantage? No one doubts that a regiment in uniform, though coarsely clad, would please the eye more than if each man was gorgeously but differently dressed. The superior pleasure would be owing to the greater simplicity of the object. Does not the unvarying blue of the sky, give more delight to the eye, than

if it were striped and mottled with a dozen different colours, though of the most brilliant hue? The moon would loose in beauty, if it had a fantastic or more varied form; and it never appears so lovely as when its outline is the simplest of all figures, a circle. Our perceptions may indeed take a wide scope, when their purpose is only to *enlighten* and inform, but they must be brought to a small focus before they can *enkindle* the mind to *pleasure*.

It may perhaps be questioned why, if simplicity be an essential ingredient in all matters of taste, it is often forgotten, and indeed purposely disregarded in works of art. This shows that it is not indispensable to pleasure, for if it were, it would be assiduously courted by all those whose sole object is to please.

To this it may be answered, in the first place, that in speaking of the human taste, we refer to that of merely a portion of the species. It is not meant to be denied, that what one man calls excesses in variety and ornament, may often give peculiar pleasure to another. The degree of pleasure, which is imparted to every individual, is not only independent of others, it is even independent of his own control: and hence has arisen the maxim *de gustibus non disputandum est*. But taking the sentiments of those whose minds have been most improved by culture, as the standard of excellence, there may be such a thing as a vicious taste, and it is this *vicious taste* alone, which is pleased by excessive deviations from simplicity. When therefore we speak of that middle point, between extreme simplicity and extreme refinement, we refer to the ideal standard which is *capable* of affording the most pleasure, of which the human mind, under the best culture, is susceptible.

But, secondly, in the productions of art, there is a tendency not only in those who make their own vicious taste a standard to wander too far from simplicity, but also in those who, perceiving the prevailing taste for false refinement, from the general causes which have been mentioned, submissively yield to the humour of the day. It is thus that men of genius often turn a deaf ear to the admonitions of their own just and delicate perceptions, to obey the deceitful oracles of fashion. Thus, too, it is that we endeavour to write like Gibbon and Johnson, although we may more approve of Addison or Hume, and that we extol the beautiful sign-

plicity of the Greeks and Romans, though we do not make it an object of imitation.

And lastly, simplicity of manner is sometimes shunned, not so much because we do not feel the force of its chaste and modest attractions, but that we may hide the insignificance and worthlessness of our materials; as we often see vanity attempt to disguise age and ugliness, by the imposing decorations of dress. This is especially true in this book-making age. But if a writer has sterling merit in his matter—if his thoughts be new, and weighty, and just; his arguments ingenious and convincing; and their order natural and perspicuous—the several excellencies are the more striking for the simplicity of his language; like those proud monuments of Grecian sculpture, the celebrated statues of Venus and Apollo, whose unattired beauty and naked majesty, surpass in effect, the most studied and costly decorations of art. If, on the other hand, the thoughts of a writer be common place or puerile; if his arguments be false or sophistical; if his method be confused; if he can boast of neither originality, ingenuity, nor depth; his errors and defects are rendered the more glaring by simplicity: seen thus in their naked deformity, they become contemptible, even to the eye of a parent. They are, therefore, industriously tricked out in every petty gew-gaw of showy diction, every glittering metaphor his brain can fabricate, that he may, if he cannot hide the defects, at least atone for them, with that numerous class of readers, who cannot distinguish false from true ornament. Excessive refinement, is therefore often a mere subterfuge to hide poverty and meanness, and does not always furnish correct evidence of the taste of those who use it.

While there is so strong a tendency in human taste, to pass beyond that temperate medium in ornament, which would give the greatest pleasure to the greatest number, it would also seem reasonable to suppose, that this ideal standard is continually undergoing some change, by the steady progress of knowledge and science. We have seen that the reason why we diminish our pleasure by departing too far from simplicity, is because our perceptions to be lively require time, and must be limited in number, according to the strength of our comprehension. Now as our

minds gradually acquire strength by exercise, they are able to take in a greater variety of objects without confusion; and that which was once intricate and refined, afterwards becomes simple and natural. We are all conscious of this change as we advance from infancy to manhood. We also perceive it as our minds become conversant with any fresh object of study or pursuit: and with the change in the power of our faculties there arises a correspondent change in our tastes. By reason therefore of the general advancement of human knowledge, more subtlety in thought and greater refinement in diction may be used in the present day, without too much distracting the attention of the reader. It is partly owing to this improvement of the faculties, that the style which would formerly have appeared laboured and artificial, is now thought to be sufficiently simple; though the *chief* cause of the change may be found in the natural progress of false taste.

But while the enlargement of human knowledge may furnish some reason for greater refinement in language, it cannot afford as good an apology in many other subjects of taste; and though we may be allowed to *write* with somewhat less simplicity than our forefathers, in order to express the greater number of our complex notions, and our more intricate combinations of thought, there seems to be no good reason why we should paint, or sing, or build, or plant, or dress, with an increasing diversity of ornament. In some of these particulars, indeed, we have made considerable advances towards simplicity, to the acknowledged advantage of good taste. The dress of the beaux and belles of the present day, both in its fashion and materials, is much less formal and fantastic, than that which prevailed a century ago: and pleasure grounds now seek to embellish, without effacing the ordinary features of nature. Having thus far disenthralled themselves from those artificial and fantastic constraints which took their rise in the feudal ages, the moderns are encouraged to extend the goodly influence of simplicity to other matters of taste. But it more especially behoves us to guard against the seductions of false refinement in the United States, where the taste in composition, in dress, in furniture, &c. so far as our fond imitation of European fashions will permit, exhibits strong marks of that eager and indiscriminating appetite for all that is dazzling and shewy, which character-

ises the second stage of its progress. And above all, let it be impressed on our minds, that whoever would excel in any work of genius or skill, or in matters of taste, would find the surest way to the human heart, must take care that in his excursions after variety, and delicacy, and refinement he do not wander too far from simplicity, since beyond her auspicious precincts, nothing can be found truly beautiful or great.

HIGH-CROWNED BONNETS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

PASSING the other day by a knot of sailors, who, having just returned from a privateering cruise, were scouring the streets of the city on a cruise of observation, I heard one of them, pointing to a young lady who was walking at a distance, say to his companion, with an oath characteristic of his vocation, "Tom that's a tight built smack, and, no doubt, if well trimmed, a charming sea-boat too; but d'ye mind me, she's too tauntly rigged; she would capsize the very first squall she would meet, for, shiver my timbers, but, light as she is, she has her royal sails set."—"Pooh, you booby, answered his comrade, that's nothing to the top-rigging of my landlady's daughter. She went to church, the other day, d'ye see, in her best holliday trim, under convoy of her sweet-heart, who had just come to town from the lakes, where, with the brave Chauncey, he had been giving chace to that great English lubber, Sir James Yoho, I think they call him—although, to be sure, the Englishman, though no great fighter, proved the best sailor of the two; for let the wind blow from whatever point of the compass it might, he still ran before it, like a slinking hound with his tail between his legs, so that the American bull-dogs could never fall foul of him:—but, as I was saying, Kate Conway, the other day, after spending the whole morning aloft in her rigging room, got under way at last, for St. Peter's church, and may I never see fair weather, but she had her sky-scrapers hoisted."

At first, I was at a loss to conjecture what these sons of Neptune meant by a lady's "royal sails" and "sky-scrapers;" but

was informed, on inquiry, that they alluded to the present fashionable two and three story bonnets, to which carriage tops and awning poles prove such an annoyance.

I happened to spend the following evening at the house of a friend, whose wife and daughters are most accomplished dashers, while his own taste and opinions are quite too unbending for the easy pliability of fashion in dress. The course which conversation assumed led me to mention the remarks I had accidentally overheard from the sailors.

The occasion was siezed on by Mr. Grumbleall—the name of the gentleman in whose family I was—to inveigh in terms of no ordinary severity against the mutability of female taste and the exorbitancy of female ambition. He denounced the caprice of the sex, in matters of dress, as altogether insufferable, declaring that vanity and a love of superiority constituted their sole motives of action. “In addition to other foibles,” said he, “they even rebel against the wisdom of nature. For the best and most obvious of purposes, they were made lower than man by the whole head, whereas they seem determined by their new-fangled bonnets to make themselves even more than the head taller. A few years ago, continued he, they endeavoured to overtop us by the assistance of high-heeled shoes. I well remember my old maiden aunt Dorothy Towering to have had a pair of shoes made with heels nine inches high, for the purpose of overlooking that model of meekness, Eleazer Calmly, who was paying his addresses to her. The first time, however, she put them on had the effect of breaking off the match; and she was, at the same time, well near breaking her own neck by a fall she received in an attempt to hop nimbly over a curb-stone. The long suffering Eleazer had borne in his intended, without complaining, many and glaring attempts at usurpation. But the cup of forbearance was now full. He was a pious man, upwards of six feet high, and prided himself not a little on his head being nearer to heaven by several inches than the heads of most of his neighbours. My aunt’s indiscreet attempt to surpass him in this favourite prerogative gave him mortal offence. He accordingly ceased visiting her, and soon afterwards bestowed his affections and fortune on a little squat square-shouldered damsel, whom the highest heels it was practicable to

walk with could never raise to the level of five feet. Such was the effect of high heels formerly, and nothing better can be looked for from the ungovernable rage for high bonnets now."

Mr. Grumbleall, who is himself a European, waxed, as he proceeded in his discourse, more and more wrath in his temper and severe in his invectives against our fair country women. He declared the custom of wearing nine-inch heeled shoes and three story bonnets to be peculiar to America: "because, added he, the women of Europe are too modest and know their places too well, to make so flagrant an effort at supremacy in stature."

This unexpected comparison, made to the disadvantage of my countrywomen, drew me, somewhat inconsiderately, I fear, out in their defence. In the excess of my zeal to rebut the heavy charge made against them, I hazarded an assertion which I now find to be no less offensive to many of them than that of Mr. Grumbleall. It was, that instead of being themselves the *inventors* of any article of dress, either exceptionable or praiseworthy, they are, in all matters of fashion, the *humble copyists* of the ladies of Europe.

Now, my dear Mr. Oldschool, here stand I between two fires, each of them hot enough in itself, as you may well suppose. On one side an irritated grumbler, and on the other a whole squadron of offended females! The dilemma, sir, is appalling to me, beyond description. For heaven's sake do something to help me out of it, else I shall never be able to maintain myself against the sarcasms of Mr. Grumbleall and the flouts and sneers of my female acquaintance.

Now that I am placed on my defence, I feel constrained to make it out in the best way I can. I got into my difficulties in a well meant attempt to defend my fair countrywomen against what I considered an ill natured and unfounded accusation. But as they have now no mercy on me, on account of a petty blunder I committed in arguing their cause, I am resolutely determined to be their champion no longer. I will clear myself both of them and Mr. Grumbleall as speedily as I can, and, quarrel as they may, will never, on any consideration, venture my carcass between them hereafter.

Have you, sir, any evidence to show, that inordinately high-heeled shoes and high crowned bonnets have been ever worn by

the ladies of Europe, or that our own countrywomen, wanting invention themselves, or, which amounts to the same thing, too servile or too indolent to exercise it, are nothing but humble imitators of foreign fashions? If so, do me the favour to communicate it through the medium of the Port Folio, and in so doing you will confer a particular obligation on a reader and

SUBSCRIBER.

June 1, 1815.

Whatever Mr. Oldschool's private opinion may be, he feels himself bound, as a well-bred cavalier, never to appear, in any case of controversy, in opposition to the fairest part of creation. If he cannot come forward as the advocate of his countrywomen, the rules of chivalry imperatively forbid his taking part against them. In the present instance, therefore, he is compelled to maintain an inviolable silence in relation to the alledged servility of the American ladies to foreign fashions. Invention he knows them to possess, and that in a degree peculiarly eminent: for he has heard them unusually eloquent in words, and observed them inconceivably fertile, in arguments to prove the propriety of following, in this country, fashions in dress imported from abroad. Whether it would be more dignified, independent, and becoming in them to exercise their invention in establishing domestic fashions, or in defending foreign ones, is a point on which, for reasons already given, it would be highly improper in him to undertake to decide.

Of the existence, however, of lofty female head-dresses in Europe, at a period greatly anterior to that of their appearance in this country, Mr. Oldschool is happy in being able to furnish his correspondent with conclusive testimony. With this view he begs leave to refer him to the Spectator, vol. ii. No. 98, where, to use the technical language of the diplomatic corps, he may see the subject discussed *in extenso*. If Mr. Grumbleall be not too much seared in obstinacy to be accessible to argument, the perusal of that paper will convince him of his error, and free our correspondent from his further reproaches. The ladies also may derive from reading it some hints not altogether useless to them. In particular, they will learn from it the sameness of motive, which, in all ages, has been supposed, however erroneously, to exercise an influence over the female mind. For the benefit of

all concerned, Mr. Oldschool thinks it best to publish it in the Port Folio. It is as follows :

—————*Tanta est querendæ cura decoris.*
Juv. Sat. vi.

So studiously their persons they adorn.

There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory, I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men.* The women were of such an enormous stature, that 'we appeared as grasshoppers before them.' At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and sunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to supprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must therefore repeat it; that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may

* This refers to the commode (called by the French fontange) a kind of head dress worn by the ladies at the beginning of the last century, which by means of wire bore up their hair and fore part of the cap, consisting of many folds of fine lace, to a prodigious height. The transition from this to the opposite extreme was very abrupt and sudden.

observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads ; and indeed I very much admire, that those female architects, who raise such wonderful structures out of ribbands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building, as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humorously described it :

*Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compugibus altum
Ædificat caput; Andromachen a fronte videbis;
Post minor est: aliam credas. —*

Juv. Sat. vi. 501.

With curls on curls they build their head before,
And mount it with a formidable tow'r;
A giantess she seems, but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.

DRYDEN.

But I do not remember in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to so great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head, that a woman who was but a pigmy without her head-dress, appeared like a Colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin says, 'that these old fashioned fontanges rose an ell above the head: that they were pointed like steeples, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers.'

The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher had not a famous monk, Thomas Connecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode; and succeeded so well in it, that as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thou-

sand people; his men placing themselves on one side of the pulpit, the women on the other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of persecution; and whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, 'the women that, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over.' This extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentre in his history of Bretagne; and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only proper time for making of laws against the exorbitance of power; in the same manner an excessive head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure.—Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermillion; planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure; and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gaw-gaws, ribbands, and bone lace.

Digitized by Google

LITERARY NOTICES.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN INAUGURAL DISSERTATION ON THE PATHOLOGY OF THE
HUMAN FLUIDS.

By Jacob Dyckman, A. B. member of the Medical and Surgical society of the University of New-York. 248 p. 8vo.

Although the Port Folio is not a journal devoted to professional learning, yet when we find, in any department of science or literature, a work of uncommon merit, it cannot, as we conceive, be deemed improper in us to make honourable mention of it. Considering the dissertation herein announced as the production of a very young man, there is no extravagance in saying, that its merit is *uncommon*.

In making this declaration, we are not to be understood as pledging our opinion for the soundness of every point of doctrine which Dr. Dyckman has attempted to establish. This would be hastily and very inconsiderately making ourselves a party in an intricate controversy, where, to say the least, much yet remains to be known.

Our allusion is particularly to the merit of the Dissertation in question, considered as a specimen of medical literature. In that point of view, we cannot hesitate to speak of it in terms of high approbation—as honourable to the author, and creditable to the school where he received his education. Taking into consideration the substantial qualities of composition and discussion—style and manner, arrangement of parts, force and ingenuity of argument, and the extent of reading and research which is manifested—we doubt whether the records of any medical school either in Europe or America, can produce an Inaugural Dissertation of higher standing.

We must not, however, conceal our persuasion, that in relation to several points of doctrine, particularly the general contamination of the circulating fluids of the human body, by means of contagion and other causes, our author has advanced opinions beyond what he is prepared to substantiate by facts.

That the texture and qualities of blood drawn from the system in a state of high disease, are different from the texture and qualities of that fluid in a state of health, cannot be denied. Nor

is it, we conceive, less true, that unsound blood must have a deleterious influence, primarily on the vessels which contain it, and, by sympathy, on the whole body. In the actual putridity of the blood, however, while circulating in the vascular system of a living being, we are not, at present, prepared to believe.

On the whole, while we congratulate Dr. Dyckman on his honourable *debut* as a medical writer, we hope that he will never hereafter suffer his duties and avocations, as a practical physician, to render him unmindful of what he still owes his profession, as a branch of liberal science and of literature.

It is a subject of sincere regret, that too many of our physicians treat the *literary part* of their profession precisely as our ladies do their music—learn something of it at school, practise it while single, as an occasional amusement, and neglect it entirely after marriage. How few, alas! of the physicians of America continue to write after they have become wedded to the practice of medicine.

ED.

MR. MOSES THOMAS, to whom his fellow citizens are already much indebted for his taste and enterprize as a publisher of books, is about to impose on them shortly a still weightier obligation, by laying before them, in a handsome style, the two following works, viz:

CHARLEMAGNE, or THE CHURCH DELIVERED. An epic poem, in twenty-four books. By Lucien Bonaparte, of the Institute of France, &c. translated by the Rev. S. Butler, D. D. and the Rev. Francis Hodgson, A. M.—and:

THE PILGRIMS OF THE SUN, a poem, by James Hogg, author of the *Queen's Wake*, &c.

A pupil in the many chambered school,
Where Superstition weaves her airy dreams.

As it will probably fall within our province to speak of these works more fully hereafter, we shall content ourselves for the present with remarking, that, as far as we have had an opportunity of informing ourselves respecting them, we consider them worthy of public patronage. Charlemagne is necessarily a poem of unusual weight, and the Pilgrims of the Sun exhibits, in many parts, a luxuriance of fancy, with a range, brilliancy and wildness

of imagination, which, although bordering, perhaps, on extravagance, will not, we think, fail to be generally pleasing.

* * Since the above was in type, we have learnt that "Charlemagne" is to be published, not by Mr. Thomas, but Mr. John Conrad and Co. whose skill and enterprize in business have heretofore contributed, in no ordinary degree, to the advancement of letters in the United States. We wish Mr. Conrad and company, and have no doubt they will receive, a liberal patronage in their laudable undertaking. In recommendation of Charlemagne, we beg leave to observe, that it is a religious poem, setting forth and celebrating the delivery of the Christian Church from the Pagan influence and tyranny that prevailed in Europe at the period in which the scenery is laid.

SERMON, &c.

FROM an able and most excellent sermon "delivered before the convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the state of Pennsylvania, held in St. James's church, Philadelphia, May 3rd, 1815, and published by request, by the Rev. Frederic Beasley, D. D. provost of the university of Pennsylvania," which is hereby earnestly recommended to the attention of the public, we extract the following eloquent and forcible delineation of infidelity. ED.

"Infidelity is the true antichrist, of which all other antichrists are but counterparts. Ever since the days of old Celsus, and even from the apostolic age, it has existed in the church of Christ, but has never until of late, been completely unveiled. Infidelity is that power which maintains a firm and perpetual league with the grand adversary of God and man. Like him, an apostate spirit fallen from its primitive dignity, it wages incessant war against heaven and all holy things. To accomplish its plans of hostility against Christ and his heavenly kingdom, it has had recourse to numberless stratagems. Sometimes it has essayed secretly to undermine the holy religion of the Saviour; at other times, it has assailed it with open violence. Sometimes it has assumed the form of an angel of light, and under this disguise gained admission amongst the hosts of the Lord, and tried to seduce

them from their allegiance and duty to him; at other times, appearing in its genuine shape, as an angel of darkness, has spit against them its bitterest venom. But if you wish to see disclosed the deep malignity of the nature of infidelity, and those secret designs by which it is always actuated, although sometimes it dares not openly avow them, you must trace its footsteps through the continent of Europe in recent times. There it has exhibited its real character, there developed its dark purposes, and there produced its baleful fruits. And what is infidelity or the true anti-christ, as there disclosed to view, rising out of the rank and venomous bosom of the modern school? At one time, it is a demon, which, not contented with tearing from their foundations all the sacred establishments of the world, would wage impious war against the government of God, would demolish his awful throne, and strike him from the universe; at another time, it is a Moloch, delighting in the blood of the saints, immolating human victims to sate its cruel appetite. It walks perpetually to and fro on the earth, the most active spirit that co-operates with the prince of darkness, in effecting his purposes of ruin. Temples, altars, sacrifices, all sacred institutions, are the objects of its irreconcilable hatred. These it pursues with exterminating virulence. It enters with deadly intent also within the precincts of civil society. It would sever the strongest bonds which connect mankind together. Its progress there has been marked with revolutions, with anarchy and with blood. A missionary from the dominions of chaos and ancient night, it would restore their confused and tumultuous reign. Nor does infidelity here stop its course. Like a malignant genius, it essays to extend its sway into the bosom of man, and disturb its peace. It would extinguish all his hopes, blast his best prospects, and dry up all the fountains of his comfort. It sounds its raven voice over the bed of the sufferer, the knell to all his expectations of succour. Whilst with one hand, it would wrest from the mouth of man the purest cups of his enjoyment, with the other it would pour out those vials, that would give tenfold bitterness to his sorrows. The poor it would render hopeless, the wretched inconsolable, the bereaved desperate. It would draw the curtain of midnight (if I may speak so) over the hemisphere of man's lot. Through it no ray of light could pene-

trate to cheer him. When infidelity has thus despoiled man of his sweetest enjoyments, and infused a deeper-tinged gall into his sorrows it would cut him off from all intercourse with God; it would convert the heavens into a canopy of brass, against which all his importunities and complaints would strike and die away in fruitless reverberation, no ear of divine mercy being found there to receive them. And, to conclude this work of horror, when infidelity has thus stripped man of all his hopes, his consolations, and his best enjoyments; when it has transformed the earth into a dungeon, in which he is immured without being visited by a single ray of light, it follows him even to the bed of death. It sounds in his ears the most dismal omens. It dashes from his lips the last drop of consolation which can mitigate the sharpness of that bitter draught. It goes still farther—it exhibits its gloomy form even amidst the repositories of the dead. With ruthless hand, it would extinguish all those lights that cheer the fainting spirit, as she pursues her trembling way through that dreary passage. It would snatch the keys of death and the grave from the hands of Him who bears them, as trophies of that victory he has obtained over them, and conduct mankind into their silent chambers; and then, bolting, irreversibly bolting the gates of heaven against them, would there leave them to worms, to rottenness, and oblivion. As watchmen on the walls of Zion, should you not guard against the approaches of so dreadful an enemy?"



THE WASHINGTON GUARDS.—A SONG.

Air—" *Boat song, Lady of the Lake.*"

Of the songs offered us in celebration of the approaching Anniversary of our National Independence, the following from our friend Quevedo is decidedly the best. We hope it will prove no unacceptable offering to the numerous parties who may assemble on that day, to do honour to the occasion around the festal board.

HAIL to the youths in firm legion advancing,
 Legitimate sons of a valorous sire;
 Bright as the beams from their burnish'd arms glancing,
 As bright are the hopes the young Patriots inspire.

Where bold invaders spread
War's desolations dread,
Swift at the call of their country they fly,
Whilst in the field of fame,
Washington's sacred name,
Dwells on their lips, while they conquer or die.

The deeds of their sires with courage endues them,
To bind round their temples the laurel of fame;
No daring invaders shall ever subdue them,
WHO BEAR ON THEIR BANNER A HOST IN NAME.
Till the rude foe recoil,
Midst war's unceasing toil,
Firm at their posts the young warriors will stand;
Till war's dark night shall cease,
And the bright star of peace
Sheds its mild beams to illumine the land.

Wreaths ever blooming now weave for your lover,
Fair maid, who to shield thee is girded in arms,
In the direst of perils your vision will hover,
And strengthen his soul in the battle's alarms:
Love's tears shall nourish it,
Warm sighs shall cherish it,
Breath'd on the name that all glory endears,
Till Hymen's happy reign
Binds you in his silken chain,
Secure from war's perils, and banish'd all fears.

QUEVEDO.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We particularly admire the spirit of piety manifested in the communication from Emma; but decline publishing the article in consideration of its other qualities not being such as would interest our readers,

The article signed J. R. W. is necessarily excluded from the present number for want of room. We shall embrace an early opportunity of giving it to the public.

The article on the "Character and Eloquence of William Pitt," from the pen of our correspondent L. is reserved of necessity for a future number.

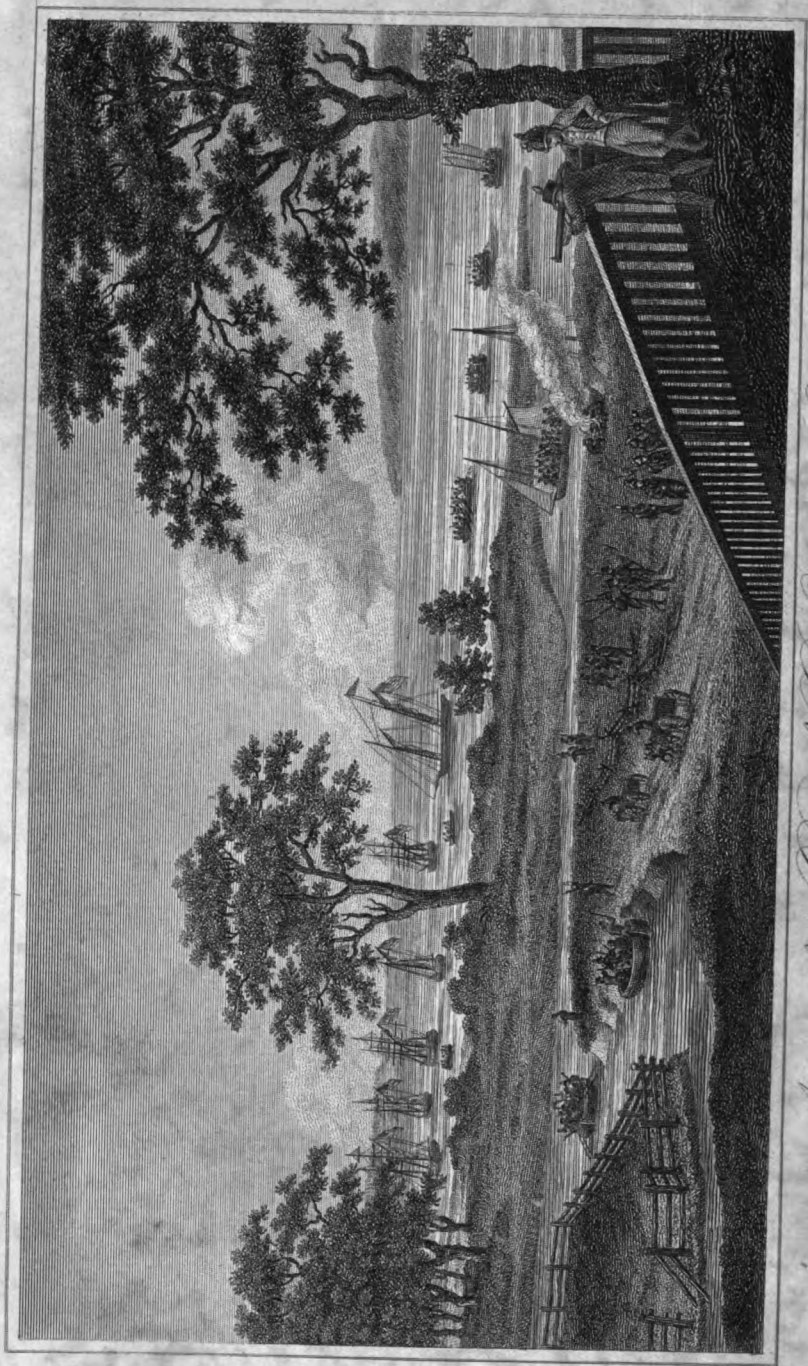
The papers of Incola Mundi shall appear hereafter. So shall "Matrimony—a vision," with several other communications which have neither title nor signature.

An article signed P. is written in so illegible a hand, that the difficulty of decyphering it, renders it utterly impracticable to judge of its merits. To be compelled *ex officio* to attempt to read such manuscript constitutes one of the miseries of human life. We entreat our correspondents to write in a fair character. On no other condition is it practicable for us to do justice either to them or to ourselves. We may be led honestly to condemn and undeservedly reject a paper very well composed, merely because it is badly written. For aught we know, this may be the case in the present instance. If it be, however, our correspondent has no right to complain; for he has concealed his meaning behind a veil which we are unable either to lift or penetrate.

Our correspondents generally are informed that our arrangements are such at present, that, on the beginning of each month, we place in the hands of our printer, all the matter intended for the number of the month that is to follow. On the first day of June, for example, we had prepared all that is contained in this number: and on the first of this month (July) all that will appear in the number for August. Those who obligingly contribute to fill our pages, will have the goodness to regulate, as far as convenient, the time of sending in their communications by this arrangement.

ERROR CORRECTED.

We regret that in our account of the Defence of Sackett's Harbour, in the May number of The Port Folio, the name of general Wilkinson was inadvertently inserted for that of general Dearborne, in the following sentence, viz: "For the better equipment of the expedition up the lake, general Wilkinson had dismantled, &c. At the time to which allusion is herein made, general Dearborne commanded in chief on the Canadian frontiers, general Wilkinson not having yet arrived from his command in the south."



A view of the Port of Buffalo on Lake Erie

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. VI.

AUGUST, 1815.

No. II.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VIEW OF BUFFALOE ON LAKE ERIE.

THE prefixed engraving exhibits a correct view, taken on the spot, of the port of Buffaloe on Lake Erie, at the time of the landing of a part of general Harrison's troops, subsequently to the defeat and capture of general Proctor's army, near the Moravian villages, on the river Thames.

This enterprise, under Harrison, was interesting and memorable on several accounts.

The battle was fought and won by militia, not superior in numbers, perhaps not equal, to the British regulars whom they encountered and made prisoners.

Being the first time, from the commencement of the war, that the American troops had been brought, in any force, actually to close with the enemy, and gain an immediate ascendancy over him, it inspired them with fresh courage, by giving them additional confidence in themselves.

The celebrated warrior Tecumseh, the key-stone and cement of the Indian confederacy, fell in this short but severe conflict.

VOL. VI.

0

But the most memorable circumstance connected with this affair, was the new and successful movement which general Harrison attempted and executed with the mounted Kentucky militia. This will be, perhaps, most intelligibly and best described in the general's own words.

"I therefore determined," says he, "to refuse my left to the Indians, and to break the British lines at once by a charge of the mounted infantry; the measure was not sanctioned by any thing that I had seen or heard of, but I was fully convinced that it would succeed. The American back-woodsmen ride better in the woods than any other people. A musket or a rifle is no impediment to them, being accustomed to carry them on horseback from their earliest youth. I was persuaded, too, that the enemy would be quite unprepared for the shock, and that they could not resist it. Conformably to this idea, I directed the regiment to be drawn up in close column, with its right at the distance of fifty yards from the road (that it might be in some measure protected by the trees from the artillery) its left upon the swamp, and to charge at full speed as soon as the enemy delivered their fire.

"The army had moved on in this order but a short distance, when the mounted men received the fire of the British line, and were ordered to charge; the horses in the front of the column recoiled from the fire: another was given by the enemy, and our column getting in motion, broke through the enemy with irresistible force. In one minute the contest in front was over; the British officers, seeing no hope of reducing their disordered ranks to order, and our mounted men wheeling upon them and pouring in a destructive fire, immediately surrendered. It is certain that three only of our troops were wounded in this charge."

Had general Harrison never marshalled a corps in the field, either before or since the defeat of Proctor, this single movement, bold and new, rational and successful as it was, would have marked him as an officer of a military mind.

The trophies of this day were upwards of six hundred prisoners, and all the cannon, musketry, colours, and camp equipage of the British army, except such articles as had been previously destroyed.

E.D.

THE QUESTION DECIDED.

HAD any thing been wanting to settle the question of superiority in battle, between an equal force of the British and American navies, it is amply supplied in the late glorious capture of the Penguin by the Hornet. The *arguments* of captain Biddle in relation to this point, admit of no reply; at least the *British* are incapable of replying to them: they are *sound, weighty, and carry conviction wherever they are directed.*

Although ingenuity and prevarication may excite and cherish doubts with regard to certain former topics—whether the Frolick were in complete fighting trim when she was captured by the Wasp, and also whether the Peacock were of equal force with the Hornet, the Boxer with the Enterprise, the Epervier with the Peacock, and the Reindeer and the Avon with the Wasp—although by dexterous management, we say, these points may still be obscured by doubts; for the British to allege that the Penguin was not, *in all respects*, a match for the Hornet, would be to charge themselves with the highest degree of ignorance or folly.

The Hornet, captain Biddle, is known to be much inferior to the Wasp, captain Blakely. But the Penguin was fitted out and particularly instructed to fight and capture the latter ship: *a fortiori*, therefore, she must be equal in force to the former, else those who direct the destinies of the British navy are false or incompetent to the trust reposed in them.

If the Penguin were not of force sufficient to meet the Wasp or the Hornet, why send her in search of either? and if she were, and has been captured by much the weaker of the two ships, after a short but fairly fought action, why not frankly and honestly acknowledge the decided superiority of the capturing ship and nation? This is unsophisticated logic; and Great Britain may rest assured, that, notwithstanding all her arts and efforts to the contrary, *such superiority does exist*; that its existence has been demonstratively proved on sundry occasions; that it will be from this time forth acknowledged and unhesitatingly proclaimed by the world; and that, to perpetuate the remembrance of the fact, the pen of the historian will hand it down to all posterity.

We ardently wish for the safe and speedy return of captain Biddle to the United States, that he may experience in the bosom of his family and friends the warmest welcome that affection can bestow, and receive in return from his grateful country a due proportion of that honour, which he has been so conspicuously instrumental in acquiring for her.

When it is recollected that Bainbridge* and Decatur, Stewart and Biddle are all Philadelphians, well may it be said, as it was emphatically said the other day, "Philadelphia has reason to be proud of her sons." ED.

Since the foregoing was in type, we perceive by captain Biddle's official letter, that the Penguin had been ordered to cruise, not for the United States' sloop of war Wasp, but for the privateer Young Wasp. Still, however, being in reality a match for the Hornet, the extreme facility with which she was captured, without the occurrence of any uncommon casualty, settles the question conclusively in favour of the vast superiority of the Americans in naval combat. ED.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MAJOR-GENERAL RIPLEY.

——— breve et irreparabile tempus
 Omnibus est vitæ, sed famam extendere factis,
 Hoc virtutis opus.

For thirty years preceding the year 1812, there is scarcely a point that betters the individual condition of the citizen in which we have not advanced, and scarcely a trait that ennobles the character of a state in which we have not deteriorated. The spark of enthusiasm, elicited by the revolutionary war, expired with the collision that gave it birth, and subsequent tranquillity seemed to have removed the causes of its reproduction. A state of rest, equally abhorrent from the moral as from the physical world, ap-

* We have been told, that commodore Bainbridge was born in Philadelphia. If we be mistaken as to this fact, the mistake is an honest one; for we have been induced to believe it.

peared to have incorporated itself with our political temperament, and, mistaking accident for real character, we urged its long existence as a plea for its further continuance. Under institutions such as ours, where the welfare of the state is identified with that of the individual, it has been found impossible to persuade the citizen, that in the promotion of his personal and temporary interest, that of the commonwealth does not participate in an equal degree; he condenses his two-fold republican duty into one, and conceives that in benefitting himself he sufficiently benefits the state of which he is a component part.

Soon after the peace of 1783, our greatest national want was that of a pecuniary capital, and in the immense march of commercial enterprise, immediately subsequent to that period, patriotism seconded the views of personal avidity; to enrich an individual was to increase the ability of the state, and in the rapid acquisition of that ability was presaged the better destiny of the commonwealth, when it should be fully acquired—but the spirit of accumulation gained strength by its successful exercise; what was originally a means, became in its turn an end; the wealth that should have propt better institutions, became of itself the source of new ones that engrossed all others, and for a time coerced the views of the state which it should have supported. The *summum bonum* of the community was wealth; government was to foster what it was to beware of controlling, and laws, being construed according to the furtherance they afforded to the grand object, lost that character of sanctity, which, operating alike on opulence and indigence, imparts to our nature its highest state of moral worthiness. During this period, the country exhibited in a two-fold opposite character, its vigour and its apathy; the favourite pursuit engrossed every arm of the intellect, and elicited a vigour that ensured the attainment of its objects; beyond that pursuit we were without stimulus and without success; the mind played feebly on what it was not an object to acquire, and the zeal that marked the march in our chosen path, was equipoised by our apathy when removed from it. Wealth identified itself with honour, and to the attainment of it a young people devoted their exclusive energy.

The increased convulsions of Europe, giving us a share in the collision, first demonstrated the extent of our devotion to our

single pursuit; at that moment the two hemispheres presented two objects as remote from each other in character, as are in distance the shores of their opposing borders. To form the stimulus of the European were combined the varied elements of his heart and mind; the ruling passion carried him to the field, the ocean, the cabinet or the study; he mingled ideal with positive good, and called on the loftier parts of his character to attain it. The American was awake but to one object, and on that he concentrated the rays of a genius that might have illuminated others. The European expanded the mind. The American wilfully narrowed it. The European looked beyond the common detail of life for a higher walk of arts, letters and arms. The American allowed no substitute for his beloved gain, and in bowing to it as his idol, believed that it was to the supreme good.

The equally hostile measures of the two great contending powers, although threatening safety to our independence, could rouse only when they inflicted immediate loss—the nation seemed unwilling to be disturbed from its long lethargy; paths to gain were still open, and, although opposed by safety and ultimate interest, they had been too long pursued to be voluntarily abandoned. For five years the nation struggled under the defects of its own habits, until its rulers, finding that pressure served but to confirm the habit of bearing, were compelled to launch it into a war, trusting to necessity to excite an enthusiasm, which all their labours could not rouse.

During the early periods of the war, the effects of previous habit still hung upon us; nor was it until after sufferings, defeat and disgrace, that the nation was awakened to a display of its dormant ability, that we felt the excitement of views less sordid than those of gain, and enlisted in the furtherance of them the latent excellencies of our character.

These ideas are involuntarily suggested by reflection on the life and conduct of Eleazer Wheelock Ripley, a man who has been second to no other in dissipating the clouds of our sluggishness; who has identified his name with the better part of the history of his country, and, by an infusion of his own spirit into others, aided greatly in giving a new and improved direction to the national character.

Major-general Ripley was born in Hanover, in the state of New-Hampshire, in the year 1782; his father, the reverend Sylvanus Ripley, was professor of divinity in Dartmouth college; his maternal grandfather was the reverend Eleazer Wheelock, founder of the institution of which the father was professor, and the son a graduate:—by the same side he was lineally descended from the celebrated Miles Standish, the Scanderbeg of his day, whose memory is justly cherished as the early protector of the Plymouth colony. The reverend Mr. Ripley dying early in life, left a large family under the care of his widow, to whose virtuous and devoted attention may be ascribed the future success of her offspring, particularly that of the subject of this memoir, then at the tender age of five years.

At the age of fourteen he was admitted to Dartmouth college, from which institution he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the year 1800, being the eighteenth of his age. His course while an under graduate had been distinguished, and at the time of graduation he received the highest honours of the seminary. Immediately after leaving college he commenced the study of the law, and entered upon the active duties of the profession in the town of Waterville, state of Massachusetts.

A large and important portion of life, from infancy to manhood, is thus past over in a brief compass. In scanning the life of a man of eminence, it is interesting to examine the development of mind, to trace from the germ to the blossom, from the blossom to the fruit; but the causes that render the inquiry difficult in most cases, make it impossible in this. We have only slight traces of his early life, but infer from the information of a few cotemporaries, that he gave presages in youth of what has since been realized in manhood; both at school and college he discovered indications of an intellect, which has since taken a wider range. He was assiduous and successful in his studies, and exemplary in his life and conduct.

The early eminence attained by Mr. Ripley in his profession, tested the assiduity with which he had devoted himself to the study of it. Immediately after admittance to the bar, important trusts were reposed in him, rather the result of the confidence he had inspired, than of any thing he had had opportunities actually to per-

form; that confidence was justified in the subsequent honourable discharge of a great extent of practice, the details of which did not prevent him from the pursuit of general as well as professional study.

In the year 1807, he was returned from the town of Winslow to the legislature of the state of Massachusetts, at that time distracted by important political, as well as local differences; the eastern part of it had long been disturbed by confusions of land titles, which involved the interest of a large portion of the community, and from their extent, variety and intricacy, forbade their adjustment by any judicial process. To interpose a legislative interference was one of Mr. Ripley's first exertions, in which he was aided, perhaps excited, by a distinguished member of the legislature from the same section of the state. After long difficulties a commission was formed, which analysed and adjusted the contending claims, the beneficial result of which was immediately felt and will be long remembered.

On subjects not of a local nature, his conduct and policy may be variously construed. At the time of his entrance into political life the collision of parties was severe, and while all rallied round the constitution, each gave to the text of it a commentary adapted to his own views. To the letter of that instrument Mr. Ripley was a strict adherent, without infusing into it a force foreign from its nature, or depriving it of the vigour necessary to its self-support. In relation to the general government, his opinion was, that no state could create an imperium in imperio, nor assume to itself a prerogative that had been delegated to the legislature of the union. In relation to his own state, his effort was to give her her just and honourable weight in the councils of the nation, and to attain it by checking the vacillation of her policy, and destroying the collision of local party interest, that disturbed her tranquillity, and neutralized her influence beyond her own borders. In the divisions into democratic and federal republicans, he was ranked among the leaders of the former; to what extent he assented to their tenets, the author of this memoir is not apprised, and as the subject of it has long since laid aside his political mantle, it is no longer an object to inquire.

At the period when the nation first felt the effect of the offensive edicts of the two great belligerents of Europe, the lines of Mr. Ripley's political character strongly developed themselves. He was aware, that the insults and aggressions of France would lead to a war, for which just cause had been given, provided the equal avidity and greater means of annoyance of Great Britain, did not make that country the mark of an equally just enmity. When in the year 1808, their combined hostility was more apparent and oppressive, his most positive opinion was, that then was the moment for a declaration of war, for which the country would never be better prepared, and which could not long be averted. As a preliminary step he assented to, and supported by his influence, the restrictive measures adopted by the general government.

In the year 1811, the chair of the speaker of the house of representatives of Massachusetts became vacant by the appointment of the honourable Joseph Story to the supreme bench of the United States; to this important and responsible situation Mr. Ripley was elected, and over an assembly unprecedentedly numerous, composed of conflicting interests and talents, he presided with distinguished ability and impartiality. Removal from his place of previous residence to the town of Portland, left him out of the legislature for the succeeding year; in that of 1812 he was elected a senator from the conjoined counties of Cumberland and Oxford.

Throughout his political course, Mr. Ripley had been convinced that the situation of the nation would lead it to a war, and that temporizing could but retard what the people would ultimately call for; the same sentiment that induced him to declare for the necessity of a war, induced him to assume an active duty in it; he therefore in March 1812, consented to accept a lieutenant-colonelship in the army of the United States; but previously to acting on it, took for a limited time the seat he had been chosen to fill in the legislature. During the ensuing session, material difficulties arose in relation to all the monied institutions of the state; in the adjustment of them, which was effected principally through his means, his magnanimity in detaching himself from

either party, and his ability in finance, were conspicuously manifested.

On leaving his civil and legislative duties, colonel Ripley was entrusted by the commander-in-chief of the district, major general Dearborn, with the charge of a sub-district from Saco to the eastern frontier; to the placing of which in the best posture of defence he devoted his vigorous attention. He established himself at a fort in the harbour of Portland, and in strengthening the defence of that place, in superintending the recruiting service, and in the most laborious military study, he commenced the duties of a new profession, from the active labours of which he was not disengaged during the war, except at one period from his wound, and another from sickness contracted in service. During the interval from June 18th to September, his recruits were embodied into a regiment called the twenty-first, of which he had the sole command. With this regiment, without time for previous preparation or discipline, he marched to Plattsburgh on the northern frontier. On his arrival at the camp at that place, commenced an intimate connection and friendship between him and the late general Pike, which did not terminate until the death of that accomplished and gallant officer. The short and inefficient duty of the fall of 1812 being performed, colonel Ripley withdrew into winter-quarters at Burlington in Vermont, and during that season of military tranquillity, commenced the school of discipline and police, which led his regiment to its subsequent fame, and made it the model of the army. The double duty rested on him of receiving and imparting instruction; in forming others, he had first to form himself; his nights, therefore, were devoted to study, his days to the application and explanation of it to his officers and soldiers. Although engaged in active duty, sufficient to have engrossed the undivided attention of an ordinary applicant, he found means to prosecute a course of study, and so to classify and generalize it, as to form a plan of military conduct that embraced all points of instruction. Adjoined to these labours he devoted himself actively to the recruiting service, and the exertions of that winter made his regiment, at a subsequent period, the largest in the army.

In the month of March 1813, (having previously been promoted to the rank of colonel) colonel Ripley marched from winter-quarters to Plattsburgh, and from thence to Sacket's Harbour. A short time after his arrival there the attack on York was meditated, for which service his regiment was among the first selected and attached to general Pike's brigade. On the 23d of April the troops embarked on that enterprise, and on the morning of the 27th arrived before the town which was the object of it. The immediate command of the assault was entrusted to general Pike. On entering the bay of York the ships were severely cannonaded by the forts defending the harbour, while they in turn covered with their guns a large portion of the beach, on which it was intended that the troops should form. The first corps that debarked was a small body of riflemen under major Forsyth, which engaged and drove in the enemy's light troops in the woods, during which time the main body formed on the beach under a fire from the batteries, and moved in close column to the attack of the principal fort. The arrangements for an assault were made, when it was perceived that the enemy had abandoned his position and was formed a mile in the rear of it. The troops immediately thronged into the works, when the awful explosion of the magazine took place, which annihilated the leading columns, and mortally wounded their gallant commander general Pike. During the few moments of confusion that succeeded, the enemy called in his detached parties, and was seen in concentrated force in the town. Colonel Ripley, who had been wounded in the explosion, pressed the officer on whom the temporary command devolved, to advance immediately upon him; a delay in so doing enabled him to make a precipitate retreat, which he effected, leaving an immense quantity of artillery and stores, some few prisoners, and the town to make its own conditions. Honourable terms being allowed, a surrender was made, and colonel Ripley's regiment was stationed to guard the property of the citizens from depredation. The faithfulness with which this honourable duty was discharged, may be tested by an instance of gratitude, exercised at a subsequent period to one of the officers of it.* In the performance of

* Captain Pelham of the twenty-first, was severely wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Chrysler's field. At a period when exchanges had

this and other labours, the regiment remained on duty seventy hours without sleep, and with little refreshment of any sort.

On the 30th, the army reembarked for the assault of fort George; on arriving on shipboard it was detained and greatly endangered by a long and severe storm, which, with other delays, prevented its reaching its destination until the 27th of May, when fort George was assaulted and taken. Colonel Ripley being stationed with the reserve, his participation in the action was not considerable.

The 21st regiment having taken the field in the spring with inferior numbers, and having been diminished by the enemy and by sickness, colonel Ripley was ordered to return with the remnant of it to Sacket's Harbour, and there organize the large body of recruits that had been collected during the preceding winter. On the 3d of June he embarked from fort George, and after an ordinary passage arrived at Oswego, where he was detained a short time by an indisposition contracted from a camp life. On the 11th he reached Sacket's Harbour, where the disorder, which had been for a considerable time latent, could no longer be controlled and threatened him with its most alarming effects. Previous fatigue, exposure, privation and incessant exertion, rendered the attack long and dangerous; he, however, surmounted it, so as on the 15th of July to assume the active duties of his rank.

From the number and rawness of his levies he had the same course to pursue as in the previous winter, and he again prosecuted it with the most successful result. During a period of three months the regiment was employed in an incessant course of instruction; the drill, general discipline and police were carried to their highest perfection; and on the 16th of October, when the army made a rendezvous at Sacket's Harbour, preparatory to the descent of the St. Lawrence, the exertions of the colonel of the 21st were rewarded by finding himself at the head of the most numerous and best regiment in the service.

On the 16th of October the army embarked for Grenadier island, the point of reunion for the several corps. Of the several

ceased, and prisoners on either side were retained as hostages, captain P. was admitted to full parole, in testimony of the gratitude entertained by the enemy towards the twenty-first regiment for its magnanimous conduct at York.

disasters resulting from the storm immediately after embarkation the 21st partook an equal share. In the descent of the St. Lawrence nothing material occurred beyond the difficulties of the mode of advancing, until their arrival at Williamsburgh, and the action of Chrystler's field, the particulars of which irregular combat were as follows: On the night of the 10th of November, the main body of the army was encamped at the town and field above-mentioned, the field being a large opening on the margin of the St. Lawrence, skirted by a wood forming a semicircle round the one side and bounded by the river on the other. Early in the morning of the 11th a fire of musketry, more than usually heavy, was heard from the enemy, hanging in the rear; a small force was detached from general Swartwout's brigade to meet and bring him to action. The body selected for this service consisted of part of the 21st regiment, which ranged through the wood, thinking that the enemy lay there, and consisted but of a few light troops. While driving in the skirmishers, which was done for the space of a mile, the scouts suddenly reported that the enemy was formed in the field, on which the regiment immediately pushed from the wood, and entered the opening at a short distance from where the British advance appeared in line, consisting of the 49th and Glengary regiments, the main body in view, distant about a mile. Colonel Ripley immediately ranged his force on their left flank and commenced the action by a sharp fire of musketry.

The ground between the two bodies was intersected by ravines and fences, over which a severe contest ensued, first of musketry, and afterwards with the bayonet. The 21st twice charged the united 49th and Glengary, when in both cases the latter, though superior in number, gave way, abandoning precipitately one fence to take post behind another, until their arrival on the main body. At one moment of the advance, colonel Ripley overleaped a fence first and alone, and from the side nearest to the enemy called to his men, who rarely needed an encouragement so hazardous to their commander. During the time that the 21st was thus engaged, a body under general Covington advanced and threatened the enemy's right on which he had planted his cannon. The action for a moment assumed a prosperous appearance; the 21st acting on the enemy's left flank and part centre, and

Covington's brigade advancing toward the right, caused the enemy for a while to fall back; but this appearance was soon reversed by the fall of general Covington, and with him the spirit and nerve of his brigade; it broke before the fire of the enemy's artillery, and in its dispersion sought shelter behind the ranks of the 21st, which, though still engaged, remained unshaken. The 16th regiment followed the unfortunate example of Covington's brigade.

It was the fault of this action that it was fought detachedly. Attempts which, had they been simultaneous, would have won the day, were made in so distant a detail, that one arm of the force seemed to arrive but to witness the frustration of the efforts of another. Four pieces of artillery were planted so as to enfilade the enemy's line on its right flank; but being posted without the reach of support, the enemy, after the dispersion of Covington's brigade, wheeled part of his line into column to attack them. At this moment the 25th was in a ravine disordered, and in various parts of the field detached bodies supported a desultory action with little object or effect. Seeing this and the defenceless state of the artillery, colonel Ripley marched immediately in a diagonal line across the field, with a determination to support it, and arrived in time to throw himself between it and the advancing columns. A body of dragoons was ordered to check the advance, but the nature of the ground rendered their charge ineffectual, and it was not retarded until it was driven back by the fire of the 21st. After this the action continued but for a short time; it began without view to an object, and ended without the attainment of any; the British being contented with holding their own ground and the Americans being every where, except the 21st, in confusion, the firing ceased as if by mutual consent; the cannon were removed excepting one, which had been dismounted, and colonel Ripley was ordered to return to camp, where the army held the same position as in the morning.

Negative as was the result of this action, and unfortunate the course of it, the character of the 21st was most honourably tested; it had twice charged and broken the enemy, it had borne a fire so severe as to destroy nearly a quarter of its number, but had never been in the slightest degree disordered. A few days after the action the commanding general was induced to abandon the at-

tempt on Montreal; the army recrossed the St. Lawrence and went into winter-quarters, having made many expeditions to but partial purpose, and invaded Canada only to retire from it.

At this period the war and the arms of the United States assumed their most untoward aspect. Collisions between the generals disheartened the army, and disgusted the nation; of the extravagant pretensions entertained, none had been realized; disasters already encountered seemed to have sown the seeds of their own return; with these feelings the army went into uncomfortable winter-quarters, the past enlivened by no success, the future by but little hope. Colonel Ripley made immediate exertions to quarter his men advantageously, and succeeded in so doing in half the time taken for that purpose by any other officer. In the month of February, the army broke up from French Mills to proceed to Sacket's Harbour, to arrange for the campaign of the ensuing summer.

Previously to entering on a period which is to give a new character and lustre to our arms, let us examine the outline of operation most likely to have been pursued, as likewise that which really was pursued. In the long line of contact between us and our neighbouring enemy, the advantage is manifestly on our side. While we are enabled to bring to any assailed point of our line a supporting force from any quarter, the enemy, having no interior, is obliged to assist one point of his, by a draft from another; the continuity of that line being broken, the part above, unsupported by that below, falls of itself. For instance, the grand places of the enemy's deposit were Montreal and Quebec; the line he had to supply and defend with the stores of these depots, extended from the latter garrison to the upper lakes; to convey from the one point to the other he had but one line of march, and that the river St. Lawrence or its borders, and lake Ontario or its shores. Had we in the commencement of the war broken this chain of communication, by a position taken at any point on the St. Lawrence, between lake St. Francis and Kingston, or even by retaining York, which was once in our hands, the whole conflict would have assumed a different character; to have subdued the whole upper province, we had but to act defensively; as the very possession of a post so assumed, induced necessarily the fall of a ter-

ritory that could neither be supplied nor supported. The rude state of the country adjacent to the upper borders of the Ottawa forbid the substitution of that river for the St. Lawrence; by the possession therefore of ten square miles, on the banks of the latter, the fleets on Ontario and Erie, need never have been built, nor the nation have endured the disgraceful fate of general Hull.

In the spring of 1814 it was confidently expected that this course, although tardy, would still be assumed. Of the two divisions, the one at Sacket's Harbour, the other at Plattsburgh, a junction might have been formed near the centre of the two points; with these an incursion might have been made in a body, in numerical force treble that which actually did invade, and the enterprise have adjoined to the lustre of a military display an immediate political effect. Instead of this, six thousand men were kept at a point not then expected to be assailed, and a detached part of the enemy's territory invaded by three thousand three hundred men, which territory, being destitute both of political and military resource, could have afforded no advantage even if retained. The subsequent achievements of this smaller force blinded, with the blaze of its glory, the public eye as to any thing beyond glory. Like the English, we considered war as a play of chivalry, rather than a political engine, and in the brilliancy of successful battles forgot that they produced no result.

These ideas are suggested from a conviction of their having been consonant to the views of colonel Ripley: his being but the commander of a regiment, and not immediately connected with the head of the war department, prevented a public declaration of them.

A short time after its arrival at Sacket's Harbour, the army was put in motion for the Niagara frontier. Colonel Ripley was detached on duty to Albany, and having performed it repaired to the camp at Buffaloe on the 10th of April. On the 13th of that month he was created brigadier-general, and on the fourth of May took leave of the corps of his own training, the 21st regiment. As higher deeds are still reserved for that admirable body, we defer for the moment, the expression of those feelings which are inspired by a remembrance of its achievements.

General Ripley's command was not at first augmented by his increased rank. The division of the army under general Brown consisted of two brigades, of which general Scott commanded the first, general Ripley the second. The 9th, 11th and 25th were assigned to the former, while the latter had but his own regiment: at a subsequent period one company from the 17th, another from the 19th, and finally an undisciplined battalion of the 23d were added. From the 4th of May the army pursued its usual routine of instruction until the 3d of July, when it commenced the passage of the Niagara, and invaded the province of Upper Canada. At about one or two o'clock of the morning of that day the two brigades embarked from Buffalo; that of general Scott about one mile below fort Erie, that of general Ripley a little more than that distance above. The investment of the fort was made in the morning, and the garrison surrendered without resistance.

On the night of the 3d, the army lay at Black Rock; on the morning of the 4th, it advanced to the right bank of Street's creek, and there encamped. The enemy, under general Riall, lay about two miles distant, in an entrenched camp behind the Chippewa. During the course of the 4th, piquets and advance parties skirmished on the ground, lying between the creek and the river. Throughout that and the succeeding day the army was drawn up in three lines; the 1st brigade in the front facing Street's bridge, the 2d in the second line, and general Porter's volunteers, who had lately joined the army, in the 3d.

On the morning of the 5th, general Brown detached a portion of general Porter's volunteers to drive back a body of the enemy's light troops and Indians that infested a wood on the left. About mid-day generals Brown and Ripley were in advance of the encampment to ascertain the effect of this attempt, when it was observed that the firing, which had been irregular and receding, from the circumstance of the enemy's being driven back, changed into a regular, heavy platoon discharge. General Ripley immediately stated that the enemy must have crossed the river, and were engaged with general Porter's advance. General Scott, who soon after joined them, and whose brigade was then formed, was ordered to advance over the bridge and be ready

for action. The fact proved the correctness of the first opinion. General Riall had left his fortified camp and advanced to possess himself of the left bank of Street's creek, in order to dislodge us from the right. General Scott had scarcely advanced when the enemy appeared in line, and the brilliant action ensued, too well known, and too justly celebrated, to need description. During the time that the 1st brigade was engaged, the 2d was formed in line of battle, and general Ripley solicited general Brown to allow him to pass the left of the 1st brigade, turn the enemy's right, and, taking a position in his rear, cut off his retreat to Chippewa bridge. Had this been complied with in the early part of the action, it is probable that none of the enemy would have escaped; but general Brown seeing our volunteers fall back from the wood, that skirted the left of the field, was apprehensive that an attempt was to be made by the enemy in that quarter, and detained the 2d brigade in order to resist it. At length the wished-for order was given, and general Ripley advanced rapidly toward the enemy's right: the action however was too far advanced to admit of any effect from it. The enemy retired in such rapid and confused precipitation across the Chippewa, that no attempt to impede his flight could prove effectual. Every thing that could not be moved in haste was abandoned, and the enemy retreating into his intrenchments left us the undisturbed possession of the ground in front of them.

On the night of the 5th the army returned to its encampment at Street's creek, and there lay until the 8th, when the determination was formed to dislodge Riall from his intrenchment. For this purpose general Ripley was detached with his brigade to reach a point on the Chippewa, two or three miles above the enemy's works; from the camp to this point he was to cut a road for artillery, and on his arrival at it to throw a bridge across the river and attack the position in flank. The first part of this duty was performed in secrecy; the road was made during the day, and the artillery brought up to cover the artificers, who had commenced the construction of the bridge; the movement being then discovered, a body of the enemy appeared on the opposite bank, and commenced a cannonade, which was so promptly returned, that the detachment was recalled, and general Riall foreseeing an attack in front and flank abandoned his camp, which our troops

entered the same evening. On the succeeding day, the army marched to Queenstown. General Riall retreated to Ten and Twelve-mile creeks, and scoured the country in every direction, to make a levy en masse of militia. On our arrival at Queenstown a consultation was held respecting future operations, when general Ripley strenuously proposed an immediate march on Riall, either to follow up the blow of Chippewa by another as decisive, or to force him from the peninsula by a precipitate retreat. This was opposed and an attack on fort George substituted in its stead. This general Ripley most vigorously contested. As fort George was a detached point, impeding neither advance nor retreat, nor commanding any resources beyond the range of its own guns, the possession of it could not be a primary object of the campaign. To attack it a march must be made at right angles to an increasing and concentrating force of the enemy, to which, by such a movement, all our rear would be exposed;—to hold it would be but to give us an unimportant line along the river; to march after its reduction toward the enemy would be to give him time to increase and recover from the effect of the battle of Chippewa; whereas to drive from the peninsula an army already beaten, would throw the country about fort George into our possession, and that fortress itself whenever our arms need be turned against it. Notwithstanding these arguments, it was resolved to march on fort George, which after a delay of ten days, was commenced. On arrival, the impossibility was demonstrated of taking it by a coup de main, and an apprehension of what had been previously stated (the enemy's falling on our rear) drew the army back to Queenstown on the 22d of July, and on the 24th to Chippewa, without any result from the victory beyond the reoccupation of the ground.

On the night of the 24th the army lay at its encampment on the right bank of the Chippewa. As the succeeding day produced the most memorable battle during the war, and, from its sanguinary obstinacy, one of the most remarkable of any period, the circumstances of it require a minute relation, the more so, as they have on different occasions been differently narrated. The immediate impulse created by the action, has subsided, and the details of it are now within the province of history: on a basis not less firm than that of history would I plant the information I am to af-

ford, for every part of which I place myself under the strictest personal responsibility. It springs from the concurring testimony of the most distinguished officers present, received in the most solemn manner; for the fairness of stating that testimony, I may offer the documents, that contain it, or the no less valid pledge of my own veracity: for the honesty of my deductions I offer only my own judgment, and may it prove as correct as I know it to be unbiassed.

During the course of the 25th, a piquet stationed beyond the Chippewa, reported the advance of a small party of the enemy on the Niagara road; a short time after which it was understood at headquarters, that several columns had been thrown across the river to Lewiston, to proceed toward Schlosser, to seize on our wounded and baggage. To make a demonstration, that should draw them back, general Scott was ordered to move toward Queens-town. At about 4 o'clock the brigade moved out of camp, leaving, however, the remnant of the army ignorant of its destination, it being understood that it advanced merely for the customary exercise of parade and drill. About two hours after its departure a fire of musketry was heard, on which general Ripley immediately formed his brigade, to be in readiness for an emergency of which he had not been apprised; scarcely was it ranged when the increased fire of musketry, accompanied by heavy discharges of artillery, announced the unexpected certainty of general Scott's being engaged. Shortly afterwards an order arrived from general Brown, directing him to advance. The brigade was then pushed forward with the utmost rapidity, when, after an advance of nearly three miles, being then half a mile in the rear of the action, and darkness coming on, general Ripley despatched an aid (captain, now major McDonald) to inquire of general Brown in what quarter his support was wanted. While in search of general Brown, his aid, captain Spencer, was met bearing orders to general Ripley to form on the skirts of a wood on the right of the first brigade, then most gallantly engaged. The second brigade, pursuing its rapid motion to gain this position, opened to itself a view of the action. The enemy was posted on an eminence, his artillery in the centre, and from it, and a long line of infantry, poured on the first brigade an annihilating fire: that brigade had

held position in direct front of the enemy, distant less than a hundred yards, a hollow way intervening; the action had continued nearly two hours, during which an attempt to turn our left had been repulsed, but no advance had been made on the enemy's line, which, from its superior position beyond the reach of material annoyance from our artillery, kept up so deadly a fire that the first brigade, even before the arrival of the second, was sinking, nay had sunk under the effect of it. From the line of the brigade, must be excepted the 25th regiment, under command of major, now colonel Jessup, which being thrown on the enemy's right flank, captured general Riall, and performed other acts of heroism reflecting the most unfading honour on that body and its gallant commander.

In this state of things, the fire of the first brigade being silenced, for the second to remain in its present situation, was but to reserve a similar fate for itself and thus destroy the army in detail. General Ripley perceived that to range on the right of general Scott would, instead of relieving that officer, throw his own corps out of action, and leave the one he should support to certain annihilation. The exigency of the moment, therefore, induced him to assume the responsibility of acting solely from his own judgment; he saw that the 1st brigade was to be saved only by the intervention of a line between it and the enemy; and that to avoid the fate of that brigade, the position of that line was not to be preserved, but that the second brigade must be precipitated on the enemy's centre, to drive him from his artillery, on which, as a hinge, the fortune of the day was to turn. Assuming this fearful responsibility, he despatched captain McDonald to general Brown to inform him that his order for formation could not be adhered to, but that the enemy's line and battery would be immediately attacked. At the same instant he formed the 21st regiment under command of the gallant colonel (now general) Miller, to attack the cannon in direct line in front, the 23d angularly in flank to charge a heavy body of infantry supporting the cannon on the left, and, after giving his favourite 21st an injunction to "remember their old colonel," pushed both corps upon the enemy. The 28d, which, from its less disciplined state, he led in person, faltered from a destructive fire received at its onset; it was form-

ed by his exertion, under a fire not less severe, and again led to the charge. The two bodies struck the enemy's line at nearly the same moment, the 21st falling immediately upon the cannon, the 23d on the infantry supporting it. At this moment of confusion, it is scarcely possible to do justice to many individuals most honourably engaged. Colonel Miller, to whom the sole charge of the attack in front was intrusted, evinced that unconquerable gallantry which is identified with his name and character. The whole 21st was animated by but one spirit, and that of the noblest sort. Lieutenant Cilley,* commanding an advance company of that regiment, threw himself among the enemy's ranks, sabred with his own hand an artillerist while applying a match, and fell wounded by the side of a cannon which his gallantry had gained. The conduct of the 23d, with which the general was in person, was not less glorious; after the fall of major M'Farland, the command devolved on major Brooke, who led his battalion directly on the body of the enemy he was to charge, drove it before him, and formed a junction with colonel Miller, then severely prest, on the summit of the eminence. The contest was for the moment of the fiercest and most sanguinary description. The infantry were driven back, the artillerists bayonnetted at their pieces, his own battery turned upon the enemy, and the line of the 2d brigade formed in front of it. This most vigorous and decisive movement changed the whole character of the day. While the columns were in motion for the charge, general Ripley had the satisfaction to learn that general Brown approved of his alteration, and met that general himself, while arranging the troops for the advance.

The line being thus formed on the heights, the 2d brigade retained its position; the 1st regiment, which had just been brought up, and general Porter's volunteers, ranged themselves on its left; the 25th, its own brigade being in the rear, was at right angles on the right; and between the 25th and 23d, major (now colonel) Hindman's artillery. In this order was the line under command of general Ripley, when the enemy condensed his force and turned the whole weight of it to recover his lost position. Previously

* That gallant officer has since recovered.

to his advance, general Ripley had despatched an aid to general Brown, to inform him of the result of his charge, and request the removal of the captured artillery. The latter declined an immediate removal, but rode to general Ripley's position, which he shortly afterwards left to ascertain that of general Scott, and the former officer prepared himself to receive the approaching assault. As the enemy was now advancing under cover of the darkness, general Ripley gave orders that the fire should be retained until that of the assailants was received, in order that ours might be made more deadly by being directed by the light of his. In a few moments he advanced to within a distance of ten or twelve paces, and, from a line far outflanking ours, poured in one continued blaze of musketry: this was promptly answered by our troops, and at this short distance, a tremendous conflict commenced: for the space of twenty minutes an incessant gleam of light was emitted from both lines; sections mutually recoiled where the severity of the fire was most excessive; those on our side were inspirited and brought again to the charge by the personal exertion of general Ripley, and such a vigour infused in their resistance that the enemy was forced back in confusion and fell to the bottom of the hill.

During the short period that intervened between this charge and a subsequent repetition of it, the 1st brigade was forming itself in the rear of the 2d, and at the moment when the two lines were in their second encounter, general Scott passed his corps through an opening in the one before it, to throw himself upon the enemy then engaged in a vigorous discharge of musketry. This charge having an unsuccessful result, he was thrown along general Ripley's line, between the fires of the opposing columns, and obliged to re-form on the left. From this point he again advanced to the attack of the enemy's right flank, but being again compelled to fall back, he left his brigade on the left and pushed along the line to the extreme right, where he was wounded with one of his own regiments, the 25th. At nearly the same time general Brown was wounded, while engaged in the re-formation of general Scott's brigade. The enemy's second charge being repulsed, the line formed by general Ripley on the eminence, still retained its position; it was now near midnight, and the enemy being reinforced advanced to his third and most vigorous effort. The

same deadly assault was made, which in like manner was frustrated and forced back. Many of the enemy's troops being fresh, and ours exhausted, this charge was most severely felt. Sections on the right and left gave way; the enemy mingled himself with our ranks; two of our guns were from necessity spiked by their own officers, and confusion seemed to be prevailing; but being inspired by the exertions of its officers and commander, and by the firmness of the 21st regiment in the centre, the line was preserved and the enemy again, and for the last time, recoiled from it in confusion.

This charge destroyed the enemy's ability to repeat it; he retired from the disputed ground, his firing ceased in every direction, and the action seemed to have subsided, leaving the line under general Ripley master of the field. Having received no order from general Brown to that effect, he shortly after despatched of himself an order to general Porter for a detachment of volunteers to remove the captured artillery. The detachment was made, but on arrival, the pieces were found in so dismantled a state, and such had been the slaughter of the horses, that to remove them at that late hour was impracticable. While employed in making the attempt, a communication arrived to general Ripley, informing him of the wounds of generals Brown and Scott, and that the command had devolved on him, accompanied by an order to collect the wounded and return to the encampment. The receipt of this order obliged him instantly to detach the volunteers for the service first enjoined; they were immediately employed in the collection of the wounded. The darkness was now impenetrable, and although the field, on which were strewed our dead and wounded, was ours, an enemy of superior force was on its borders, and of the measures which his late discomforture might induce him to adopt we were necessarily ignorant. Under these circumstances, general Ripley condensed the remnant of our shattered force, and turned it toward Chippewa. The remains of the 1st brigade were formed by major (now colonel) Leavenworth; the volunteers by their own leader, general Porter; with these and his own brigade the march to the encampment was performed with the same order and regularity as it had been from it some few hours before.

Such was the memorable battle of Niagara. Of our slender force engaged in it one-third were now its wounded, dying or dead victims. Its fault was, that it was fought in detail; its excellence, that the turning point of the battle was ascertained; that intrepidity attained it, and a like intrepidity supported it when attained. Without breaking the enemy's line and seizing his artillery, our force would have melted away before it; after a few hours destruction the enemy might have swept away in the morning the remnant that the carnage of the night had spared. From this fate the seizure of the position and artillery saved us, and we inflicted on him what his superior strength might have enabled him to inflict on us. Could the two brigades in the outset of the action have acted in unison, instead of the one being left in ignorance why the other marched* (as was the case) the one might have averted the unproductive sacrifice of the other. Could general Brown have removed the cannon as promptly as they were gained, the charges of the enemy might have been removed from that point, and the trophies of victory secured. In the re-formation of general Scott's brigade, could he have led it to the right of the line, to have acted on the enemy's advancing flank, instead of obtruding it between a double fire, its support might have been of value and a fruitless loss avoided. Could the whole have been effected, the victory, as well as the trophies of it, would have been ours; the army might have remained on the field and defied the enemy to dislodge it.

In this confined detail we have been unable to dwell on the names of Porter, Leavenworth, Hindman and others—names too well known as the property of their country to need repetition. We refer to them now not to swell a praise already justly great, but, from their being identified in personal friendship with the subject of this memoir, and joint partakers of the glory of that cause of which they were mutually servants, the mention of the one induces a like grateful recollection of the others.

Some time after midnight the army arrived at its encampment, when general Ripley waited on general Brown, then wound-

* We know of no military rule which renders it obligatory on a commander-in-chief at all times to make known his views to his officers, much less to the whole army.

ed, in his tent. The latter officer gave orders that he should refresh the troops, of which the whole command rested with him, march them in the morning toward the field of battle, and if the enemy appeared there in force "to be governed entirely by circumstances." All these orders were executed. At daybreak the army was arranged and the march commenced, when circumstances of the most positive nature were made apparent, such as must have been in view in the discretionary part of the order, and in the full effect of which general Ripley commenced and effected the retreat that afterwards led him to fort Erie.

This retreat was to the army what the charge of the 2d brigade was to the battle—each of them of vital importance; the latter gaining the one, the former preserving the other. On the two events turn the triumph of our arms; and if that triumph, by the assurance it gave the enemy that another campaign might gain what that threatened, was one of the causes of peace; to these two events may we direct our gratitude; and for these is the nation indebted to the subject of this memoir.

To return to the detail we had left. The troops, reduced to less than sixteen hundred men, were marched by general Ripley on the 26th toward the field of battle. Motion was commenced at daybreak, but difficulties incidental to the late losses prevented the advance before some time had been spent in re-organization and arrangement. The line of march being assumed, and the Chippewa crossed, general Ripley sent forward lieutenants Tappan of the 23d, and Riddle of the 15th, with their respective commands, to reconnoitre the enemy's position, strength and movements. On examination he was found in advance of his former position, on an eminence, strongly reinforced, as had been asserted by prisoners taken the preceding evening; his flanks, resting on a wood on one side, and on the river on the other, defied being turned or driven in; his artillery was planted so as to sweep the road; besides these advantages, he extended a line nearly double in length to that which could be displayed by our troops.

To attack with two-thirds the force of the preceding evening an enemy thus increased, was an act of madness that the first thought rejected. The army was kept in the field and in motion long enough to be assured of the strength and position of the enemy; that information being confirmed, there remained but

one course to prevent that enemy from impeding a retreat which, had he been vigilant, he would previously have prevented. The army, therefore, immediately retrograded, and the retreat received the sanction of general Brown previous to his crossing the Niagara.

Being now left sole in command, general Ripley pursued his retreat across the Chippewa, the bridge of which he destroyed, as likewise every thing that might aid the enemy's advance. On the night of the 26th the army lay near Black Rock, and on the next day reached fort Erie. At this position general Ripley determined to make his stand against a force which he presumed must now be fast advancing; he, therefore, himself in person, marked out the lines of defence and fortification. The northern point he determined to be fort Erie, strengthened and extended toward the river, terminating in a battery on the bank. From fort Erie southward the line was made by intrenchments and abattis, and extended, after making an angle, to an eminence called Snake-hill, which formed the southern angle, on which a redoubt was to be built; from thence eastwardly to the lake a defence of abattis. In the allotment of points to be defended, and in the species of defence, every assistance was received from majors Wood and McCree.

General Ripley had now a certainty of being attacked by an enemy much his superior; and, in order to receive that attack, commenced a course of labours that would now be deemed beyond the reach of accomplishment. The redoubts, abattis, intrenchments and traverses were instantly commenced. The ability of an army in patience, vigour and hardihood was never more fully elicited; nor can any monument of military exertion show a greater amount of labour accomplished in a shorter period, than can the works of fort Erie, from the 27th of July until the 3d of August. On that day the enemy arrived before it. The impediments given to his advance by general Ripley when retreating, had retarded his approach until that day. When he arrived, it was but to witness that his opportunity had been lost. By one or two days of previous advance, he might have found the American army unintrenched and exposed; he now found it in a situation to defy him. Perceiving that nothing was to be done by a coup de main, the enemy drove in our picquets and made a re-

gular investment. His main camp he planted about two miles distant, and in front of it a line of partial circumvallation extended around our fortifications; it consisted of two lines of intrenchment supported by block-houses; in front of these, and at favourable points, batteries, from which poured on our encampment an incessant and destructive fire. One battery in particular enfiladed the works, and from this and the many others, no part of them was secure. A few days after the investment general Gaines arrived from Sacket's Harbour, and being senior in rank, assumed the command, although without making an alteration in any one point of general Ripley's arrangement. That officer returned to the command of his own brigade then stationed on the left, and continued the system of vigilance, which the perilous situation of the army required. About midnight of the 14th of August, general Ripley perceived indications of an attack, which he had been for some time anticipating. Being assured by his own accurate observation that he could not be deceived, at about one o'clock of the morning of the 15th, he ordered his brigade to be formed in the lines, and despatched his aid, lieutenant (now captain) Kirby, to communicate his assurances to general Gaines. Scarcely had that officer arrived at head-quarters, when the firing of the picquet confirmed the validity of general Ripley's impression. Lieutenant Belknap,* who commanded the picquet, perceiving the enemy's column approach through the darkness, fired and retreated to the works. The attack was immediately made on Towson's battery (Snake-hill) and the line from thence to the lake; on the one part with scaling ladders, on the other with the bayonet. The assailants were allowed to approach near to the works, when the fire from the twenty-first and twenty-third regiments, and the incessant blaze of the battery, drove them back in confusion, and without having made the least impression. The charge was again renewed on the abattis between the battery and the lake, which was again and in the same manner frustrated. A third and last attempt was made to pass the point of the abattis, by wading into the work by the lake; like the other attempts, this also

* That gallant officer, more anxious for his men than for himself, remained without the entry-port until the whole picquet had passed in, reserving himself for the last; by that time the enemy were about him, and he was bayonnetted as he entered.

was defeated, and the part of the enemy which survived the destruction to which it had been exposed, fell back in confusion from the works. Throughout these several and varied attacks from a force so overwhelming, the second brigade evinced its accustomed discipline, and its officers the high and gallant spirit they held in common with their leader. Reinforcements were detached to different points, changes of position made, new shapes of the enemy's attacks foiled, and all with undisturbed order and regularity. While employed in this manner on the left, the enemy's attack on the right, a part deemed the least vulnerable, was found more effectual; he had succeeded in making a lodgment in the bastion, which was left to the defence of artillery only, unsupported by infantry, as had been the previous custom. From this, however, he was soon dislodged, and after a dreadful repulse, all became as tranquil on the right, as it had previously become on the left. When morning appeared, the flower of the British army lay dead or wounded before the American works; the commanders of the three assailing columns shared the same fate, and of the force which the last night thronged toward the fortification, the miserable remains of the greater part never returned from it. The only prisoners taken during the night, were made by a sally ordered by general Ripley; his position was deemed the weakest, the assault on it was the heaviest, his loss was the least of any part of the force engaged, while he inflicted on the enemy the greatest.

The enemy being foiled in his attempt to assault, now directed his sole attention toward the investment and cannonade, expecting to force the abandonment of a position which he could not attack. Batteries were opened in every direction; hot shot, shells and other destructive implements were showered into every part of it. Every house, tent and hut were perforated, and many of our best soldiers destroyed. In front of the fortification, the interval between the two lines was the scene of daily skirmishes. On the 28th of the same month, general Gaines was wounded by the explosion of a shell, and the command again rested with general Ripley. On the 2d of September general Brown reassumed his duties; but fixing his head-quarters at Buffaloe, general Ripley remained in the same command. The like perils and privations attended the army until the 17th of September, the day allotted for

the sortie, which terminated the siege. With the particulars of this glorious event we are not intimately acquainted, wherein the besiegers yielded to the besieged, and a force, regular and irregular, of two thousand men, drove from his intrenchments, beat and forced to retire, a regular enemy of more than four thousand. The original plan of this brilliant effort was said to have been suggested by major Wood* of the engineers, who fell in the attempt which his genius had originated, without reaping the laurels due to it. As to the plan of operation, the volunteers under general Porter were to make a detour through the woods on the enemy's right, to throw themselves on the flank and rear of his intrenchments; the first brigade, under general Miller, was to move in direct line between two of his batteries, and after advancing a given distance, to divide and attack each of them in flank; the second brigade, under general Ripley, was to advance upon another point of the batteries in direct front. The gallantry with which this plan was executed was tested by the result. The batteries and intrenchments were stormed and carried, and the line of the American army formed between those intrenchments and the British main camp. At this period general Brown sent to inform general Ripley that the command of the operations rested with him. The line in front was then protecting the detachments employed in the demolition of the captured works, and general Ripley now strengthened that line in order to act on the enemy's camp during the moment of panic. While forming such arrangements, he was struck by a musket ball and fell, as if dead, by the side of the gallant colonel Brooke of the 23d. Shortly after his fall the troops returned to their camp, whither the general had been borne before them. For some time after the wound he remained insensible; it was in the most delicate and vital part of the neck, and assumed a most alarming appearance. He was shortly removed to the American side of the river, and throughout a long course of suffering his life was despaired of. During this period of pain and danger, there was by his side one who had pre-

* We have been otherwise informed. It is confidently believed that the original idea as well as the plan of the sortie belongs to general Brown, who very properly, however, conferred with majors Wood and M'Cree, of the engineers, as to the practicability of carrying the enemy's works. Eo.

viously shared his labours and privations, and now like a ministering angel assuaged his suffering.*

To this benign influence, he may be considered indebted not only for solace, but for the continuance of life. After three months of painful and dangerous confinement, his convalescence commenced; in order to render it perfect, he prepared to leave the frontier, and, in the month of January 1815, quitted camp for Albany. For more than two years he had never been removed from immediate service in the army; he had contributed to create it, had watched and fostered its formation, and given it a direction when formed. He had been with it in its disasters and disgrace, to which his conduct had formed an exception, and had led it in its triumphs, of which he was a principal cause.

The subsequent close of active operations affords no farther opportunity of mentioning different corps of the army. Before parting, we would give one word to the memory of the twenty-first regiment. That corps was raised, as we have stated, in the state of Massachusetts, by general, then colonel Ripley, and from him received all its training. Throughout the war it was steady, patient, and of a gallantry that has spoken too loudly in deeds to require words. Its conduct at York and Williamsburgh, scenes, the one of less magnitude, the other of less glory, its charge at Niagara, its resistance at fort Erie, its union of both at the sortie, form a combination of all that military merit would aspire to. It had seven times met the enemy in considerable engagements; in every one of these seven the enemy had been repulsed or broken, and in almost every one by the individual exertion of the twenty-first.

After his arrival at Albany, it was the first effort of general Ripley's returning strength to put in action the court of inquiry which he had previously and for a long time solicited. After various preventions it was at length convened, but continued scarcely a sufficient time to receive the testimony of a single witness, when it was dissolved by an abrupt order from the department of war. The country, it seems, had taken the question into its own hands; congress, by its resolve, and the president by his confirmatory opinion, had rendered nugatory an inquiry into a conduct to

* General Ripley had been married during the year 1811, to the daughter of the reverend Thomas Allen of Pittsfield, Mass.

which they had both conceded the laurel. Relative to the more immediate motives for the dissolution, various and severe opinions were entertained. The country in general, without judging whether there might not be other considerations, beyond those for general Ripley personally, that prompted a discontinuance of the inquiry, were pleased that they no longer witnessed the ungrateful and incongruous idea of an officer, arraigned for gaining a battle and saving an army.

The speedy return of peace draws us to a necessary termination. In the reduction of the army, general Ripley has been retained with the brevet and command of major-général. May his country have no immediate occasion for his services; should the occasion occur, may she lean for support only on those as valid as she knows him to be.

After this long detail of his conduct, it is unnecessary to give an outline of his character; that is sufficiently apparent in the conduct itself. His own regiment, which knew him best, the states of New-York, South-Carolina, Georgia, and the country at large in congress, have, by honorary tokens and expressions, testified their grateful impressions toward him. To his friends, these general demonstrations are needless; public applause is unnecessary to the man who is beloved for himself.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Introductory Discourse, delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, on the 4th of May, 1814, by De Witt Clinton, L. L. D. president of the society.—4to. pp. 160.

THE misuse of Aristotle's writings, for a long time led the literary world astray, and fixed their attention to theories not founded upon fact, and to words which had no precise and definite meaning. Disputes were endless, when the basis of all reasoning was supplied by imagination instead of observation, and real knowledge for many centuries was stationary, because the language of the learned was built upon hypothesis, and had no real archetype in animate or inanimate nature. This was not the fault of Aristotle himself; probably the first man in respect of cultivated intellect.

that the annals of knowledge presents for our admiration. His attention to things, to the facts which nature offers to our view, was not less than his attention to language: and if men of learning have amused themselves by playing tricks with syllogisms, it is because they have not used, but abused that elegant compendium of the theory of ratiocination.

The middle ages, however—the dark ages as they are called—were not destitute of arts that implied great knowledge of theory, and great skill in practice. I know not that ancient or modern times can afford specimens of architecture, better adapted to the gloomy character of the devotion of the day; better calculated for the climates where we originally find them, or implying more profound knowledge of theory, or more admirable dexterity of art, than the structures usually termed Gothic. The specimens of painted or rather stained glass, so very common in those buildings, has not yet been equalled by modern experiment; and though the simplicity of Grecian architecture may gratify more highly a correct taste, there is certainly no comparison in the skill required from the builder of a Gothic, and the builder of a Grecian temple. But this knowledge does not seem to have been the subject of written and published communication; the fraternity of Freemasons seems to have owed its origin to societies of architects of the dark ages, whose knowledge was generally transmitted by oral communication: what knowledge is transmitted by the modern societies of Freemasons, the world, as far as I am informed, has yet to learn.

Weary of the logomachies, and the jargon of the literati of those ages, science seemed to have deserted the nations of Europe.

The first person whose vigorous intellect pierced through this cloud, was lord Bacon; whose *Novum Organum* was entitled in allusion to the Organum of Aristotle. This book, the best part of his great design, the *Instauratio Magna*, was published in 1620, and although many great men had dedicated their time to the pursuit of experimental knowledge, no one before, had systematically discussed the fallacy of the prevailing notions, or traced clearly the real path of scientific improvement!

The ideas of Bacon, struck upon the literary world like an electric flash. The truth of his system was clearly seen, and it

was not long before the votaries of experimental philosophy in his own country, combined to pursue knowledge in the way he had recommended. The Royal Society of London was organized in 1660: the Academy del Cimento preceded it nine years, and the Academy of Sciences at Paris was established in 1666. The use of these societies soon became manifest, notwithstanding the sneers of wits and sciolists. Facts were registered, that would otherwise have been lost to the world; investigations took place, which would never have been entered into, but for the stimulus of these societies on the minds of the members; knowledge of things became secured from knowledge of words; experiments were instituted to remove doubts; new instruments and apparatus were invented; the properties of surrounding bodies began to be investigated; and the laws of nature were deduced, not from conjecture, but from careful observation and induction of facts. To these societies it is that we owe that most important truth, which the last fifty years has so fully confirmed; that no experiment carefully made, fairly related, and accurately registered, is ever made in vain. Sooner or later, every new fact will be found to have its uses; and if it cannot be applied in the age of its discovery, future investigators will bring it into play, and find when and how it may subserve the gradual advancement of real knowledge.

The Royal Society of London, after an interval of more than a century, found imitators in other parts of the kingdom. In Manchester, in Birmingham, in London, in Edinburgh, and other places, literary men felt the want, and found the convenience of mutual intercourse. The interests of literature have been greatly promoted by all these societies; and experience has shown them to be equally pleasurable and profitable. It is not too much to say, that since the institution of the three societies before mentioned, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the progress of real knowledge has been accelerated at least one half, by means of their direct and indirect influence upon the labours of scientific men.

In 1769 the American Philosophical Society was instituted at Philadelphia, at the instigation of Dr. Franklin; six volumes of its labours have been published, containing many excellent papers, although a great part do not rise above mediocrity. This was the case with the Royal Society for a long time, and will be the case

with almost every similar institution, where the primary object is, as it ought to be, mutual improvement among the members, rather than instruction to the world at large. This last will naturally follow, when the first object has succeeded, but not before.

In May, 1814, the literary class among the citizens of New-York, determined upon forming a similar society; and good reason they had for so doing. There is no place in the United States where literary men are more abundant, or where a common centre of communication and union is more requisite than New-York. Nor can there be any doubt, but the effect of this new institution will be like its predecessors, to increase the number of votaries to science, and extend a taste for every kind of knowledge that contributes either to use or to ornament.

On the first meeting of this society, the members unanimously elected DE WITT CLINTON their president; and properly. A gentleman, whose unremitting endeavours have been so long and so successfully exerted in promoting objects of science and benevolence in his own state—whose useful life has called forth the deliberate and voluntary panegyric of his political opponents, as well of his decided friends, well merited the suffrages he has received on the present occasion.

I proceed now to give an account of Mr. Clinton's inaugural discourse delivered at the first meeting of this society.

After a brief exordium, Mr. Clinton proceeds to state the European calumnies against America, and her productions:

“ The solemn considerations which grow out of an establishment of this nature, must press upon our sensibility with redoubled force, when we reflect on the accusations which are brought against our country by the literati of Europe. The celebrated Buffon hath declared, that in America, animated nature is weaker, less active, and more circumscribed in the variety of its productions, than in the old world—that there is some combination of elements and other physical causes, something that opposes its amplification—that there are obstacles to the development and probably to the formation of large germs; and that even those which, from the kindly influence of another climate, have acquired their complete form and expansion, shrink and diminish under the niggardly air, and in an unprolific land. Dr. Robertson has also said that the

principle of life seems to have been less active and vigorous here than in the ancient continent; and that Nature was not only less prolific in the new world, but she appears likewise to have been less vigorous in her productions. Need we add to this, the obloquy that has been cast upon our country, by the herd of tourists and travellers who have attempted to describe it? With some of them, our soil is destitute of prolific power; our atmosphere teems with disease and death; our lives are comparatively short; our institutions are tottering under debility and decay; our national character is marked by all the traits of *premature* corruption and *precocious* turpitude; our manners are barren of refinement, and our minds are destitute of learning and incapable of great intellectual exertion. When we adventure into the field of science, the master-spirits who preside over transatlantic literature, view us with a sneer of supercilious contempt, or with a smile of complacent superiority, and consider our productions as Oases in the regions of Africa, deriving their merit, less from intrinsic beauty and excellence, than from their contrast with the surrounding deserts. And it has even been gravely proposed as a subject of inquiry, whether the discovery of America, has been advantageous or prejudicial to mankind.

“ While we look down upon these aspersions, it is due to candour, and a just estimate of our own character, to acknowledge, that, generally speaking, we are far behind our European brethren in the pursuits of literature; the enterprising spirit which distinguishes our national character, has exhibited itself in every shape, except that of a marked devotion to the interests of science.

“ There is nothing in the fixed operation of physical or moral causes; nothing in our origin, in our migration, or in our settlement; nothing in our climate, our soil, our government, our religion, our manners or our morals, which can attach debility to our minds, or can prevent the cultivation of literature. Two hundred years have nearly elapsed since the first European settlement was made in this state, and if, in the course of two centuries, labouring under difficulties of various kinds, we have not attained the first elevation in the ranks of knowledge, surely sufficient reasons may be assigned without impeaching the character of our minds, or degrading us in the scale of being. Although in a review of these

causes, which I shall now attempt with all possible brevity, my remarks relate particularly to this state, they will apply, generally speaking, to the United States at large."

Mr. Clinton then goes on to assign the causes of American inferiority in this respect; but before I proceed to analyse and arrange them, I beg leave to offer a few suggestions on the alleged want of taste for science and literature so frequently objected to the American character, and so candidly, not to say needlessly admitted by many of our own authors.

That there is not an equal number either of useful or ornamental writers in this country as in Europe, must be allowed.—Neither is there so much wealth, or an equal mass of population. Nor have we yet the means of making equal attainments with the older nations of Europe; literary institutions, and a literary class of society, who bear that character by profession, cannot be brought into action in a few years, among a people who have had to contend with the obstacles enumerated by Mr. Clinton in a subsequent part of his discourse; but I think it may be asserted, that there are as decided marks of a taste for literature, and a respect for literary eminence among the American people, as among any of the European nations. Nor can the annals of literature exhibit at any time, on any other part of the globe, such an improvement in scientific pursuits, as can be shown in America, during the short period of her emancipation from the British yoke.

The calumnies against America in this respect, have been reiterated with provoking perseverance by British writers chiefly—a class of men, proverbially notorious for their bigotted attachment to their own habits and prejudices—an overweening conceit of their own national superiority in every respect—and a profound contempt for the manners, institutions, science and literature of other nations.

The events of the last war, have annihilated all their boastings of military and naval preeminence, heretofore so confidently made: and they have found, that one mark at least of civilization, humanity and generosity to a vanquished foe, has been the constant attendant on American valour. But previous to that war, our military spirit and naval pretensions were spoken of by British writers, in terms of the same insolent contempt with our literature.

It is impossible, in the compass of a short digression in a short review, to discuss the extensive subject of national taste. But one or two plain facts strike upon the memory as nearly decisive of the question.

What is meant by literature? Is it confined to plays, poems, novels, and belles lettres essays? If it be, we must give up the point. We are not about to contend that *McFingal* is equal in all respects to *Hudibras*, or the *Vision of Columbus* to *Paradise Lost*; nor do we pretend that the versifiers in *The Port Folio*, are equal in elegant libertinism to *Moore* or *Byron*. Nor shall we compare, upon the present occasion, our *Salmagundi*, or *Knickerbocker*, with the periodical essayists of the old country, from *Steele* and *Addison* to the juvenile efforts of *Eton college*. But if literature include mathematical, mechanical and scientific knowledge, I know not the spot that can boast more of such knowledge, displayed in the compass of a dozen years, than the patent-office of our own country can exhibit. The ship-builders of England are anxious to copy from American models; and even while I am writing, American science has triumphed over the efforts of European skill, by navigating, not only the rivers of our country, but the ocean also, by means of *STEAM*. Is it any degradation of national character, that the mass of intellect among us, is not wasted on pursuits that occupy the triflers and idlers of Europe, but exerted on those objects which so wonderfully add to the wealth and power of the nation, as well as to individual comfort?

I do not dwell on the political investigations that absorb so much more than they ought of our mental exertion in America; because there may be an overweening predilection among us for our own political institutions; a fault, if it be one, surely on the right side. But we may fairly ask, have the Americans been deficient in political investigation? Have the discussions of our own countrymen had no influence on European practices and European theories? I inquire not into their merit or demerit, their truth or their fallacy; but can it be denied that our writers have given the stimulus and the tone to the boldest investigations of Europe on the general science of politics?

Who are the painters of England who excel *West*, *Copley* and *Turnbull*?

I have not the most distant wish in any manner to decry the British constitution, though I prefer our own more republican forms. We owe much to it. The world owes much to it. But we may be allowed to examine one feature of that constitution, and compare it with a similar one of our federal government. *The head of the British constitution is the king.* Has any one known or heard of a literary monarch in that country? Henry the 8th wrote a book against the pope, *as we are told*; for the book itself is unknown. Some pious priest, forged, under the name of Charles the first, a small tract, entitled "Eiken Basilike." James the first, wrote a philippic, as we have heard, against pork and tobacco. We have read also the epistolary correspondence of the old duke of Cumberland and the present duke of York; and we may be well excused, by the most prejudiced admirer of that country, from dwelling any longer on this "catalogue of royal and noble authors."

In our republican constitution, *the president is at the head of the government*: he is elective; the people call him up from the rank of a private citizen, to manage the affairs of the nation, because they like his character. The people's taste, therefore, may well be judged of, by the manner of man they elect into this situation. An ignorant community will naturally choose an ignorant magistrate. To discern talents, is to possess them. Now, it so happens, that every president yet chosen by the people of the United States, has been a literary character—has given public evidence of skill in composition—has been an AUTHOR.

I would ask an Englishman, where among his nation can he show me an epistolary correspondence of more dignified elegance than the letters of general Washington?

Mr. Adams's defence of the constitution of the United States, however his opinions may be controverted on this side of the Atlantic, is such a condensed view of the merits and defects of the various forms of government, ancient and modern, as is no where else to be found, so far as I know. An Englishman would probably admire it more than I do; but Mr. Adams has certainly furnished ample materials for reflection to those who differ from his political creed. England can show no such work: the trifling and popular panegyric of De Lolme is not to be compared with it—

Nor can that nation produce any book that, in so small a compass, gives such a luminous, and at the same time such a comprehensive view of a country, under every aspect that a naturalist or a statesman would wish to contemplate, as Mr. Jefferson's account of Virginia. Nor do I know of any diplomatic correspondence more honourable to the statesman, than Mr. Jefferson's discussions with Mr. Hammond.

Mr. Madison's political tracts, previous to his being chosen president, are well known: those who dislike his politics allow his powers of reasoning; and, I believe, his argument on neutral rights, is generally considered as having exhausted the subject in a small compass. To me, it seems, in the language of Montesquieu on a similar occasion, *reponse sans replique*.

If then, every president hitherto chosen by the American people, has been publicly known as a literary man—as an author of repute on subjects of importance—how can the American people be fairly charged with a want of taste for literature? Can any more decided proof be given of the attachment of a whole people to literary eminence than the instances I have adduced?

It is singular, that of the Europeans who have favoured the world with their travels in this country, and their speculations on America and the American character, all that I now recollect, save Cooper and Mellish, have calumniated with so little regard to appearances or probability, that the motto of St. Leon would serve each of them: "Ferdinand Mendez de Pinto was but a type of thee, thou *liar* of the first magnitude!" Even the French have abused the characteristic kindness of the American people, by private anecdotes of scandal, that disgrace the national character of French politeness; and ought to put us on our guard against even the moderate requests of a common introduction, lest the stranger, like Chatelleux and Liancourt, should partake of our hospitality for no other purpose than to exhibit us ludicrously or disrespectfully in his lying volume.

I will close this digression by one remark more, that some of your readers may have often made for themselves:

Of late years, several works of importance in literature and science have appeared in America. Among the British reviewers, there has been a manifestly studied care taken, to say nothing

respecting them. One or two careless effusions in the pamphlet form, have been eagerly seized hold of, for the purposes of calumny so gross, that nothing but an envious and malignant sense of our rising eminence could have dictated. It is unpleasant to offer these suggestions, but I am satisfied they have frequently forced themselves on the mind of your literary readers.

Mr. Clinton in stating the causes that have hitherto concurred to depress our national literature, has enumerated and discussed them very satisfactorily though briefly. They may be thus analyzed and arranged, not in his language, but from his statement.

1. The first settlements on this northern part of the American continent were made from mercenary motives, by men who had no other pursuit than that of wealth.

2. They were made by men, who came here only for a temporary residence, and, like the present adventurers to the East Indies, with a full intention of returning home, when their object was attained.

3. These settlements were made before science had taken root in Europe; before the modern paths to knowledge were struck out, or understood.

4. None of the English monarchs since the first settlements of the country had any taste for, or any disposition to promote the interests of science. This was not to be expected from the dissipated Charles, the bigot James, the soldier William, or the foreigners George the first and second, who were utterly devoid of any sentiments or wishes connected with science. With George the third, we were in a state of almost constant hostility. Indeed our opportunities of improvement can only be dated from the peace of 1783.

5. Under the provincial governments, the clashing interests and views of the mother country and the colonists, engendered eternal factions, that absorbed all the talent of the colony in local politics and disputes. It is well and wisely observed by Mr. Clinton, "that when the human mind is called away from the interests of science, to aid by its faculties the agitations of party, little can be expected from energies thus perverted and abused." It would be well if there were less occasion for the same remark in the present day, than at the period to which he applies it.

6. There was no temptation to science from the love of fame, sufficiently strong to withdraw talents from the pursuits of self-interest. Before the love of fame can act, there must be an enlightened public, capable of estimating and rewarding exertions, which no stimulus but public approbation can give rise to. That stimulus was wanting in the colonial state of our country, except indeed when colonial politics called forth opposition to some real or supposed abuse of delegated authority. Colonial dependence, a scattered population, the prevalence of political factions, and the more baneful violence of religious controversies, employed and perverted all the knowledge and talent that might otherwise have been dedicated to objects of real and permanent improvement.

7. Nor were colonial governments at any period attentive to the improvement of the colonists, but the reverse. A jealous and monopolizing policy, aimed solely to make the inhabitants of the colony subservient to and dependent upon the mother country; and all knowledge not dedicated to this service, if not depressed, was not promoted.

8. The colonies of North America were peopled from various parts of Europe, by persons of different habits, manners, and language—English, Dutch, Germans, French, Scotch, and Irish. These discordancies are wearing away, but the effect is still manifest, and even now presents an obstacle to national improvement.

9. Great Britain discountenanced the emigration of her more respectable subjects. The very circumstance of sending hither her *convicts*, was an obstacle to settling here, that to many was insurmountable. Hence the carelessness about knowledge of all kinds, and even of education among our early settlers.

10. Until the year 1725 printing presses were discouraged. In that year the first newspaper was published in the now state of New-York.

11. The want of communication of knowledge, the want of books, the want of encouragement, kept back the progress of the learned professions. Regular physicians, and well-read lawyers were scarce. Youth were sent, when their parents could afford it, to England for education, because the colonial seminaries were in a very low state. Some of the men thus educated, returned with respectable acquirements, and excellent intentions.

But for a long time, these were but flashes amid the gloom; the steady light of knowledge was hardly discernible among the settlers.

Mr. Clinton then gives a history of the endeavours of well-educated and well-informed men, to remedy this state of things in the colony of New-York, from the year 1754 downward, including a brief history of the establishments in that province, instituted for the promotion of knowledge, slightly touching on their connection with religious sects.

By degrees the seminaries of education were improved: well-read lawyers appeared: subjects of constitutional law began to be well argued and discussed: state papers were penned with a force of argument and of language, that called forth the panegyric of statesmen in the mother country, and discussions took place that led to the American Revolution, which terminated in the emancipation of the colonies from the power of Great Britain.

Learned institutions began now to be thought of: and from 1784 to the present time, several colleges have been established in New-York state, greatly to the advancement of all kinds of knowledge. Of these Mr. Clinton presents us with a brief but accurate enumeration.

He then enters into the circumstances that seem to have a present tendency to depress the advancement of learning and the interests of science.

1. The never-ending violence of party spirit, and the acrimony of political discussion. This acrimony he attributes, in a great degree, to the propensity of our political writers, to copy the virulence of invective which Junius and some similar politicians of the old country have too much indulged in. This propensity to imitate the vituperative style of that mysterious author, and to prefer violence of language to force of argument, has done much injury to the interests of literature among us.

2. The feuds among the medical profession in New-York state, have tended to depress the advancement of knowledge, among a class of men better calculated than any other (when they think fit) to promote it.

3. The inclination so common among the practitioners of law to discourage rather than encourage general literature. It is

indeed with sympathetic feeling that every classical reader must regret with Mr. Clinton, "How seldom do we hear those classical allusions, those literary references, which enliven the tedium of abstract discussion, and illustrate with streams of light the darkest topics of investigation!" He well illustrates the difference in this respect between a mere technical lawyer and a man of science, by a comparison between the two cotemporaries, lords Coke and Bacon. Indeed this abrogation of ornamental literature, is now professional with the bar. The latest treatise of advice to a young lawyer, published in England, strenuously exhorts him from the unprofitable pursuit of that *ignis fatuus*, general knowledge. But as our statesmen also are generally manufactured out of our lawyers, the same dearth of enlivening allusion is felt in our debates, where the arguments scattered through the verbose and heavy speeches of our parliamentary orators, are as dull and drab-coloured as ignorance can wish. Scattered indeed they are, amid the vast ocean of words *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*.

Oh when, among our sombrous and monotonous debates, shall we start electrified with delight at the classical brilliancy of allusion, that kept the English house perpetually awake to North and Fox, and Burke and Barrè, and that flashed occasionally through the solemn and measured declamation of the younger Pitt, especially when elicited by the polished point of Sheridan!

4. The general consent to bend all the energies of mind to the acquisition of wealth; which sinks into comparative insignificance every attainment but the attainment of bank notes.

5. And lastly, the want of a literary corps, a class of authors by profession, among us. This is a want that it will take a long time to supply. Owing to the similarity of language, our book-sellers (the best rewarders of literary merit) seek in London for the books that are to contribute to public amusement or information. Hence they feel no inclination to reward literary merit at home, when they can obtain it gratis from abroad.

Mr. Clinton then proceeds to discuss the advantages which the people of America can reasonably boast of, particularly in the middle states. A climate favourable to health, to long life, to mental exertion.—A soil fertile.—Our origin from nations in the highest rank of civilization. Our form of government bearing beyond any other the stamp of freedom in all its parts.

He proceeds to delineate the situation of New-York, populous, opulent, if not the first, not the second habitation of commerce and manufactures among these United States. Favourable for literary and scientific pursuits also, from the extent of its communication inland, as well as the perpetual opening it possesses to European communication; suggesting, of course, the propriety of such an institution as that which he addresses.

Mr. Clinton then enters into a distinct enumeration of the objects of literary and philosophical inquiry that offer themselves to the investigation of the members:

The *Geology* and *Mineralogy* of the state.

The history of the human species on this part of our continent. *Anthropology* as we may term it.

The history of the animals of the brute creation; that is the *Zoology* of the country.

The history of the birds, the *Ornithology* of America. Mr. Clinton reviewed the American Ornithology of Mr. Wilson. Has it been reviewed in England?

The history of the fishes, the *Ichthyology* of the American seas and rivers, for which New-York is singularly well situated beyond any other city, perhaps, on the American continent. Mr. Clinton gives us hopes of soon seeing the treatise of Dr. Mitchell on this interesting subject of inquiry.

The history of insects, the *Entomology* of America: under this head, the president has not noticed (probably from the obscure situation of *Dr. Melahetmer*) that learned man's incipient catalogue of American insects; which, I hope, his son will find leisure to finish on the system of Fabricius.

The *Botany* of America: a subject which owes much indeed to Dr. Hosack of New-York, perhaps more than to any other American, except the much lamented Dr. Muhlenberg of Lancaster.

The *Medical* history.

The general *politics*, and

The political economy and statistics of our country.

Such is a brief analysis of this sensible and well-written address; wherein all the topics here noticed, are brought into view, with such evident knowledge of the questions they embrace, and such enlightened views respecting their present utility and future

improvement, that the discourse must have been heard with deep interest by the society before whom it was delivered, and with manifest satisfaction at the competence of their president to the chair which he was chosen to fill.

But this discourse, as now published, forms but the minor part of the dissertation under review. All the topics here presented to the consideration of the society, are illustrated by notes, that form the most valuable part of Mr. Clinton's pamphlet, and which I now proceed to analyze for the information of those who have not yet perused the work itself.

(*To be continued.*)

Remarks on the Review of Inchiquin's Letters, published in the Quarterly Review; addressed to the right honourable George Canning, Esq. By an inhabitant of New-England. Boston: published by Samuel T. Armstrong. 1815, pp. 176.

THIS is a good thing. It is apparently the offspring of a strong mind, long addicted to methodical reflection, and well seasoned with good principles and useful information. Particularly the author seems to be acquainted with the history of our relations with England; and to have made the means of promoting the mutual advantage of the two countries a constant subject of his care and consideration. He signs himself an inhabitant of New-England; and indeed the work is marked all over with the peculiar characteristics of the people among whom it originated—a people conversant only with matters of fact, which relate to the real and daily business of men—rejecting every thing that looks like speculation—tenaciously fond of ancestral customs—and showing a somewhat illiberal predilection for their own institutions. The author before us, however, is, notwithstanding his local prejudices, generally open, honest, and patriotic: and this character alone will cover a great many subordinate faults, and allay the frowns of the sourest critic.

The style of the writer is a little peculiar. If we were to characterize it by analogies from the material world, we should say it is too hard, too dry, and too tough. It is a fabric of strong materials, somewhat roughly hewed out, and altogether destitute of what Blair would call the *lath and plaster* of composition.

The chief object of our author seems to have been, to exhibit a mere detail of facts and inferences, without any regard to the embellishments of language. His sentences are frequently broken and, as it were, dislocated, either by erroneous punctuation, or by that injudicious protraction which always lays a writer under the necessity of stringing together a great many little members and subordinate circumstances. In few words—the author is seldom fluent, but always forcible.

Of the little metaphorical language which he employs, we are compelled to speak in terms of reprobation. It is almost always drawn from the most nauseous and loathsome objects; and so vividly, indeed, are these set before us, that we forget the occasion of their introduction, in the rank offensiveness of the objects themselves. A great deal must be presumed upon the forbearance and the olfactorics of his readers, by a writer who strews his pages with dung, putridity, and ipecacuanha. Nearly allied to this is his use of the word *brutal*; which is so frequent, as to become absolutely senseless and insipid. It seems to be the only word, indeed, which can adequately convey his indignation at villanous men and villanous transactions. We should scorn to make such a verbal criticism as this, did not the occasion imperiously forbid us to be silent.

Our readers will not do us the injustice to presume from what is here said, that we pass a sentence of unqualified exprobration upon the style of our author. All we have aimed at, has been, to point out some of the prominent and obtrusive attributes of his manner, and to advise him of the danger he is in, of impairing the popularity of his writings by neglecting too much the graces and fascinations of composition. We are now pleased in being able to bear testimony to the excellencies which are peculiar to our New-Englander, and with which we have been gratified in the perusal of these pages. He often brings out a thought with uncommon vigour and felicity of expression—occasionally warming us with the honest zeal, the manly independence, and the earnest eloquence with which he enforces his subject—and sometimes surprising us with his pithy and caustic manner of drawing an argument to a point. We must tell him, however, that the confidence which he feels in the strength of his position, and in

the rectitude of his cause, betrays him now and then into an omission of some steps in his reasoning; and then his conclusions seem to be more the round asseverations of dogmatism, than the results of close dialectical precision. We must, nevertheless, do him the justice to add, that this is by no means a predominant fault, for he is in truth remarkable for sound induction, and a steady adherence to facts.

So far as we can judge from all the circumstances attending this publication, the faults of its author may be traced to these two sources: *First*, to haste: *Secondly*, to an attachment to *one* model of good writing.

1. We go here professedly upon conjectural ground—and since our readers may think one *guess* as good as another, we boldly assert our persuasion that the writer of these ‘Remarks’ is a New-England clergyman. A great many little circumstances uphold us in this belief. Among them are the following: Our author seems to know more about matters of church, than about any thing else; he devotes more of his pages to observations upon the English clergy, than to any other subject; appears all the while inclined to rate every individual and event according as it bears upon the Christian system; treats very contemptuously many of the British worthies whom we have been accustomed to hold in *some* estimation—such for instance, as Burke and Fox—while he goes frequently out of his way to lavish encomiums upon Wilberforce, Clarkson, Hannah More, and the Christian Observer; and thinks that “The British and Foreign Bible Society, were there no other monument of the nation to be left, would transmit her character to future generations with a glory, which will expire only with the ages of time.” If these facts be admitted to countenance the opinion we have hazarded, an opening is gained, we think, to the fountain-head of our author’s chief imperfections. The customary prolixity of a Presbyterian* sermon, together with the secular duties which the minister is obliged to discharge, necessitates him to hurry through his compositions, and to neglect every thing but a naked exposition of his text: and such a necessity seldom begets any thing else than an incorrigibly uncouth and disjointed style.

* Our author acknowledges himself to be of this persuasion. (p. 108.)

2. We suspect the author has adhered too strictly to an individual model of good writing:—we suspect, in short, that he is very fond of Paley's style. Of this we are by no means sure of convincing our readers—partly because it is difficult to lay hold of the trivial circumstances which go to make up such an opinion, and partly because the same circumstances may lead different individuals to conclusions very wide of each other. We shall state, however, very succinctly, some of the reasons upon which our own belief is built, and leave the decision, of course, to the better judgment of our readers. In the first place, then, our New-Englander speaks very highly of Dr. Paley; in the second place, we see everywhere in this production, that open blunt manner of carrying on a process of argumentation, which stands out so conspicuously in that philosopher's writings; and in the third place, what indeed is a very equivocal circumstance, both Paley and the writer before us disfigure their pages by indiscriminately *italicizing* all the proper names.—Our author need not certainly be told that a good style is no more to be acquired by imitating *one* example, than true politeness is to be learned by attending to the conduct of a single gentleman.

If we have been culpably minute in the specification of our New-Englander's faults, we must intrench ourselves behind the excuse, that we wish to direct his attention to the improvement of his style, with a view to his future reception in public. If he ever reads our lucubrations, and is not above advice, we hope he will profit by our strictures. From the stretch and vigour of thought which he every where displays in these Remarks, we know he is capable of making efforts of the highest and happiest order; and it is a pity, we think, that he should depreciate the value and prevent the circulation of his own good sense, by disregarding the dress and decorations in which it ought to appear. His own experience must have taught him that a permanent literary reputation can never be expected from a drowsy detail of mere facts.

In the foregoing observations we have been speaking of the work before us somewhat abstractedly: we are now to consider it in relation to the object for which it was professedly written, viz: as a reply to the calumnies contained in the 11th Art., XXth number, of the Quarterly Review.

1. Ever since the appearance of this offensive number, we have thought that any reply to it would be unnecessary. The unfair and unphilosophical reasoning which every page of it presents—the flimsy authority upon which the writer depends for the accuracy of his statements—the air of disingenuousness with which the whole is marked, are so many unequivocal indexes of malicious design, that no man would hesitate to pronounce it the legitimate offspring of cold-blooded mendacity. Indeed we have never seen forty pages stuffed with so much minute misrepresentation as is here exhibited. It appears to be a superaddition of malignity to the tittle-tattle of garrulous anility.—If the writer entered upon his task merely because *Inchiquin* wrote letters in favour of the United States (and this is the only reason which he gives) his conduct is attended with anomalous wickedness: he exhibits the strange phenomenon of a man who belies without motive, and calumniates without provocation.—We have seen the footsteps of this same writer in many other articles of the *Quarterly Review*. He is a creature blessed with an unbounded volubility of tongue. It is not in the nature of things that a being of such a character should always tell truth, or always talk sense; unless indeed there is an inexhaustible stock of truth and sense in the world—which nobody will believe.—A fabric laid upon such foundations, constructed of such materials, and erected by such hands, can never require any serious opposition to overthrow it, and would eventually fall, without any aid, from its own weakness.

But we are glad upon the whole that the article in question was not left to sink of its own weight, and drag down the *Quarterly Review* along with it: for we are always glad to see our countrymen triumph over their enemies, and it makes no odds to us with what weapon—whether with the sword or with the pen. The sun of British glory may be said to have gone down in the west at the battle of New-Orleans; while the vindictive malignity and the unprincipled misrepresentation with which the English writers have so long endeavoured to traduce the American name, have found ample retribution in the publication of the work before us, and in the pamphlet called “*The United States and England*,” of which we took notice in a former number of our magazine.

Indeed we are so much gratified at the utter discomfiture of our calumniators, that we are really inclined to reprove the author of these Remarks for laying out too much strength to accomplish his purpose, and for taking too much notice of the Quarterly Review. The obnoxious article to which he replies, consists of about forty pages only: but here is a *bona fide* book of one hundred and seventy-six pages, introduced by a long preface, and furnished with a complete table of contents!—This is certainly supererogatory chastisement: this is answering a pop-gun with a blunderbuss.

2. We are not altogether satisfied with the manner in which the writer before us treats the work of his predecessor. "When the following remarks were almost finished," says he in the preface, "I was informed that Strictures on the Review of Inchiquin's Letters had been just published in New-York. As I have not seen the work, I can say nothing of its merits: but some of my friends, who had seen it, urged me to finish what I had proposed, and to send it to press."—This is sly language; but our readers cannot fail, we think, of discerning the plain English that lurks beneath it. It amounts to precisely this—that the Strictures in question had fallen far short of their object, and that a good reply to the Quarterly Reviewers was still a desideratum in American literature. If this is the real meaning of our author, we must assure him that his criticism is very much misplaced. We are sorry he did not vouchsafe to read the pamphlet for himself, instead of trusting for its character to the partial opinions of friends—the poorest judges in the world in a case of comparative merit. Had he done it, we are confident that his own good sense would have disabused him on this point; and that, so far from underrating the production of his coadjutor, he would have thought it adequate in all respects to the object for which it was published, and would have spared himself the trouble of writing a book. In neglecting to do it, he has in our opinion committed a sin of omission, for which a worse work than his own could never have atoned.

As an answer to the slanderous article in the Quarterly Review, the pamphlet "United States and England" almost distances the production of our New-Englander. Its form, its size, its style—all are better calculated to stop the mouths, or, as our

author has it, to "smooth the shag" of these latrant reviewers. It is a full measure of chastisement for the malicious vulgarity of the writer for whom it was intended; and is itself a practical refutation of the charges so often brought against our literary character. The enemy was fairly beaten and prostrate—when our New-Englander comes up, and without even stopping to ask if he had got enough, falls lustily upon and belabours him with one hundred and seventy-six octavo pages of solid satire. This is too much. Even *we* would interfere in such a case—though at the imminent hazard of getting our own heads broken.

3. We have not yet finished the unpleasant work of detraction. The disclosure which is made in the following paragraph, is, we humbly conceive, inappropriate and vituperable: "I am a *federalist* and a New-Englander; a Yankee, as a multitude of your (Canning's) countrymen choose to style *us*, with the same gentlemanly spirit, with which they call the French frog-eaters, the Italians fiddlers, the Russians bears, &c." There is something at least veniable in the frank self-congratulation and fearless good-nature with which a man sometimes acknowledges his state and his party. But such an acknowledgment is altogether out of place here. When an attack is national, it ought to be met with a national defence; and this is particularly true in the present instance, where the easy vincibility of the assailant renders no very great labour necessary to effectuate his total defeat. But our author has thought differently, and has laid himself open to reproof in two very important points.

In the first place, he confines his exertions to the exculpation of a party. This is a matter of fact—as our readers cannot but have remarked in almost every page of the book before us; and indeed the same thing would be inferable *à priori* from the avowal here made of the writer's politics. There is an uncharitableness (we had almost said, a meanness) attending the whole of this disclosure, which does no honour to the candour of the author, and ill-accords with the object of his undertaking. The initial sentences of the passage we have just quoted, are these:—"There are two subjects, on which you (Canning) have remarked extensively, and about which I shall give myself little concern. These are the characters, and the administrations of Mr. Jefferson and

Mr. Madison. I AM A FEDERALIST, &c."—Now had our author shrunk from the defence of these gentlemen upon the plea of his not being able conscientiously to say any thing in their favour, he would have escaped at all events the imputation of unfairness. But no such thing is pretended. Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison are excluded from his "concern," plainly not on the ground of demerit—but because they are not New-Englanders—Yankees—federalists!

Let us not be misunderstood. We meddle with no man's politics. We are perfectly aware that the light of truth can never be elicited in the corruscations of party heat. It has been our aim, in our editorial capacity, to steer clear of both the political whirlpools; and if at any time we have been compelled to touch upon the subject, it has not been with a view to favour one party more than another; but to deprecate that factious partiality which sees no merit beyond certain degrees of latitude, and sets a man down to be praiseworthy, or censurable, according to the side he takes in the national affairs. We wish to inculcate a spirit of mutual concession and forbearance in the bosoms of all our countrymen; and this spirit is more than ever wanted in the present situation of the world. The tempest of revolution hangs over the east—and can we long expect an unclouded horizon in the west? If we are again called upon to fight (which God forbid)—is it not necessary that the adverse tempers of the two parties should be softened and made to coincide, so as to convince our enemies of the utter impracticability of making head against a simultaneous effort of national energy?—But we are upon too delicate ground, and must hasten to our second head.

The fact, that our author limits his defence to the boundaries of the eastern states, is liable to no dispute: the only question is—if he has any satisfactory excuse for this limitation? Must we let him escape (as he every where tries to do) through the accidental circumstance of his not being *personally* acquainted with any other district of the country besides New-England? Were a commander arraigned for misconduct in refusing to detach troops for the defence of an invaded city—would he dream of exculpating himself upon the plea, that he never had visited the spot in propria persona to survey the ground and take a map of it with his own hands?

But we will place this subject in a different light. Our author informs us (page 91) "that he is advanced far in life, and that he has travelled through a considerable part of the northern states, in both the old and new settlements, in all directions, and that very extensively; that he began this course at an early period of life, and that he had mixed freely, from the beginning, with men of most descriptions, &c."—Accordingly almost the whole of his defence (even of New-England) is founded upon facts for which we have his own authority only. But is this not going upon a system which is radically fallacious? Can an anonymous traveller expect to gain assent to the facts which he relates to have fallen under his own observation only;—and more particularly, can he hope to be believed, while he charges other travellers, who have given their names to the world, with mendacity and misrepresentation?—*We* are not presuming to question the veracity of our New-Englander; but we cannot help suggesting to him the liability of his plan to the just aspersions of his enemies, and how little he is likely to be accredited among his friends and his countrymen. He seems to have written exactly as if he intended to publish his work under his own proper signature; and had such an intention been consummated, we doubt not that most of his readers would have received his statements as bearing the stamp of legitimate authenticity.

We pay him all the respect due to a man "advanced far in life," and give him full credit for the extensiveness of his travelling; but we are left to regret that neither his age, nor his peregrinations have had their usual effect—by obliterating his prejudices and liberalizing his views. We are obliged, though reluctantly, to allege these as the causes of the delinquency we complain of in our author, because we see no other possible reason for excluding the southern states from a participation in his "concern." Most certainly a person who has spent so many of his three-score years and ten in the United States, and has attended so much, as we are confident our author has, to our political affairs, can hardly be supposed to be unacquainted with the character and manners of his countrymen. Nor do we believe this is the case. The comprehensive knowledge of facts which he every where displays, even concerning countries three thousand miles off, for-

bids us to think for a moment that he is ignorant of the private history as it were of his immediate neighbours.

We have now finished what little we wished to premise before we came directly to the book before us. We shall next proceed to make such extracts as, we hope, will bear us out in the observations we have ventured to make.

After some stale though sensible remarks upon the advantages which are likely to result to Great Britain and to America from a state of peace and a spirit of reciprocal forbearance—followed up by denunciations against the short-sighted infatuation of those writers on both sides of the water, whose effusions have tended to alienate the two countries; we find, near the conclusion of the preface, the following manly appeal to the feelings of our countrymen upon the subject of their treatment to foreigners. We quote the passage with the greater pleasure, because it exhibits more of the author's beauties and blemishes than are any where else to be found in the compass of a single paragraph:

“It is time that the people of this country should begin to estimate the foreigners, who visit it, more justly. Nine out of ten, so far as their observations are published, are mere common slanderers; and appear to cross the ocean for little else than to *belie* us, as soon as they leave our shores. If they dislike our country and its inhabitants, let them stay at home. We shall not molest them. Here they claim, and receive, an attention due only to persons of worth; and then repay our civilities with contempt and abuse. It is sufficiently painful to be ill-treated by men of respectability; but to be subjected to the heels, and the braying of such creatures as *Janson*, *Ashe*, and *Parkinson*, and that in a sense voluntarily, is to be humbled indeed. It is to be hoped, that *Americans*, before they again open their houses, and their hearts, for the reception of foreign stragglers, will demand some evidence, that they are not scoundrels. Every worthy man, from every country, I would welcome, and wish my countrymen to welcome, to every good office. But it is time that we should begin to select from so *corrupt* a mass, such parts as are, at least, not *putrid*.”

(*To be continued.*)

THE OBSERVER, NO. I.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I HAPPENED lately to be in a company, where the conversation was as various as the elements of the composition of the assemblage. Being, as every observer should be, by appearance and by manner, less calculated to attract attention than to bestow it on others—observed by none, but observing all, the discourse of the different groups successively commanded my attention. Sauntering through the apartment, I observed several persons, elegantly dressed and of fashionable appearance, who, apparently unwillingly and involuntarily, had become the auditors of a gentleman in an undress military coat, with threatening whiskers and a smart cockade. The attention of his hearers seemed scarcely to be commanded by the utmost stretch of their politeness, while he delivered himself in the following terms, with great animation:—“I tell you what, gentlemen, though I say it, who should not say it, I’ve seen as hard service and as severe fighting as the best of them—none of your summer fields—your frolics in town-quarters—no, no—real d—d hard blows.—I’ll tell you how that affair was—I know particulars of it, that the commanding general did not do justice to, in his general orders—which if known, damme—but let that pass.—The elite was ordered to debouch to the right—several regiments in the centre to form in echelon—our company were ordered to charge—advanced quick-step upon the enemy—they gave way at all points—at that moment I received a wound in my leg—think you I minded it?—not the least.—But as I said before, there was damn’d injustice—but I see my friend major —— entering.—How are you, my dear fellow—when did you see our distinguished friend the general last?” said the captain marching up the room.—His auditors seemed now relieved from painful restraint.—“Stuff!”—observed one of them, with the utmost look of contempt capable of being assumed by an inanimate face, whose well fed lines were little adapted to expression of any kind.—“I wonder how that man can think any of us cares for his debouching!” A delicate looking gentleman, with a remarkably white waistcoat, and his cravat tied in a manner, which must have been the admiration and envy of his companions, observed, “How disagreeable the society among the officers of a

camp must be! upon my soul, I would not for a general's commission, undergo such a bore of insipidity and profanity."—Turning now, with great self-complacency, to a well-conditioned and well-dressed middle-aged gentleman, he said,—“ Well, Mr. Schæffscheiffer, how did that package-sale go to-day? Great profit, hey? beautiful goods those? Never saw more elegant articles, particularly the prints—and the chintz—the shawls—and” —“ Yes,” answered Mr. Schæffscheiffer, “ very good goods those—Mr. Whifflebody, how are shipments to England?” “ Very dull—flour—a—tobacco—a—potash—a—&c. no stir hardly—and” —here my attention, which had been as little interested with the men of the pen, as it had been with the man of the sword, was suddenly attracted to a young man of a very spare frame, who stood near, listening to this discourse, with so triumphantly contemptuous a twirl of the nostril, and such an evident self-congratulation of superiority in his eyes, as to rivet my gaze upon him alone.—He was attired with studious carelessness.—He had a pair of green spectacles on his nose—and out of his waistcoat pocket peeped a very small volume in 24mo. splendidly gilt and bound, with a green riband inserted in its leaves, and on the back could be read, “ *Horatii Opera.*” What can this mean, thought I. I will accost him.—Advancing, I said hesitatingly—“ Very pretty weather sir?” —“ Yes sir, but indicative of an approaching diminution in the heat of the atmosphere.” —“ You seem, sir, to be very much interested with the agreeable conversation of our neighbours there?” —“ Interested! impossible! One whose mind is enamoured of the charms of divine philosophy, can find nought but food for contempt in the discourse of those in whose estimation the goddess of trade is superior to the deity of reason—listen to them—and then be convinced that they are guided by a similar principle to that attributed to a similar class of persons, in the words of the Roman satirist Horatius Flaccus—‘ *Virtus post nummos*’—Money, money sir, is their *Nus*—their *το Καλον*.”

“ From the zeal of your remarks I presume, sir, that you subscribe fully to a maxim, the truth of which, however oracular, I never myself felt disposed to experience in its full extent—

“ Learning is better than house and land.”

“ I beg your pardon, sir,” replied he, “ but the superiority of literature to sordid gain is too manifest to be disputed—and the charms of its pursuit require a better eulogy than the praise implied in the vulgar maxim you have quoted—I would exalt those charms in the words of the elegant Naso:

“ —Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes

“ Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.”

“ I beg your pardon in my turn, sir,” I replied, “ but I do not understand Latin at the present moment, and in the present company.”—He turned contemptuously away, and I heard him mutter, as he retired,—“ nor any where else, nor at any other time, I dare venture to assert.”—

“ I will fly for refuge, said I to myself, to woman—charming woman. Her presence will be a sure protection from the irksomeness of exclusive conversation. In that lovely presence, surely the soldier will cease to recapitulate the tale of blood and wounds—the scholar will forbear from pedantic quotations—and the merchant from the phrase of trade.” I advanced towards a lovely group. There I observed a beautiful and graceful girl attending, with great urbanity, but painfully repressed impatience, to a very young and very handsome man, whom I had previously heard called doctor, though from his very juvenile appearance, I have some suspicion, that that appellation might be his *nom de guerre*. “ As I was observing, ma’am, previously to this epoch, the properties of heat were hidden under an almost inscrutable mass of mysticism, in relation to the supposed laws of phlogiston—but in regard to this, and other discoveries, in the divine art of chemia, whoever may claim the primary glory, the French school is surely entitled to undying honour—we need but mention the various gasses—the oxygen and hydrogen—the iode, to”—*De mal en pis*, I exclaimed to myself, and made my escape to the door, then fortunately open—I took my hat with a sensation of joyful release and departed.

In returning home I could not but reflect on the advantages that general social intercourse might derive from the suppression of this too prevalent manifestation of the *esprit du corps*.—But

the good people of Philadelphia are too tenacious of their progress in any particular direction—too accustomed to proceed straight forward and turn at right angles, to adopt the pliant and winding graces of conversation by curving and bending from the direct line of the topics of their particular occupation.

Nor is this adherence to one's own *esprit du corps*, less inimical to the mingled ease and grace of conversational intercourse, than the manner founded upon the belief of its existence in others. Thus have I seen a person of a particular profession, addressed with amazing condescension, upon the topics of his occupation, his own particular business selected, most flatteringly, as the subject of discourse, while the unfortunate wight, perhaps, found nothing more irksome, than thus to be dragged back from the hour of social intercourse, to the shop and its details.—Another person has been, most unfortunately, tempted to commit the sin of authorship. He is addressed in almost every society, most complacently, upon the subjects on which his book may have shown him to be conversant—while the author, disgusted with the mechanism of composition, may have been allured into that society solely with the hope of relaxing the tension of mind, produced by wearisome examination of those very subjects.—He is surfeited with letters, yet is he forced, by the condescension of friends, to swallow an additional draught—nay, it is sometimes worse with him.—Some coxcombical pretender to literature, will nail him down to the discussion of all the common places of criticism, that have been tossed about from Blair to Lindley Murray, until *they* are perfectly in shreds—and until *we* are tempted to find refuge in the variety of error, from the everlasting and monotonous ringing in our ears of trite truths.

Upon the whole, it were to be wished, that every person would divest himself of the badge of his profession, upon entering the mosque of social worship.

THOUGHTS OF A HERMIT—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON DENSITY OF POPULATION.

NATIONS are commonly compared, as to their physical strength, by comparison of their respective numbers; but this would give us a very fallacious standard, unless we also took into consideration the *density* of those numbers. There are some among us, however, who, while they admit the effect of compactness of population on the power and the wealth of a nation, think it unfavourable to morals and happiness; and, consequently, deprecate as a serious evil, our continual approaches to the populousness of the ancient world.

Let us consider this subject, one certainly of no contemptible importance, with regard to the national defence—the national wealth—the advancement of literature and the arts—and individual virtue and happiness.

As to national defence.—It seems sufficiently obvious that the thinner the population the more exposed is a country, during war, to partial attacks, and the less capable it is of repelling them. Where there are but ten or twelve persons inhabiting a square mile, as in many parts of the United States, hostile incursions may be safely made with a force which, in Europe, would certainly be intercepted and destroyed. A dispersed population is also less capable of offensive operations. Much time is lost and extraordinary expense is incurred in collecting the scattered forces together. Nor is this all: the facility of raising and paying large armies is in proportion to the cheapness of human labour, which again is in proportion to the density of population.

With this manifest disadvantage, however, in partial military operations, it must be admitted that a thinly-peopled country is more secure from foreign conquest, than if the same numbers were gathered into a narrow compass. The same delay and expense of transporting troops which are felt by itself, also impede the advances of the enemy; and while one part of the invaded country yields to the ascendancy of superior power, others, by their remote situation, are able to bring their resources into action, and to furnish a new rallying point to the defenders of their soil.

The safety of these consists in this, that their adversary can come into contact with but a small part of them at once. European politicians, judging by what they had always seen in Europe, expected that the capture of Philadelphia and New-York, and our other chief towns, in the revolutionary war, was the conquest of the whole country. It was found, however, that the war was not carried on with less spirit or effect, in other quarters, on account of these disasters. In like manner, it will be impossible for the French emperor to overcome Russia; if the people of that country are united in opposing him.* Thus too, while a single ship of war may annoy any part of our widely-extended and thinly-settled coast, before an adequate force can be collected to repel it, the conquest of the whole country is beyond the reach of any foreign nation; for what would it signify towards subjugating Georgia or Carolina, that Boston or New-York was in possession of the enemy? or, who can suppose that the people beyond the Alleghany would surrender themselves prisoners of war, because a hostile force were masters of the eastern-shore of Maryland and Virginia? In fact, it would often happen that the moment of capture to the one, would be the moment of liberation to the other.

Where, however, a nation is sufficiently strong to be under no danger of foreign subjection, its exposure to partial invasions from the thinness of its numbers, is a most serious evil; and this is the present situation of the United States. Their numbers, their courage, and above all, their remoteness from the military nations of Europe, afford them sufficient security against subjugation; but when involved in war (and it appears that even *they* cannot always escape it) they are exposed along their whole line of coast, to the incursions and ravages of every petty marauder who can command a ship and fifty men. A large naval force may, indeed, defend us from this mischief; but such a compact population as exists in Europe would also do the same.

2. *As to national wealth*, or the abundance of those things which contribute to human comfort and enjoyment.—The time that is saved and the skill that is gained by distributing the different operations of a manufacture among several distinct hands, has

* This was written in the year 1813.

been very satisfactorily shown by Adam Smith, and is now familiar to all; but this advantage cannot be attained but in countries thickly peopled, because a dense population alone can afford a sufficient market for a manufacture carried on upon that extensive plan. Therefore, where the population is very dispersed, one man not only completes every part of the same manufacture, but often does that which belongs to several distinct branches. By the division of labour then, which can prevail extensively only in a populous country, the effect of manufacturing industry is greatly multiplied, and, of course, all those various commodities which are produced by human ingenuity and skill, are cheaper and more abundant.

But not only is the labour of the community employed to more advantage; there is also saved much of that species which is altogether unproductive, I mean that which is expended in transporting commodities to and from market. Suppose a shoemaker to do the work of a hundred persons: if they are spread over a surface of eight or ten miles, as is often the case in the southern and western states, much time must be spent either in his going to his customers, or in their coming to him; but if they are, as in Europe, within a compass of a half mile, nearly the whole of that time is saved. It is, indeed, the time which is requisite to bring the manufacturer and consumer together, that in thinly-peopled countries principally induces a man to turn his hand to such various employments, and to be content with worse work at home, rather than go to a distance for better. It must be recollected that commerce, or the exchange of one surplus commodity for another, does not *directly* generate any thing; it merely prevents a loss, by converting that which can be spared into that which is wanted, and the labour spent in the transportation is just so much taken from the value of one article or added to the price of the other. But the more compact the population, the less is this labour likely to be. In a small compass, every man will probably find a market for whatever he wishes either to purchase or sell; and besides shortening the distance to market, a close population can greatly facilitate transportation by means of canals and artificial roads, which are commonly beyond the capacities of a country thinly settled.

There is, moreover, greater industry and emulation when men are brought closer together. The reward of diligence is nearer at hand, and can be estimated with a more assured correctness. Examples, both good and bad, are immediately under observation; and pride, as well as interest, will operate to produce a salutary rivalry. Besides, of that which is produced, much more will be lost and wasted in one country than the other. Many things of no value, when in small quantities, or at a distance from market, are turned to profitable account when they are to be had on the spot, or in that abundance which a numerous population affords: of this nature are rags, bones, soot, &c.

3. *As to literature and the fine arts.*—Where much time is spent in satisfying the more imperious wants of man, he must be less able to cultivate letters and the liberal arts. In a thin population few can have the leisure indispensable to proficiency in learning and science. Most men are occupied in earning a livelihood; and of those who turn their attention to literary pursuits, they are engaged either in the active duties of the liberal professions, or in discharging the functions of the magistrate or statesman. For the same reason, indeed, that there is less wealth in such a community, there is also less of juvenile instruction and of individual leisure. What there are of these, will be barely sufficient to furnish the requisite supply of lawyers, physicians, and civil officers: there are none left to prosecute intellectual pursuits for the mere pleasure they give, or the reputation they confer; and it is this class of men which chiefly advances the literary character of a country. Nor can the business of book-making be as profitable in a poor and thinly-peopled country, as in one whose population is crowded and wealthy. There are, perhaps, more purchasers of any book of more than ordinary merit in the city of London alone, than in the whole United States; and it is easier conveyed to its readers in a week in the one case, than in a twelvemonth in the other. Thus the prospect of gain, as well as of being read, the two chief incentives to authorship, must act with a greater force in a populous country. Indeed almost all the circumstances which have been mentioned to explain the inferiority of American to European literature, are inseparably connected with our dispersed population.

The fine arts—sculpture, painting, engraving, and architecture—have, in all countries, been the offspring of luxurious opulence; for nothing less than the rewards of superabundant wealth have been found sufficient to *excite* and *keep up* that patient industry which is necessary to their perfection. The elements of taste and genius abound, no doubt, in every soil; but they are matured and perfected only by the genial influence of the riches or applause which populous communities alone can give. It was the splendid munificence with which the Greeks and Romans rewarded the artists who fabricated their deities and constructed their temples, that made those artists the idols of their own country and the admiration of every other. It was the wealth of the Medici which decorated Florence with so many noble productions of art; and in the United States, the talents of a West, or Copley, or Stewart, would, probably, never have been known, if they had not found encouragement in a wealthier country than their own. Engraving seems to have taken a good foothold among us, and is rapidly improving; but it is only in our most populous cities, Philadelphia and New-York, that it as yet meets with the encouragement necessary to its growth.

• The intimate connection which exists among all the arts, whether liberal or mechanical, must operate to the disadvantage of the former, where the latter are discouraged, as they necessarily must be in a thinly-settled country. Whilst manufactures are directly aided by the discoveries in chemistry, metallurgy, natural history, botany, &c. these branches of knowledge are on the other hand indirectly advanced by the employment which manufactures give to them. Nothing has so much improved the science of chemistry as the aid it has lately afforded to the mechanical arts of dying, bleaching, tanning, agriculture, and mineralogy, some of which are little likely to be cultivated in countries that are not populous.

4. *As to private morals and happiness.*—It is admitted that where population is not yet full, as in the United States, and land, of course, is easily obtained, the necessaries of life are more abundant than in more populous countries. In a country full to redundancy of inhabitants, there is a large portion both of wretchedness and vice, which may be ascribed to poverty, which in its

turn is caused by the want of employment. The account which Colquhoun, in his View of the Police of London, gives of the frauds, the vices, the crimes and sufferings of thousands in that vast metropolis, exhibits a frightful picture of the difficulty of obtaining subsistence in an over-crowded population, and of the deplorable mischiefs it produces. In the United States, on the other hand, capital crimes are rare, and pickpockets and highway-robbers, in the greater part of them, are scarcely known. Some few, indeed, even here, feel the hard gripe of poverty; but how different is their poverty from that which weighs upon, perhaps, one half the human race in Europe! There is seldom a day that the most indigent person among us does not eat animal food; and it is next to impossible for any to suffer here from the want of employment.

In this simple mode of comparing the two states of population, that which is dispersed over a great surface would seem, at first view, to be much the most favourable to human comfort, and, consequently, to the practice of virtue. But there are many considerations which, if not sufficient to lead us to an opposite conclusion, may persuade us that the difference is far less than we had at first supposed. The vices and crimes of so populous a city as London, though they might not be proportionally greater than in other places, yet being seen congregated within a comparatively narrow compass, strike the imagination with great force. When we are told that *twenty thousand persons* in that metropolis, know not in the morning where they are to find subsistence for the day, our minds are filled with the vast extent of wretchedness which this fact conveys; but on sober reflection, we find that great as is this *aggregate* number, it amounts to but one in fifty of the whole population—a number *proportionally* so small, that it may exist in any country place or small town without being known or regarded. As to individual cases of *extreme* misery, it may naturally be expected that the larger the whole number, the more remarkable will those of them be who are preeminent in any thing, whether of excellence or deformity, natural or moral. *Unus & multis* implies very different degrees of distinction when the many are a million and when they are but a thousand. That a large part of those who subsist in London on casual charity, or by their wits or their frauds, prefer the evils of a precarious exist-

once, chequered as they are with some of the pleasures of a town life, to certain employment and wages in the country, would seem probable, from the circumstance that, in particular seasons, the pay of agricultural labour in England is sufficient to induce numbers to come over from Ireland to get employment.

But although it could be demonstrably proved that there was the most wretchedness in the most condensed population, it does not necessarily follow that there may not also be a greater sum of happiness. While a larger number may suffer for want of the necessities of life in the populous country, those who are exempt from this evil may be also more susceptible of enjoyment. On this subject there is room for little more than general speculation and conjecture. Quantities that cannot be measured cannot be accurately compared; and where is the mode of weighing and ascertaining the pains and pleasures which agitate the heart, not for an hour or a day, but during a whole life, and not of a single individual but of a whole community? Indeed, so bountiful has Providence been in accommodating us to the pains we are compelled to undergo—so active and ingenious are we in working out our own good, and in counteracting evil in whatever situations we may be placed—so much of *suffering*, both in body and mind, is found in the *best* situations of life; and so much of *enjoyment* in the *worst*, that a cool and unprejudiced observer (if such a one could possibly be found) would, perhaps, say, that the sum of human happiness, in every country and in every age, does not materially vary. But whether the difference be little or much between a rude and a civilized people—a poor and a rich community—a weak and a strong nation—a free and a despotic government; men will ever strive after that which is best in their eyes: and, though the object of their endeavours were an illusion, this active pursuit itself would be beneficial—Though they may not catch the game, they have the advantage of the chase.

If a denser population seems likely to produce peculiar vices and sufferings, it is also favourable to particular virtues and enjoyments. A diffusive population is also in some respects auspicious, and in others unfriendly to morality and happiness.

In hazarding some speculations on this copious subject, to narrow the field of inquiry, it will be assumed that the country

having the most compact population possesses the most wealth, the most strength, the best literature, and the most mechanical art; but the necessaries of life in the least abundance.

It is a strong argument that such a country is most conducive to human happiness, that, generally speaking, virtue is promoted by intelligence and civilization. The most philosophical of our historians, Hume and Gibbon, are decidedly of this opinion; and the former adduces some strong facts in support of it. As society advances in refinement, the *moral sense*, as well as every other faculty, will become more susceptible of impressions, and though an increased sensibility may often lead to evil as well as to good, yet the good will be most promoted, if there be more of it than of evil in the world—a proposition which, however it may be disputed by the gloomy misanthrope or frivolous declaimer, every man's conduct and feelings acknowledge to be just. In short, if men are superior in happiness and virtue to brutes, then also is civilized society superior to that which is rude and uncultivated: It would, indeed, be against the universal economy of nature, which impels every species of animals to efforts for their preservation and well-being, if man, who is perpetually urged to form societies and to advance in civilization, should, by so doing, be labouring for his misery instead of his happiness.

Refinement and civilization confer on us new pleasures and cut us off from none of the old ones. Intellectual pleasures are exclusively the fruit of their culture. When we consider the agreeable ideas and emotions which are communicated by books—by the prosecution of scientific pursuits—by music, painting, sculpture, and architecture—by theatrical exhibitions, and by those mechanical arts, which can exist only after a long course of improvement; it must be admitted that they are the instruments of no inconsiderable portion of human happiness; and that while they are created by civilization, they neither destroy nor diminish those simple pleasures which a state of nature can give.

If civilization occasionally brings with it new pains, it also often brings alleviations of those which are inseparable from human existence in every state of society. By the arts of medicine and surgery, a casualty or a disease, which might destroy the savage or afflict him for life, is made an evil of but a few weeks or

days. How many and what ingenious contrivances has man devised to shelter him from the inclemency of the seasons—to multiply his food, both as to quantity and variety—and lastly, to preserve all that he values from that mutation and decay to which they are ever hastening! What other object, indeed, have all our manufacturing labour and skill, but to enhance our pleasures and to mitigate our pains? It is the stock of these *goods*, as they are emphatically called, possessed by each nation, which constitutes its wealth, and we have seen that this will be the greatest in a well-peopled country.

But it may be objected, that although the most populous country may possess the greatest stock of those materials for the enjoyment of man, which are fabricated by his labour and art, yet, as they are also very unequally distributed, the poorer class will not be benefited by such excess, whilst they materially suffer from the greater scarcity of food.

In the condensed population of Europe, it is true that the fruits of the improvements which progressive art, science and civilization have made, seem to be gathered by a small portion of society, whilst the mass of the people are doomed to misery and want. There are a hundred, or perhaps a thousand kept poor, or made so, for one that is rich.

To this objection it may be at least plausibly answered, that the unequal division of property does not seem to be so much the consequence of a dense population as of government—of the blind and unjust institutions of society. Were things left to their natural course, though there would still be inequality, it would be less considerable and less pernicious—or rather it would be no more than would be salutary and just. By burthensome taxes—by exorbitant salaries—by feudal privileges and perquisites—by the laws of primogeniture—of apprenticeships and settlements, and exclusive tests, property is forced into particular channels, and is not suffered to distribute itself according to the industry, prudence and good fortune of each individual. Were all those legal shackles taken off from human exertion, and those bounties on indolence removed, the number of the wretched would be comparatively small; and much of what is now wasted by the wealthy few, would then increase the comfort of the residue.

But although the preceding hypothesis may not be strictly true, and though in so populous a country as China, or even part of Europe, there must necessarily be a great number who feel the want of the common necessities of life—that last point in the scale of human misery—still it does not follow that a country where the population is compact, without being redundant, may not be more favourable to happiness, than one whose numbers are scattered over an extensive surface. There may, perhaps, be a middle point between excessive thinness and closeness of population which is most propitious to human comfort and enjoyment; and possibly, that point to which it would naturally arrive, and where it would as naturally stop, if nature was not counteracted by our unwise intermeddling, might give us this golden mean. Liberty seems to have been productive of so much good in whatever it has been fairly tried—in government, religion, and commerce—(and liberty is nothing but leaving things to their *natural* course)—that we are encouraged to hope it would not occasion a mischievous excess of population. And it is most consoling to the philanthropist to believe, that the evil he so much deprecates, is more to be feared from human error, which may be averted, than from the laws of nature, which are neither to be avoided nor controlled.

Without, however, indulging in visions, which may be as fallacious as they are agreeable, let us consider the world as it actually is, and ask in what stage of population is the greatest happiness probably found. If our pride or partiality leads us to the conclusion that man is happier in America than he is on the old continent, yet still this question recurs, would our happiness be increased or diminished by a yet further density of numbers?

A greater facility in procuring the conveniencies and elegancies of life could not, we may suppose, but be felt by our whole community. If this increase of the materials of enjoyment were the consequence of an increase of toil and care, the case would be different; but the gain, as has been shown, proceeds from the greater ingenuity and skill, and saving of labour, which a denser population produces. Thus, if the greater part of that irksome labour, which is now expended in wagoning our bulky commodities to market, or in the slovenly cultivation of our extensive fields, was devoted to the fabrication of comfortable and ornamental ap-

parcel, of commodious houses, of elegant and convenient furniture, every one will say that our situation would be greatly improved. Or, if our weavers and dyers could make fine fabrics of brilliant hues, with as much ease as they now make their homely homespun; or, Mr. C. Crollius could fashion a piece of beautiful porcelain as readily as he does his stone ware, nobody would be the worse for the exchange; but most of us, if not all, would be the better.

Again: if a taste for literary pursuits were more general, how many of our fox-hunters and hunters of squirrels, and gamesters and tiplers, would be spared the sad necessity of flying from themselves! and when kept, by bad weather or indisposition, within doors, how many hours, now passed in heaviness and weariness, would they spend in pure and rational delight? How different too, is the old age of him who has a taste for letters and him who has no resources beyond his own blunted sensations and barren mind?

Let us bring the comparison nearer to our view. Nine-tenths, or perhaps more, of the people of these states, live in the country. Where is the man of unvitiated feelings who would not rather be surrounded by neighbours of intelligence, of refined manners, and in easy circumstances, than by those who are coarse, ignorant and needy: and who, but one whose affrighted conscience saw his own guilt reflected from the faces of all he met, would not choose to have such neighbours as the former, at a nearer rather than at a greater distance?

In support of these arguments it may be farther remarked, that it is the opinion of an observer, equally ingenious and profound, that the happiness and virtue of the English nation has increased with the increase of population. That capital crimes are less frequent, he proves beyond a doubt. Nor do we observe that as any particular portion of our country advances in population, that the people are less moral or happy; but the direct reverse is frequently conspicuous. So that whatever may be our opinion of the ultimate point of density which a nation may reach, without lessening the chances of happiness to each individual, we must be persuaded, from a candid review of the preceding considerations, that we are yet far from having reached it; and that as, under the genial influences of freedom and abundance, we continue to increase

in numbers, we shall, in a still greater proportion, advance in political wealth and strength, and in individual improvement and happiness.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Select American Speeches, forensic and parliamentary, with prefatory remarks: being a sequel to Dr. Chapman's 'Select Speeches.' By S. G. Carpenter, esq. in two vols.

"It is hardly requisite to urge the utility and delightfulness which such a work is capable of combining. The study of eloquence possesses in a very high degree the power of calling into activity all the energies of the mind. In none of its varied exertions, does the human intellect appear with more fascinating splendour, than when an accomplished orator, animated by patriotism and the love of virtuous glory, maintains before an enlightened senate his country's rights, and the universal cause of justice and freedom. The sway of eloquence over the imagination has no limits but those which nature prescribes to the imagination itself; while its control over the passions is often irresistible. In those free states, in which a considerable portion of the public authority is vested in popular assemblies, eloquence is the potent and faithful minister to ambition. In republics, therefore, where ambition has always found the widest scope for its daring efforts, oratory has attained its highest perfection; insomuch that at this day, the best criterion of the excellence of an oration, is its approximation to the admirable models of eloquence transmitted to us from ancient Greece and Rome.

"It would be degrading to the present compiler, and no doubt disgusting to his readers, were he to claim for the eloquence of his country, the highest rank. But he will assert, without fear, that the talent of public speaking is widely extended throughout the United States; and though in a few instances inferior in quality, it is in the compound ratio of quality and quantity, far superior even to that of Great Britain. We may look in vain, it is true, among the discourses of our best orators, for the 'profound phi-

‘losophy, the splendid imagery, the vast reach and comprehension of view, the unbounded variety of allusion, illustration and ornament, drawn from every province of nature or of science—for the unrivalled mastery over language’—for ‘the versatility of imagination which at will transforms itself from sublime and terrific genius into gay and playful fancy’—for ‘the happy power of relieving the harshness of political dispute by beautiful effusions of sentiment, and of dignifying composition by grave and lofty maxims of moral and civil wisdom’—for ‘the unlimited sway over the human passions which fills the auditor at pleasure with indignation, with horror or with pity, and equally commands his laughter and his tears—in a word, for wit, humour, pathos, invention, force, dignity, copiousness and magnificence’—all of which the most luminous and learned of living authors* has in these words ascribed to BURKE. In vain too may we look for the overwhelming Demosthenian torrent of FOX, or for the splendid conflagration of PITT. But in that style of oratory which elucidates truth and comes home with force to the understanding; which ‘shines without dazzling, and charms rather than excites astonishment or kindles enthusiasm,’ our public speakers are undoubtedly eminent. Though none of them may be equal to the most distinguished leaders of the British senate, a much greater proportion of them understand and can explain their subject well. We have not a WINDHAM, or a SHERIDAN; but we have, in our house of representatives, composed of only one hundred and eighty-two members, more orators of the class of GRAY and WHITBREAD, than the British house of commons, though almost four times more numerous, can boast. To adopt the elegant illustration of this point by the editor of the work, of which the present is the continuation, ‘there have been, perhaps, brighter luminaries, but not a greater constellation. Collectively, we are entitled to boast of as much eloquence as has been exhibited in any age or country.’

Without following strictly the chronological order, the compiler has arranged the speeches in such a manner as to assist those who study the history of the United States.—He is indebted

* Sir James Macintosh.

to the pen of Mr. Workman for the observations prefixed to the speech of Patrick Henry."

These observations, expressed with as much elegance and force as they are conceived with propriety and good sense, are as follows. The reader of judgment and taste will at once perceive them to be as masterly in their kind, as the specimens of eloquence which they so correctly characterize.

"Patrick Henry, of Virginia, stands conspicuous among the illustrious patriots of his country, and may be compared, without disparagement, to the most eminent orators of any age or nation. For a long time previous to the adoption of the present federal constitution, on the merits of which Mr. Henry's most eloquent speeches were delivered, the public mind was alarmed with the terrors of anarchy, faction and civil war. The new constitution was eagerly expected as the preventive or the cure of every political evil. At that period no quarrel between government and liberty existed or was apprehended. The dread of licentiousness and turbulence absorbed every other fear. All felt the evils of too little government, few foresaw the dangers of too much. Mr. Henry, however, was one of those who impressed with habitual distrust and jealousy of great power, in whatever hands it might be placed, examined the proposed establishment in the spirit of a cautious and enlightened statesman. The difficulties of the moment did not affright his mind 'from its propriety.' He took a wide, comprehensive, and penetrating view of this new and untried political system. He perused its principal features with intense scrutiny. He subjected its component parts to the severest analysis. His fears and predictions of its injurious tendency were considered visionary, or exaggerated by most of his contemporaries; but we hazard little in asserting, that in his speeches on this grand national experiment, there will be found a rich treasure of political knowledge, and excellent models of argumentative eloquence. He possessed, in fact, all the characteristics of the genuine orator. Plain, perspicuous, convincing, persuasive, he reasons with commanding force; and never reasons unnecessarily. In his harangues, we find no truisms elaborately proven; no aristotelian syllogisms in which the conclusion is as evident as the premises; none of the parade or pedantry of argu-

mentation. He at once takes for granted, and boldly asserts the maxims of common sense, and all the leading principles of civil and political liberty. Proceeding from these unpolluted sources, his way is clear; his march steady, assured and unembarrassed. Of a capacious and powerful intellect, and thoroughly acquainted with his subject, his views are quick and piercing. He has no useless common place. He distinguishes the proposed institution from every other; his discriminations are intelligible to the meanest capacity, and he traces things to their remote consequences with admirable perspicuity, and sometimes with a prophetic spirit. His mind possessed astonishing fertility. Nothing from which an argument could be drawn, escapes his penetration; and if his separate reasonings are occasionally feeble, they are so well embodied and marshalled, that their united force becomes almost irresistible. In him there is no trick, artifice or affectation. He is earnest and ardent in his cause, and his language bears the stamp of his sincerity and his zeal. No playful refinements of imagination, no pompous or elaborate expressions, no learned allusions, no far-fetched illustrations, no brilliant metaphors, no magnificent ciceronian periods decorate his discourse. Intent only upon instructing and persuading his hearers, he seems to forget himself and to be indifferent to fame. Neither the lust of power nor the love of popularity appears to influence him. He whines out no mawkish parliamentary cant. He does not disgust with any nauseous professions. It is for the rights of the people, not for the opinions of the people, that he is anxious. He displays at once the simplicity of truth, and the majestic might of conscious virtue. Were we to compare him with the public speakers of other times, we should confidently pronounce that he combines many of the excellencies of the Athenian Demosthenes, and the English orator Charles Fox."

On the whole, we cannot but welcome this publication as a work of uncommon merit—as creditable in no ordinary degree to the literature, but more especially to the parliamentary and forensic eloquence of the United States.

From a hasty glance over many of its pages, we are strongly inclined to believe, that the compiler, in his preface, has been modest to a fault; that he has graduated the work by too humble a

standard. We are pleased with modesty; but where that virtue degenerates into diffidence, and that diffidence becomes the source of injustice, it is a virtue no longer. Such, we fear, is somewhat the case in the present instance.

We fully accord with Mr. Workman, that Patrick Henry, in particular, "*may be compared, without disparagement, to the most eminent orators of any age or nation.*" To which we will add, that if the comparison be candidly made, we have no fear of its resulting to the disadvantage of our illustrious countryman.

We hazard the assertion, and should we be found in the wrong, although we may hereafter acknowledge our error, we shall not be easily induced to say we are sorry for it, that, both for manner and argument, certain parts of the speeches of the great Virginia orator, are equal to any thing that has ever been delivered in the British parliament; at least *we* have met with nothing superior to them. Nor, in thus eulogizing Mr. Henry, do we mean to disparage the other speakers. He is only most excellent where all are excellent.

We earnestly hope that this collection of speeches, so rich as a repository of moral and political truth, so pure as an expression of patriotic feeling, and so honourable as a standard of national eloquence, will find a place in the library, not only of every orator and statesman in our country, but of every candidate for eminence in the commonwealth. It is a work *exclusively American*, and that alone ought to aid in giving it currency.

"COALE and MAXWELL, booksellers, Baltimore, propose to publish, a valuable elementary and practical work, entitled 'A GENERAL DICTIONARY OF COMMERCE, TRADE AND MANUFACTURES, EXHIBITING THEIR PRESENT STATE IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD.' Compiled from the latest and best authorities, by THOMAS MORTIMER, esq. Carefully revised, and adapted particularly for the use of the merchants, traders and manufacturers of the United States of America.

"Since the publication of the dictionaries of Postlethwaite and Beawes, the face of commerce has undergone so total a change, that these works have become no longer useful. Mr. MORTIMER's dictionary was published in the year 1810. As a *practical*

work, it is very highly esteemed. The editor seems to have introduced into it whatever it is requisite for a man of business to become acquainted with; and his dictionary contains at least *two thousand articles more than any similar production* in the English or in any other language.

“ Under the heads of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, is introduced a methodized account of the commerce, manufactures, and in some instances, of the politico-commercial regulations of the several governments.

“ This very important work will be revised and made particularly useful to the American merchant and manufacturer, by gentlemen of long experience in trade, of considerable acquirement in science, and in all other respects well qualified for the undertaking. And to embrace as much useful information as can be brought within the limits of such a work, all dictionaries of commerce and manufactures, of reputation, heretofore published, Oddy's European Commerce, Jackson's Trade of the Mediterranean, Macpherson's Annals of Commerce, Beaujour's Commerce of Greece, &c. &c. will be consulted.

“ As an *elementary* work, rendered a *practical* one, by being thrown into the *dictionary-form*, it will be interesting to men liberal, intelligent and rational of all professions, but to the members of the profession to which it will appertain, it will be particularly valuable. In fine, it is intended to make the work convenient and necessary to young persons in the course of their education to trade and commerce, and a useful book of reference to the most experienced, whether he be a merchant or manufacturer, a legislator, statesman, or political economist.

“ It is scarcely necessary to observe that such a publication, must, in every point of view, prove a *desideratum* in a country whose commerce has, within the last forty years, increased in a wonderful ratio, unknown in the annals of the world, and whose manufactures are at this time in a highly flourishing state. To render this work altogether useful in the counting-house, and of necessary reference to men of business, and to inquisitive persons generally, no expense or labour will be spared in giving it every possible degree of perfection; the publishers, therefore, flatter

themselves that they shall meet with their recompense, in the approbation and patronage of the public.

*“ Conditions.—*This work will be comprised in two large octavo volumes, in extra boards, and printed on good paper and type. The price to subscribers will be four dollars per volume, payable on the delivery of each volume, and it will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expense of publication.”

To those acquainted with the merits of the publication here-in proposed, it will be itself its own best recommender: to those who are not, we need only observe, that it is already, we believe, considered as by far the best work of the kind in the English language; and that the American edition will receive material and ample additions and improvements from the pens of gentlemen skilled in commerce, trade, and manufactures, through whose hands it is to pass in its preparation for the press.

As the work will be a valuable addition to American literature, in branches of knowledge that concern the vital interests of our country, we hope it will receive the encouragement it deserves.

There are peculiar reasons why the American merchant should be well educated, well informed, and, we might add, well bred, beyond the merchant of any other country. We have amongst us in the United States no titled orders or *well-born classes* of citizens, according to the technical and usual acceptance of these terms; no descriptions of persons exclusively privileged by law or usage to do the highest honours of society and of the country, either in a public or private capacity. To these distinctions the merchant may be called, and may therefore reasonably aspire, as well as those of any other denomination of his fellow citizens. Hence it is proper that his education and attainments should be such as might fit him for the discharge of the most elevated functions.

In other countries the case is different. The merchant is confined almost exclusively and necessarily to the walks of trade, while the honours of society, both public and private, are in the hands of personages of higher rank. If, therefore, he understand well his professional pursuits, it is not very material whether he trouble himself much about any thing beyond them.

These are considerations which cannot fail to make the American merchant prize his privileges, and feel the weight of his character in society. But they should do more. They ought to operate on him as strong inducements to avail himself of every practicable opportunity for the cultivation of his mind, and the augmentation of his knowledge both professional and general.

For these and other reasons of no less weight, and equally connected with the respectability and solid advantages of the American merchant, manufacturer and trader, we again hope that the important publication herein announced will be favourably received.

ED.

NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE PROMOTION OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

WE received the other day, by favour of Dr. Hosack, a late able and well-written report of a committee of the New-York Institution for the promotion of Arts and Sciences. It is our intention to give hereafter a notice of that interesting paper more extensive than our limits in the present number of *The Port Folio* will allow. We shall, in the meantime, however, observe, that for their munificent encouragement of useful and ornamental knowledge of every description, the state and city New-York are worthy of the admiration and imitation of every state and city in the union. While we sincerely wish that important member of our political family every distinction and advantage, to which, from public and individual exertion and enterprise she is so amply entitled, we hope that her example will not fail to awaken in other sections of our country a spirit equally favourable to literature and science, and all the liberal and useful arts.

A new system of Mythology, in two volumes, giving a full account of the idolatry of the Pagan world, illustrated by analytical tables and fifty elegant copperplate engravings, representing more than two hundred subjects, in a third volume, particularly adapted to the capacity of junior students, compiled, digested and arranged, by Robert Mayo, M. D. author of *A View of Ancient Geography and History*.

The first volume of this work, of which we have long thought our country in need, has just made its appearance and is

now before us. We have looked into it with sufficient attention to acquire a knowledge of its plan, and to form an idea, as satisfactory as can arise out of a perusal in part, of its manner of execution. We are pleased with both. The arrangement is good, the quantity of matter abundant, well digested, clearly expressed and much condensed, and the proposed illustrations by engraving ample and well selected. When complete it will form a body of elegant and interesting knowledge, which should be found in the library of every classical scholar, as well as of all those who are curious on the subject of the history of idolatrous worship. We wish it the success justly due to a very respectable addition to the literature of the United States.

LIFE OF PATRICK HENRY.

It is not without a sentiment of sincere gratification that we witness, in the following proposal, arrangements making, by a competent hand, to do justice to the character of one of the most worthy and distinguished of our countrymen. As a statesman, a civilian, an orator and a patriot, Patrick Henry was entitled to stand in the foremost rank. Nor do his merits claim an inferior station as a firm, an honest, and an honourable man. He was one of those worthies on whose purity suspicion could never fix a stain.

If nature did much for Mr. Henry's character while living, accident has not been wanting in its favours to his posthumous fame: for to have found such a biographer as Mr. Wirt, so competent as a writer, and so peculiarly well qualified in every moral relation, is not the least fortunate incident in his history.

In Mr. Wirt's *Life of Patrick Henry* we are irresistibly impelled to expect much; the materials being excellent, and in great abundance, and the writer able and devoted to his subject. Nor do we think that the public will run any risk of being disappointed by bearing us company in our high anticipations. We hope, and, indeed, have no doubt, that the work will receive a liberal patronage.

ED.

"Proposal by JAMES WEBSTER, of Philadelphia, for publishing by subscription, the *LIFE OF THE LATE PATRICK HENRY*, containing many of his speeches, &c. embellished with a likeness,

by WILLIAM WERT, esq. of Richmond (Va.) author of the *British Spy*, &c.

Conditions.—The work will be printed on a fine paper, in one octavo volume, and will contain from three hundred and fifty to four hundred pages. It will be delivered to subscribers, in good calf binding, at three dollars per copy. The price to non-subscribers will be three dollars and fifty cents."

DR. ABERCROMBIE'S EDITION OF JOHNSON'S WORKS.

It will be recollected by many of our readers, that a few years ago proposals were issued for publishing, by subscription, these masterly productions, so correctly denominated by an enlightened critic, "rare and gigantic efforts of mind."

The late war occurring, with its mental distractions and pecuniary embarrassments, produced a temporary suspension of the design.

With the happy return of peace, we are not a little gratified in being able to inform our readers, that the business is about to be resumed; and, provided the requisite encouragement be given, the people of the United States will shortly be put in possession of a monument of intellect, which those of Great Britain have never yet beheld; a *complete* edition of the Works of Dr. Johnson, rendered so, by the present editor's correspondence with Mr. Boswell some years before his death, and by the discovery of several effusions of Dr. Johnson's pen, which have not been inserted in the former editions of his works.

As the engagement is weighty, we hope the patronage will be extensive in a corresponding degree.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE SUN, A POEM, BY JAMES HOGG.

In the last number of *The Port Folio* we simply announced the intention of Mr. Thomas to publish an American edition of this elegant little production of fancy, which has conferred on its author no ordinary share of reputation, in the highest circles of taste in the enlightened metropolis of the British empire. Since that period the poem has made its appearance in a neat 18mo. volume.

Reserving to ourselves the privilege, should we deem it advisable, of resuming and dwelling more fully on the subject hereafter, we shall only, for the present, introduce into our Journal

a few extracts, which, we doubt not, will so far recommend themselves, as to awaken in many of our readers a desire to procure and peruse the entire work.

The dedication to lord Byron is well conceived, terse and pithy.

Not for thy crabbed state-creed, wayward wight,
 Thy noble lineage, nor thy virtues high,
 (God bless the mark!) do I this homage plight;
 No—'tis thy bold and native energy;
 Thy soul that dares each bound to overfly,
 Ranging through Nature on erratic wing—
 These do I honour—and would fondly try
 With thee a wild ærial strain to sing:
 Then, O! round Shepherd's head thy charmed mantle fling.

The approach of the pilgrims to the vicinity of the pavilion of the Most High, the glories they there beheld, and the peals of heavenly music which burst on their ears, are set forth in a strain of elegance, sublimity and force, which would not have disgraced even the pen of Milton.

At length they reached a vale of wondrous form
 And dread dimensions, where the tribes of heaven
 Assembly held, each in its proper sphere
 And order placed. That vale extended far
 Across the heavenly regions, and its form
 A tall gazoon, or level pyramid.
 Along its borders palaces were ranged,
 All fronted with the thrones of beauteous seraphs,
 Who sat with eyes turned to the inmost point
 Leaning upon their harps; and all those thrones
 Were framed of burning chrystal, where appeared
 In mingled gleam millions of dazzling hues!

Still, as the valley narrowed to a close,
 These thrones increased in grandeur and in glory,
 On either side, until the inmost two
 Rose so sublimely high, that every arch,
 Was ample as the compass of that bow
 That, on dark cloud, bridges the vales of earth.

The columns seemed ingrained with gold, and branched
 With many lustres, whose each single lamp
 Shone like the sun as from the earth beheld;

And each particular column, placed upon
A northern hill, would cap the polar wain.
There sat half shrouded in incessant light
The great archangels; nighest to the throne
Of the Almighty—for—O dreadful view!
Betwixt these two, closing the lengthened files
Stood the pavilion of the eternal God!
Himself unseen, in tenfold splendours veiled,
The least unspeakable, so passing bright,
That even the eyes of angels turned thereon
Grow dim, and round them transient darkness swims.

Within the verge of that extended region
Our travellers stood. Farther they could not press,
For round the light and glory threw a pale,
Repellant, but to them invisible;
Yet myriads were within of purer frame.

Ten thousand thousand messengers arrived
From distant worlds, the missionaries of heaven,
Sent forth to countervail malignant sprites
That roam existence. These gave their report,
Not at the throne, but at the utmost seats
Of these long files of throned seraphims,
By whom the word was passed. Then fast away
Flew the commissioned spirits, to renew
Their watch and guardship in far distant lands.
They saw them, in directions opposite,
To every point of heaven glide away
Like flying stars; or, far adown the steep,
Gleam like small lines of light.

Now was the word
Given out, from whence they knew not, that all tongues,
Kindreds and tribes, should join, with one accord,
In hymn of adoration and acclaim,
To Him that sat upon the throne of heaven,
Who framed, saved, and redeemed them to himself!

Then all the countless hosts obeisance made,
And with their faces turned unto the throne,
Stood up erect, while all their coronals
From off their heads, were reverently upborne.
Our earth-born visitant quaked every limb.
The angels touched their harps with gentle hand
As prelude to begin—then, all at once,
With full o'erwhelming swell the strain arose;

And pealing high rolled o'er the throned lists
And tuneful files, as if the sun itself
Welled forth the high and holy symphony!
All heaven beside was mute—the streams stood still
And did not murmur—the light wandering winds
Withheld their motion in the midst of heaven,
Nor stirred the leaf but hung in breathless trance
Where first the sounds assailed them!—Even the windows
Of God's pavilion seemed to open wide
And drink the harmony!

The following curious and fanciful account of the cause and productions of comets, will not, we think, be read without interest:

While thus they stood or lay (for to the eyes
Of all, their posture seemed these two between,
Bent forward on the wind; in graceful guise,
On which they seemed to press, for their fair robes
Were streaming far behind them) there passed by
A most erratic wandering globe, that seemed
To run with troubled aimless fury on.
The virgin, wondering, inquired the cause
And nature of that roaming meteor world.

When Cela thus—"I can remember well
When yon was such a world as that you left;
A nursery of intellect, for those
Where matter lives not.—Like these other worlds,
It wheeled upon its axle, and it swung
With wide and rapid motion. But the time
That God ordained for its existence run,
Its uses in that beautiful creation,
Where nought subsists in vain, remained no more!
The saints and angels knew of it, and came
In radiant files, with awful reverence,
Unto the verge of heaven where we now stand,
To see the downfall of a sentenced world.
Think of the impetus that urges on
These ponderous spheres, and judge of the event.
Just in the middle of its swift career,
Th' Almighty snapt the golden cord in twain
That hung it to the heaven—Creation sobbed!
And a spontaneous shriek rang on the hills
Of these celestial regions. Down amain
Into the void the outcast world descended,

Wheeling and thundering on! Its troubled seas
 Were churned into a spray, and, whizzing, flurried
 Around it like a dew —The mountain tops,
 And ponderous rocks, were off impetuous flung,
 And clattered down the steeps of night forever.

“ Away into the sunless starless void
 Rushed the abandoned world; and thro’ its caves,
 And rifted channels, airs of chaos sung.
 The realms of night were troubled—for the stillness
 Which there from all eternity had reigned
 Was rudely discomposed; and moaning sounds,
 Mixed with a whistling howl were heard afar
 By darkling spirits!—Still with stayless force,
 For years and ages, down the wastes of night
 Rolled the impetuous mass!—of all its seas
 And superficies disencumbered
 It boomed along, till by the gathering speed,
 Its furnaced mines and hills of walled sulphur
 Were blown into a flame—When, meteor-like,
 Bursting away upon an arching track,
 Wide as the universe, again it scaled
 The dusky regions.—Long the heavenly hosts
 Had deemed the globe extinct—nor thought of it.
 Save as an instance of Almighty power:
 Judge of their wonder and astonishment,
 When far as heavenly eyes can see, they saw
 In yon blue void, that hideous world appear!
 Showering thin flame, and shining vapour forth
 O’er half the breadth of heaven!—The angels paused!
 And all the nations trembled at the view.

The descent of the two pilgrims from the confines of heaven
 is described in a style picturesque and beautiful in the highest
 degree.

They turned around,
 And kneeling on the brow of heaven, there paid
 Due adoration to that Holy One,
 Who framed and ruled the elements of nature.
 Then like two swans that far on wing hath scaled
 The Alpine heights to gain their native lake,
 At length, perceiving far below their eye
 The beauteous silvery speck—they slack their wings,
 And softly sink adown the incumbent air:

So sunk our lovely pilgrims from the verge
Of the fair heaven, down the streamered sky;
Far other scenes, and other worlds to view.

We shall conclude our extracts at this time with the following beautiful little apostrophe to Hope:

O! seraph Hope! that here below
Can nothing dear to the last forego!
When we see the forms we fain would save
Wear step by step adown to the grave.
Still Hope a lambent gleam will shed,
Over the last, the dying bed.
And even, as now, when the soul's away,
It flutters and lingers o'er the clay!
O Hope! thy range was never expounded!
'Tis not by the grave that thou art bounded!

Without detaining our readers any longer at present, we hold it best that such of them as have it in their power should procure the little volume we are examining, read it carefully, and mark the beautiful passages themselves. Nor do we hazard any thing in assuring them that they will be amply rewarded for their pains.

ED.

VARIETY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CRITICS, or rather criticisers of more petulance than erudition, have affected to consider certain words now in use among us, here in America, as not genuine English. I have considered many of those phrases, and am confident that they are real legitimate English words, which have been preserved in their colloquial language, among those unmixed descendants of the old-fashioned British, who now constitute the population of the eastern states, while they have sunk entirely into disuse, and become obsolete, or else totally changed their meaning among the living inhabitants of the mother country.

At the house of a friend of mine where I was on a visit, a conversation arose a few days ago, upon the subject of that change of

meaning, which words in every language are liable to sustain from the lapse of time; and I found to my surprise, that but one in the company was aware of the extent to which those changes have been carried. I recollected to have read in an old volume that I had on my shelves, a dissertation of the subject, and I stated one or two things from it, which surprised them so much that they expressed a desire I should publish the whole in some of our periodical works. I agreed to do so, and wishing to give *The Port Folio* the preference, I now send it to you for the purpose.

C. R.

One of the most peculiar circumstances relating to language, is the mutation of the sense of words, in different ages, so that the same word to which a good meaning was formerly annexed, may now have a signification directly opposite. This happens so universally, that probably no language whether ancient or modern has been exempted from it; but the change proceeds so slowly and insensibly that the life of one man is not sufficient to afford him an opportunity of perceiving the change. With regard to our own language, if we look into those authors who flourished a century and a half ago, numerous instances will occur. The reading of the following passage in Turberville's second eclogue, a gentleman who was educated at Oxford, and wrote in the reign of queen Elizabeth, led me into this observation:

Among the rest of all the route
 A passing proper lass,
 A white-hair'd *trull* of twenty yeares,
 Or heere-about there was;
 In stature passing all the rest,
 A gallant *girl* for hewe;
 To be compared to townish *nymphs*,
 So faire she was to viewe.
 Her forehead cloth with gold was purl'd,
 A little here and there;
 With copper clasp about her neck,
 A kerchief did she weare
 That reached to her breasts and paps;
 The wench about her waist,

A gallant gaudy ribande had,
That girt her body fast.

Here we find the poet in describing an innocent country beauty, does not scruple to call her a *trull*, which now signifies a strumpet. Doctor Swift says,

So Mævius, when he drained his skull,
To celebrate some suburb *trull*;
His similies in order set
And every crambo he can get;
And gone through all the common places,
Worn out by wits who rhyme on faces;
Before he could his poem close
The lovely Nymph had lost her nose.

In the same manner Turberville puts *wench* for a young woman, which is now rarely used, but by way of contempt, and seems to be threatened with the same fate that *trull* has received.

The alteration of *knave*, which formerly signified a servant, and of *villain*, a sort of slave, is generally known.

Pedant anciently meant a school-master—thus Shakspeare in his Twelfth Night, mentions,

“A pedant that keeps a school in the church.”

But now, this word gives an idea of a stiff, formal and unpolished man of literature. Thus Addison in his Whig Examiner:

“The remaining part of the preface has so much of the *pedant*, and so little of the conversation of man in it, that I shall pass it over.”

And Swift,

“In learning let a nymph delight,
“The pedant gets a mistress by’t.

In like manner the word *leech*, anciently signified a physician:

“And straightway sent with careful diligence,
“To fetch a *leech*, the which had great insight
“In that disease of grieved conscience;
“And well could cure the same: his name was *Patience*.

Spencer's Fairy Queen.

Even Dryden uses it in this sense:

“Wise *leeches* will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude,
Deaf to complaints, they wait upon the ill
Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.”

Roscommon has thus described the insect which has now usurped this name by being used in bleeding:

“Sticking like *leeches* till they burst with blood.

Leechcraft was also used for the science of medicine:

“We study speech, but others we persuade,
“We *leechcraft* learn, but others cure with it.”

SIR JOHN DAVIS.

“The word “*dame*,” says Dr. Watts, in his *Logic*, “originally signified the mistress of a family, who was a *lady*; but in common use, now-a-days, it represents a farmer’s wife, or a mistress of a family of the lower rank in the country.”

Though the cause of such mutations may be principally ascribed to the caprice of mankind, yet much may be imputed to words being debased by vulgar use. An instance of this we have in the word *lawyer*, a name vulgarly given to every the meanest pettifogger. Every little apothecary, surgeon’s mate, or even farrier, is also commonly honoured with the title of *doctor*; even chimney doctors are become frequent—so that *doctor* and *lawyer* will in time undergo the same changes with *leech* and *pedant*, though *physician* and counsellor still retain their dignity.

However, it is to be hoped that our language will be more fixed, and better established, when the public is favoured with a new dictionary, undertaken with that view, and adapted to answer several other valuable purposes—A work now in great forwardness.*

C. R.

OSTIAKS.

TOOKE, in his “*RUSSIA*,” informs us of a very singular opinion that prevails among the Ostiaks—a Finnish nation: “The

* This essay was evidently written before the publishing of Johnson’s Dictionary.

Ostiaks (says he) believe that bears enjoy, after death, a happiness at least equal to that which they expect for themselves. Whenever they kill one of those animals, therefore, they sing songs over him, in which they ask his pardon, and hang up his skin, to which they show many civilities and pay many fine compliments in order to induce him not to wreak his vengeance upon them in the abode of spirits.

O. R.

CURIOUS RIVER.

In the province of Andalusia, in Spain, there is a river of the most extraordinary and singular qualities. It rises in the Sierra Morena mountains, empties itself into the Mediterranean near the town of Huelva, and is named "THE TINTO," from the tinge of its waters, which are as yellow as topaz, hardening the sand and petrifying it in a most extraordinary manner. If a stone happens to fall in and rest upon another, they both become in a year's time perfectly united and conglomerated. All the plants on the banks of this river are withered by its waters whenever they overflow, as are also the roots of trees which it dyes of the same hue as itself. No kind of verdure will come up where its water reaches, nor any fish live in its stream. When given to cattle to drink it kills worms in them: but, in general, no animal will drink of it, except goats, whose flesh, nevertheless, has an excellent flavour. These singular properties continue till other rivers run into it and alter its nature; for when it passes by Niebla, it is not different from other rivers, and falls into the Mediterranean six leagues lower down, at the town of Huelva, where it is two leagues broad, and admits of large vessels which come up the river as high as San Juan del Puerto, three leagues above Huelva.

C. R.

A HUMAN CREATURE THAT CHEWED THE CUD.

Mrs. Piozzi, in her journey through Italy, met a natural curiosity, of which she gives the following account, in the second volume of her observations.

VOL. VI.

B b

" But a natural curiosity seen at Milan this 16th day of August 1786, leads my mind into another channel. I went to wait upon and thank the lady, or the relation of the lady, who lent us her house at Varese, and make our proper acknowledgments; and at that visit saw something very uncommon surely: though I remembered Dr. Johnson once said that nobody had ever seen a very strange thing, and challenged the company (about seventeen people, myself among them) to produce a strange thing; but I had not then seen Avvocato B—, a lawyer, here at Milan, and a man respected in his profession, who actually chews the cud like an ox, which he did at my request and in my presence. He is apparently much like another tall, stout man; but has many extraordinary properties, being eminent for strength, and possessing a set of ribs and sternum very surprising, and worthy the attention of anatomists. His body upon the slightest touch, even through all his clothes, throws out electric sparks. He can reject his meals from his stomach at pleasure, and did absolutely in the course of two hours, the only two I ever passed in his company, go through, to oblige me, the whole operation, of eating, masticating, swallowing and returning by the mouth a large piece of bread and a peach. With all this conviction nothing more was wanting; but I obtained beside, the confirmation of common friends, who were willing likewise to bear testimony to this strange accidental variety. What I hear of his character is, that he is a low-spirited nervous man; and I suppose his *ruminating* moments are spent in lamenting the singularities of his frame."

C. R.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

The following admirable maxims are extracted for the benefit of the female part of the readers of *The Port Folio*, from a work written by the countess dowager of Carlisle, and published about five and twenty years ago.

" Habituate yourself to that way of life most agreeable to the person to whom you are united: be content in retirement, or with society, with the town or the country.

If he should prefer the country during your earlier years, a period when diversions are most attractive, it may be at first

painful; you may be sensible of the privation; but your chance for durable happiness is infinitely greater there, than where each side is beset with continual dangers to domestic tranquillity.

Make choice of such amusements as will attach him to your company: study such occupations as will render you of consequence to him; such as the management of his fortune and the conduct of his house; yet without assuming a superiority unbecoming your sex.

If his turn of mind lead him to the inspection and care of his estate, avoid to interfere with a branch of government not properly within your sphere.

Should he be neglectful of his family interests, supply his place with redoubled attention, and take care not to remind him of his negligence by a vain and unnecessary display of your zeal.

If public employments demand his frequent absence from home, make his supposed intentions there to be as much respected as if he were present, by your own deference to them.

If the contagion of example gain too strong an empire over him; if misled by pleasures, or hurried by passion, let not your impatience prevent his return to reason.

Let an early examination of his temper prepare you to bear with inequalities to which all are more or less subject.

Do not attempt to destroy his innocent pleasures by pretexts of economy; rather retrench your own expenses to promote them.

Should he sometimes delight in trivial occupations, treat such with complaisance; as few but the idle have leisure to be very ill-tempered.

Disturb not the hours he may have allotted for amusement, with the recital of domestic grievances.

Watch for and profit of such moments of his leisure, as will allow him without pain or chagrin to redress them.

Let your attentions be so continued, accompanied with no affectation, yet so easy as may prove they flow from the heart.

The least appearance of flattery mingled with assiduity, conveys a suspicion of self-interested motives.

If absolute necessity, or free choice, call him often from home (suppose it be too often) when he revisits that home, make it so agreeable to him that it shall finally acquire his preference.

Show the greatest respect to his near relations: observe a constant civility towards the more distant: let there be no marked distinction between those on either side, in your own breast.

During the education of men in schools, academies, and colleges, friendships are formed, perhaps too early sometimes to be judicious, but equally hard to dissolve. If, in consequence, you should have occasion to behold such with pain, do not attempt to break them off with precipitation.

When a man sees his friends coolly received in his own house, he will naturally seek occasions to meet them abroad: maintain, therefore, your interest with him, by a polite deportment to those he so prefers, though you do not.

Jealousy is mostly ideal: of consequence it is capricious; its actions and motives inconsiderate, and all its suggestions fatal to mutual repose and destructive of domestic felicity.

The delicate but firm counsels of a friend, of religion, and, if possible, a speedy retreat for awhile, are the safest remedies against the artful; but soothing attentions of real or seeming admirers, at moments when the mind is irritated by reproach, or the severities inflicted by unjust suspicions.

Should your union be attended with greater felicity than is the usual lot of our sex, govern your just affection to preserve it: by too much anxiety you may destroy it.

Sufficient are the real difficulties we have each to encounter in the course of our lives; create none therefore: use your reason in combating the former, and be silent if the weakness of your frame prevent an entire suppression of fictitious ones.

If afflicted with bad health, study to avoid complaint; it is an increasing habit, affording no essential relief to the sufferer, and apt to make the lives of others as irksome as your own.

By a habit of describing your infirmities, you contract indelicacy: you may perhaps excite compassion from a very humane disposition, but you run the risk of diminishing affection and respect.

Whatever dissention may arise between yourself and your husband (how much soever your conduct and understanding may justify the part you take in them) suffer the interference of *no third* person; but more especially, if you suppose their partiality would induce them to decide in your favour.

Those friendships which are early produced between two very young women, in the theatre of the great world, and where both are equally engaged in the frivolities of fashion, are usually but very slightly cemented, and are as briefly dissolved.

If your fortune be moderate, economy is absolutely necessary; if considerable, method and prudence will render it doubly beneficial.

Observe the utmost regularity in the keeping of your household accounts: to yourself it is tranquillity—to your dependents it is but justice.

The luxury of this age exacts from the mistress of a great house, or indeed a smaller, some attention to the table; disdain not, therefore, to give a proper application to that study.

With regard to dress, do not aspire to be a leader in fashions, nor excessive in point of ornament.

Follow fashions at a moderate distance, nor blindly adopt such as may expose you to ridicule; for servile imitation makes no distinctions.

Should a plentiful fortune enable you to indulge a disposition to give, complete the happiness of the receivers by the manner of bestowing.

If naturally blessed with a good memory, exercise it continually.

Rest not contented with a bad memory; it is but another name for negligence among young persons.

There are certainly degrees of memory; some more feeble, some more perfect than others: for the one there are many helps; the other must be supported by constant exercise.

Resolution and perseverance are correctives to an indolent memory.

Materials with which memory should be charged, ought to be of the benevolent kind; and, when reproduced, let discretion and charity distribute them.

Employ the powers of memory in the recollection of the favours of Providence, or the blessings and escapes vouchsafed by that All-giving hand.

If the love of admiration, in your youthful days, shall bear no part in your attachment to the amusements of the theatre, there are none more instructive—none more eligible for relaxation.

When you can fix your mind on the scenes before you, when the eye does not wander, nor the heart flutter at the surrounding objects of the spectacle, you will return home instructed and improved.

The great utilities of well-acted tragedy are, the exciting your compassion for real sufferings, the suppression of your vanity and arrogance in prosperity, and the inspiring you with heroic patience in adversity.

In comedy you will receive continual correction, delicately applied to your errors and foibles; be impartial in the application, and divide it humbly with your acquaintances and friends, and even with your enemies.

A very few precepts, and much salutary example to persons destitute of education, are the surest methods of encouraging virtue among them.

Profit by others' misfortunes and mistakes, as a correction to your pride, and as a guard to your steps.

Extend your kindness, and continue your affections to all that shall remain of those you loved, if worthy; it is the only sure mode of consolation you can have recourse to.

In grief, sickness and danger, make your first and constant supplication to that Power who alone can relieve and save.

Let your conduct be such to all around you, as shall lead them to the same path without affright.

If strength of mind remain during your malady, if it gives you leisure for the exertion of rational power, let it check, as much as possible, those encroaching indulgencies which sickness is perpetually craving.

Be assured, that when able to exert your cheerfulness, it is nowise contrary to the precepts of religion.

Fix your eyes habitually on immortal life, to pass more lightly through the pangs of mortality.

A continued and humble resignation will secure your peace in the most awful of moments, that of your dissolution."

C. R.

TURIN AND THE ALPS.

We do not expect from female tourists, that able delineation of the characteristic features of particular nations, which requires profound knowledge, vast comprehension of mind, and judgment naturally strong, invigorated by much experience; but, for an amusing and interesting sketch of individual parts; for interesting descriptions of the particular manners and customs of society, and of the prominent parts of the character; for a lively detail of the passing incidents of a day or a week, and for the happy power of giving to common occurrences an air of novelty, and transfusing into them a portion of the spirit of adventure and romance, we think the ladies bear away the palm. The following short sketch of Turin and the passing of the Alps, borrowed from the pen of a lady of high consideration in the world of letters, will bear us out in this assertion.

C. R.

"We have at length passed the Alps, and are safely arrived at this lovely little city, whence I looked back on the majestic boundaries of Italy, with *amazement at his courage who first profaned them*; surely the immediate sensation conveyed to the mind by the sight of such tremendous appearances, must be in every traveller the same, a sensation of fulness never experienced before, a satisfaction that there is something great to be seen upon earth—some object capable of contenting even fancy. Who he was who first of all people pervaded these fortifications, raised by nature for the defence of her European Paradise, is not ascertained; but the great duke of Savoy has wisely left his name engraved on a monument, upon the first considerable ascent from Pont Bonvoisin, as being the author of a beautiful road cut through the solid stone for a great length of way, and having by this means encouraged others to assist in facilitating a passage so truly desirable, till one of the great wonders now to be observed among the Alps, is the ease with which even a delicate traveller may cross them. In these prospects, colouring is carried to its utmost

point of perfection, particularly at the time I found it, variegated with the golden touches of autumnal tints; immense cascades, meantime, bursting from naked mountains on the one side; cultivated fields rich with vineyards, on the other, and tufted with elegant shrubs that invite one to pluck and carry them away, to where they would be treated with much more respect. Little towns sticking in the clefts where one would imagine it was impossible to clamber; light clouds often sailing under the feet of the high-perched inhabitants, while the sound of a deep and rapid, though narrow river, dashing with violence among the insolently impeding rocks at the bottoms, and bells in thickly scattered spires, calling the quiet Savoyards to church upon the steep sides of every hill—fill one's mind with such mutable, such various ideas, as no other place can ever possibly afford.

“Going down the Italian side of the Alps is, after all, an astonishing journey, and affords the most magnificent scenery in nature, which, varying at every step, gives a new impression to the mind each moment of one's passage; while the portion of terror excited, either by real or fancied dangers on the way, is just sufficient to mingle with the pleasure and make one feel the full effect of sublimity. To the chairmen who carry one, though nothing can be new, it is observable that the glories of these objects have never faded: I heard them speak to each other of their beauties, and the change of light since they had passed by last time; while a fellow who spoke English as well as a native, told us that having lived in a gentleman's service twenty years, between London and Dublin, he at length begged his discharge, choosing to retire and finish his days a peasant upon these mountains, where he first opened his eyes upon scenes that made all other views of nature insipid to his taste.

“This charming town is the Salon of Italy; but it is a finely proportioned and well ornamented Salon, happily constructed to call in the fresh air at the end of every street, through which a rapid stream is directed that *ought* to carry off all nuisances, which here have no apology from want of any convenience, purchasable by money; and which must, for that reason, be the choice of inhabitants, who would, perhaps, be too happy had they a natural taste for that neatness which might here be enjoyed in its purity. The

arches, formed to defend passengers from the rain and sun, which here might have serious effects from their violence, deserve much praise; while their architecture, uniting our ideas of comfort and beauty together, form a traveller's taste, and teach him to admire that perfection of which a miniature may certainly be found at Turin, when once a police shall be established there, to prevent such places being used for the very grossest purposes, and polluted with smells that poison one's pleasure.

ANECDOTE.

Madame Terein, a lady of erudition and discernment, gave to Marmontel, when he was a young man, a piece of advice with respect to the management of authorship, which ought to be a perpetual lesson to all writers by profession. "Secure yourself," said she, "a livelihood independent of literary successes; and put into this lottery only the overplus of your time: for wo to him who depends only on his pen!—nothing is more casual. The man who makes shoes, is sure of his wages; but the man who writes a book is never sure of any thing."

There is a fact related of the late admiral sir Samuel Cornish, which may be put in comparison with any thing feigned by Smollet of commodore Trunnion, captain Crowe, or Ben Bowling. Sir Samuel, like most of the great British scamen of old, rose entirely by his merit, from a low life to a very high command in the navy; and as his abilities as an admiral were undoubted, so his acquisitions as a scholar were extremely slender. At the surrender of Manilla in 1763, his colleague, colonel Draper, who was shortly after sir William Draper, and who was one of the most accomplished scholars of his age, and prided himself highly on his literary attainments, carried on all his negociations, relative to the ransom of the city, in the Latin language with the Spanish archbishops. On the shameful evasion of the payment of the ransom, admiral Cornish who, like Trunnion, could not write Latin or any other foreign lingo, and suspected that the whole failure was to be ascribed to the negociation being carried on in that antiquated jargon, declared and confirmed it with a forecastle oath, that he never would accept a command again with any man who understood Latin.

A certain bookseller of Paternoster Row—one of those who follow the trade of publishing things in numbers, went to Gibbons's lodgings in St. James's-street, sent up his name, and was admitted. "Sir," said he, "I am now publishing a history of England done by several good hands. I understand you have a good, a pretty good kind of a knack at them there sort of things, and I should be glad to give you every reasonable encouragement."

As soon as Gibbon recovered from his astonishment, and could muster up the use of his legs and tongue, he ran to the bell and, summoning his servant, ordered him to *show that encourager of learning down stairs.*

ANECDOTE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS SIR JOHN HOLT.

The society for the reformation of manners, was set up in the latter end of king William's reign, and continued to the present day, though instituted upon good principles, yet, in many instances, acted upon refinements as unserviceable to the cause of real morality, as to that of common sense. This was exemplified in the case of Leveridge, the well-known popular vocal performer of that time, whom they prosecuted merely for singing an ode of Dryden's, the subject of which was *the praise of love and wine*. It would seem that the fanatical spirit of the society infected the public, for the grand jury found the bill against poor Leveridge.

When the trial came on before sir John Holt, he at once perceived the narrow spirit of the prosecution; and finding the fact of the singing so fully proved, he thought of the following stratagem to get Leveridge out of the scrape. He called for the printed song; and after reading it over very attentively, observed that as he saw nothing in the words very culpable, he imagined the offence must lie in the manner of singing it: he, therefore, desired Leveridge might sing it before the court; the performer readily took the hint, and sung it with so much power of voice and taste, that the jury without going out of the box acquitted him, and he was carried home on the shoulders of the mob in triumph.

Sir John Holt was one of the most dignified, upright and inflexible of the British judges; the integrity of his character is

delineated in the fourteenth number of the Tatler, under the name of Verres: yet he had, in his youth, been extremely wild and dissolute. Being once on the bench at the Old Bailey, officiating as a judge, a fellow was tried for highway robbery, and very narrowly acquitted, whom his lordship recollected to have been one of his early companions in dissipation. After the trial was over, curiosity induced him to send for the man in private, in order to inquire the fortune of his contemporaries, with whom he was once associated. He, therefore, asked the fellow what was become of Tom such-a-one, and Will such-a-one, and the rest of the party to whom they belonged. When the fellow, fetching a deep sigh, and making a low bow, replied—"Ah! my lord—they are all hanged, except your lordship and myself."

The matrimonial blacksmith of Gretna Green, having bound an old lady and a youth of unrazor'd lips in the silken bonds of wedlock, observed to a friend, "I have just tied a *withered stick* and a *green twig* together with a *cobweb*."

SIMPLICITY IN ORNAMENT.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

I have received more than ordinary gratification in the perusal of the essay on Simplicity in Ornament, in the last number of your magazine. Every remark bears testimony to the just taste, and accurate discriminating discernment of the author. One observation with which I was particularly pleased, and principally, perhaps, because it upholds a doctrine I have often maintained myself, is that which relates to the style of rural embellishment, which ought to prevail in this country. It is remarked that in our country seats, even the set decorations of parterres, strait gravelled walks, avenues of equi-distant trees, and other formalities, which give an appearance of human labour and skill, justly exploded in English gardening, may not only be tolerated, but admitted with advantage, where the features of nature have yet undergone but little change. This is certainly correct; and more particularly so in situations of the more rude and sublime kind, where lofty forest trees, abrupt, projecting rocks, steep precipices, and darksome evergreens, conspire to give wildness to the scene. How revolting to good taste in such a place would be the

artificial construction of a wilderness; the elaboration of the sombre in a situation already overdone with gloom! To old and long cultivated settlements in the neighbourhood of our cities, such ornaments may be well adapted, and produce the agreeable effect of variety and contrast; but to make a wilderness within a wilderness, a little *dismal* within a great one, would be worse than labour thrown away. I except, however, the endeavour to assist nature in the romantic cast of a particular feature already marked, and rendered permanent and characteristic.

But I wander from my object, which was merely to express my sense of the good taste, the refined and judicious thoughts of your Hermit; and to congratulate you and the readers of *The Port Folio* on the pleasing instruction his elegant and profound criticisms are calculated to afford.

Yours, &c.

July 8th, 1815.

A RUSTIC.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON A BELOVED SISTER.

I LIVED in hopes once more to see
 The virtues which excelled in thee,
 And in thy fond embrace to be,
 Sweet sister, still entwined.
 But that too sanguine hope is fled,
 For, wo is me! from her child-bed
 They've borne my gentle sister dead,
 To the cold grave consigned.

But thou hast kept His high command,
 And now in triumph dost thou stand,
 Thy smiling infant in thy hand,
 Before thy gracious God.

Ah! whilst amidst these cares I stay,
 For me let thy kind spirit pray,
 And guide me to the heavenly way,
 Sweet sister, thou hast trod.

A sister's zeal can now implore
 Her God, that I may reach that shore,
 Where joy celestial evermore

Has crowned her pious worth;
And at thy prayer may He who bled
Upon the cross, sweet comfort shed,
Like dew, upon the silver head
Of her who gave thee birth.

For who but He can stay her tears,
And what but grace dispel my fears,
And who but thee for us appears

Before His mercy seat.

There in the glorious realms above,
Where thou art called by grace and love,
If thy kind prayer thy God may move,

Sweet sister we may meet.

Do thou in each uncertain thought,
By fears, by doubts, in darkness wrought,
Let light into my mind be brought,

And breathe a hope divine.

And till this life of pain shall end,
When peril shall o'er us impend,
Sweet sister from thy heaven descend,

And guard both me and mine.

By all her grief who gave us birth,
By all the tears thou'st caused on earth,
And by thy all consummate worth,

Sweet sister comfort me.

And when I draw the last faint sigh,
Descend, kind spirit, from on high,
To lead my way along the sky,

And I will follow thee.

March, 1815.

G. W. F.

—
PERFECT SOLITUDE.

HE, who in lone seclusion dwells,
Where not a human vestige tells
Of human charm and sympathy—
Where nature only meets the eye—
If that his breast, from sorrow free,
In nature's silent charms can see

Lines, that his mental view shall cast
In joy, to dwell on features past—
Or even if aught shall tell of grief
Of gone by hours—it brings relief—
If he can people all around
With forms, in hope or memory found,
Though beats no heart there but his own—
He is not *lonely*—though *alone*.

He, who, in prison walls confined,
Where gloomy barriers ever bind
His gaze from God's own precious light—
Ne'er feasts his eye on human sight,
Save that, which at his turning grate,
Forever tells him of his fate—
If that he feels how innocent
He bears that weight of punishment,
And from his dreary mansion springs,
Refulgent hope on glittering wings,
While memory calls forever round him
The scenes and hours where joy once found him—
Though there he greets no human tone,
He is not *lonely*—though *alone*.

But who, in pop'lous city pent,
Where every eager heart is bent
On its own views, or its own joys,
'Midst crowded marts and ceaseless noise;
And not a busy soul can spare,
From self the pittance of a care—
Meets not one glance of sympathy
In all the torrents rolling by,
Nor turns his seared sight for rest
On one sweet face with welcome drest—
Where on his passing form there dwells
No look, that to his bosom tells,
Were the next hour to see him die,
It would afford a single sigh;—
Though pressing on him crowds intrude,
His—his—is Perfect Solitude.

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS."

THE eye may not in crime delight,
But used to Guilt's corrupting gaze,
Full soon all singleness of sight
Is lost, within its *searing* rays.

The tongue may not to falsehood reach,
But used to Folly's careless phrase,
Full soon all singleness of speech
Is lost within its artful maze.

Gross words may not delight the ear,
But drunk too oft the vicious sound,
Full soon it will not start to hear
Discourse, that Purity may wound.

Then O! from Guilt's corrupting gaze,
Whose serpent looks shoot blasting light,
From foul discourse, and careless phrase,
Guard well thy *hearing, speech, and sight.*

—
THE CHILD OF SORROW.

I SAW the Child of Sorrow weep,
By grief and care oppress,
And heavy sighs convuls'd and deep,
Perturb her virtuous breast.

And can, I cried, that Power be just,
Who yields thy heart to wo!
Then Virtue where's thy hope and trust,
In heaven, or earth below!

Enrapt, an angel's voice I heard,
In silver tones exclaim—

"Oh holy form, oh blessed word,
Religion was her name.

"Vain, foolish, doubt-assuming man,
With reason so confin'd,
Presum'st thou God's decrees to scan.
To judge Omniscient mind.

“ Know that to Virtue woes are given,
 To wean her hopes from earth;
 To raise the trembling soul to heaven,
 There to receive new birth.

“ Go—sin no more, but humbly trust,
 Affliction’s trial proves
 His care, whose laws are ever just,
 Who chasteneth whom he loves.

SYDNEY.

HONOUR AND GLORY WITH PLENTY AND PEACE.

(Tune:—“ *Hail to the Chief.*”)

SWIFT o’er the land on his fast-flowing pinions
 The angel of Mercy has pass’d on the wind,
 Sorrow no more shall bow down to Pride’s minions,
 Carnage no longer a refuge can find;
 Bless’d be his happy way;
 Hail! to the happy day,
 When rapine and blood-shed in mercy shall cease;
 Pledge high the noble toast,
 Our dearest pride and boast,

Honour and Glory with Plenty and Peace.

Honour, &c. &c.

Swift o’er the waves of the dark-foaming ocean,
 The flag of Columbia in triumph shall ride;
 Survive the attacks of the whirlwind’s commotion,
 Mount high on the billows and float on the tide;
 Then shall each gallant tar
 Proud of the honoured scar,
 Mount up the cordage, and sing to the breeze;
 Echoing o’er the sea,
 This shall their motto be,

Honour and Glory with Plenty and Peace.

Swift through the air, on the broad wings of eagles,
 Fame has extended the blessing afar,
 Thanks be to Heaven—fast chain’d are the beagles,
 Broken and gone is the chariot—of war;

Raise high the grateful strain,
 Farewell to thorny pain,
 Welcome the joys and the blessings of ease;
 On Hist'ry's page behold,
 Written in flaming gold,
 HONOUR AND GLORY WITH PLENTY AND PEACE.

FREDERICK.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BY LORD BYRON.

The following beautiful little effusion is handed to us as an unpublished production from the pen of lord Byron. Although the officer whose worth it commemorates, fell in a petty predatory invasion of the soil of our country, not strictly justified by the laws and usages of honourable warfare, it is the part of the brave and magnanimous to forgive. Were it even so that the happy re-establishment of peace had not removed all grounds of hostility between us and those with whom we were lately at war, Americans can have no enemies among the dead. We feel a particular pleasure, therefore, in presenting to our readers these tributary lines, persuaded that they will peruse them, if not with an equal degree of sympathy, at least in the same spirit of candour, as if they were in praise of an American officer.

THERE is a tear for all that die,
 A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
 But nations swell the funeral cry,
 And Triumph weeps above the brave.
 For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
 O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent;
 In vain their bones unburied lie,
 All earth becomes their monument.
 A tomb is theirs on every page,
 An epitaph on every tongue,
 The present hours, the future age
 For them bewail—to them belong.
 For them the voice of festal mirth
 Grows hush'd, their name the only sound,
 While deep remembrance pours to worth,
 The goblet's tributary round.
 A theme to crowds that knew them not,
 Lamented by admiring foes;

Who would not share their glorious lot?
 Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker, thus enshrin'd
 Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be,
 And early valour glowing, find
 A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
 In wo that glory cannot quell,
 And shuddering hear of victory,*
 Where one so dear, so dauntless fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thy loss?
 Where cease to hear thy cherish'd name?
 Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
 While Grief's full heart is fed by fame.

Alas! for them! though not for thee,
 They cannot choose but weep the more,
 Deep for the dead the grief must be,
 Who ne'er gave cause to weep before.

—
 SONG.

COLUMBIA'S BOLD YEOMENRY.

Air.—"Though Bacchus may boast of his care-killing juice;" or,
 "Anacreon in Heaven;" by repeating the last couplet of each verse.

In bumpers pledge high to Columbia's proud toast,
 The rock of her safety, fair Liberty's boast;
 As her torrents impetuously flow to the main,
 Undaunted her gallant sons rush to the plain,
 And show to the world, midst the battle's rude shock,
 Columbia's bold Yeomenry firm as her oak.

Though Gallia still boast her *invincible band*,
 Those invincibles ne'er against Britons could stand;
 But the victors of Italy, Egypt, and Spain
 Had their high-vaunted laurels torn from them again,

* In the affair where sir Peter, Parker fell, the British gained no "victory" to console them for the death of their noble commander. They were, on the contrary, very signally, not to say shamefully defeated by a handful of raw, undisciplined militia.



When at Orleans they dar'd in their pride to provoke
Columbia's bold Yeomenry firm as her oak.

Long, long shall the shores of Champlain be renown'd
By Neptune and Mars with the laurel-wreath crown'd,
There the brave MOUNTAINEERS, like true heroes of might,
Put sir George and his Wellington forces to flight,
Proclaiming, in thunder, and carnage, and smoke,
Columbia's bold Yeomenry firm as her oak.

When sir Hardy the gallant, by way of a joke,
Assail'd little Stonington perch'd on a rock,
He met from the Yankees so harsh a rebuff,
That the "lords of the ocean" were glad to "claw off;"
In language of thunder the victors bespoke
Columbia's bold Yeomenry firm as her oak.

Though the powers of Europe in arms should assail
The LAND OF OUR FATHERS, their millions would fail;
Whilst memory dwells on the deeds of their fame,
The war-cry of victory, WASHINGTON'S NAME,
To repel every foe from our shores would invoke
Columbia's bold Yeomenry firm as her oak.

QUEVEDO.

—
THE OCEAN FIGHT.*

- THE sun had sunk beneath the west
When two proud barks to battle prest,
With swelling sail and streamers drest,
So gallantly.

Proud Britain's pennon flouts the skies,
Columbia's flag more proudly flies,
Her emblem stars of victories
Beam gloriously.

Sol's ling'ring rays, through vapours shed,
Have streak'd the sky of bloody red,
And now th' ensanguin'd lustre spread
Heaven's canopy.

* The nocturnal engagement between the Wasp and Avon gave rise to this poem.

Dread prelude to that awful night
When Britain and Columbia's might
Join'd in the fierce and bloody fight,
Hard rivalry.

Now low'ring o'er the stormy deep
Dank sable clouds more threat'ning sweep,
Yet still the barks their courses keep
Unerringly.

The northern gales more fiercely blow,
The white foam dashing o'er the prow,
The starry crescent round each bow
Beams vividly.

Near and more near the war-ships ride,
Till rang'd for battle side by side,
Each warrior's heart beats high with pride
Of chivalry.

'Twas awful ere the fight begun
To see brave warriors round each gun,
While thoughts on home and carnage run,
Stand silently.

As death-like stillness reigns around,
Nature seems wrapt in peace profound,
Ere fires volcanic mountain bound,
Burst furiously.

So bursting from Columbia's prow
Her thunder on the red-cross foe,
The lurid cloud's sulphuric glow
Glares awfully.

Reechoing peals more fiercely roar,
Britannia's shatter'd sides run gore,
The foaming waves that rag'd before
Sink tremulous.

Columbia's last sulphuric blaze,
That lights her stripes and starry rays,
The vanquish'd red-cross flag betrays,
Struck fearfully.

And, hark! their piercing shrieks of wo:
 Haste, haste and save the sinking foe,
 Haste, ere their wreck to bottom go,
 Brave conquerors.*

Now honour to the warriors brave,
 Whose field of fame the mountain wave,
 Their corse bear to ocean's cave,
 Their sepulchre.

Their country's paens swell their praise,
 And whilst the warm tear gushing strays,
 Full many a bard shall chant his lays,
 Their requiem.

QUEVEDO.

—
 BATTLE.—TRISTAN OF D'ACUNHA.

A NAVAL ODE.

OF Columbia in her might
 Sing again of naval war,
 When in fierce and bloody fight
 Our gallant favour'd † tar,
 Brave BIDDLE, met the foe on the wave;
 Then thrice‡ Brazilian shore
 Heard her guns triumphant roar,
 And its waves drank deep of gore
 Of the brave.

* Not more distinguished are our naval heroes for the bright constellation of victories that have shed a fadeless lustre upon the American name, than by that tender, humane, chivalric courtesy, which has elicited from a prejudiced enemy the prouder tribute of their grateful praise. Valiant in fight, humane in victory, "recorded honours shall gather and thicken round their monument; it is a solid fabric and will support the laurels that adorn it."

† Captain Biddle was first lieutenant of the *Wasp*, and gallantly led the boarding party when she captured the *Frolic*.

‡ On the coast of Brazil were also gained the brilliant victories of the *Constitution* over the *Java*, and *this same Hornet* over the *Peacock*. Thus has the southern part of our hemisphere been rendered the "field of fame" for the glorious achievements of the heroes of the north. The prowess of

'Twas March the twenty-third
When the Hornet's eager crew
The cheering signal heard,
And the word as lightning flew,
When the seaman from aloft, cried "a sail!"
Then glanc'd each stripe and star
As on board each dauntless tar
Gave three cheers, that floated far
On the gale.

Now steady gales from west
Proudly swell'd the crowded sails,
And glow'd each warrior's breast,
While through the ship prevails
Deep silence like the sleep of the dead;
Save at intervals, is heard
The captain's mandate word,
"Keep her steady, thus aboard,
Mind her head!"

Rang'd broadside to broadside
For the close decisive fight,
Wav'd the St. George in its pride;
But our victor stars more bright
Beam'd defiance to the might of the foe:
Soon their shouts that swell the gale,
Shall be chang'd to sounds of wail,
And their "meteor flag" wane pale
In their wo.

Then fore and aft each gun
O'er and o'er its thunders peal'd,
Till the war-clouds veil'd the sun
And each gallant ship conceal'd,

our arms thus displayed before the eyes of the people of that vast and wealthy empire, will produce benefits of the utmost importance to the future destinies of this country, Hitherto the Portuguese have looked to the east for countenance and protection from the former "lords of the ocean;" they may be hereafter induced to turn their eyes towards their conquerors of the west; and, consequently, the commercial advantages, now monopolized by England, in future be ours. It is by such reflections that the patriotic services rendered by our gallant tars, are duly appreciated.

Yet o'er the deep the battle loudly roar'd:
Now another broadside given,
As by lightning blast of heaven,
The Briton's mast is riven
By the board.

Now yard and yard engag'd,
O'er the Penguin havoc spread,
Yet the battle fiercely rag'd
Till her deck was strew'd with dead;
And as the swelling ocean made her heel,
By sulphureous blaze reveal'd,
As each thund'ring broadside peal'd,
The shatter'd Red-cross reel'd
On her keel.

Then sunk Britannia's pride,
Wav'd her haughty flag no more;
But o'er the troubled tide
The proud Britons aid implore,
And quarter from the valiant victors crave:
Ceas'd the fierce and bloody fray,
And the dun clouds roll'd away,
When a wreck the Briton lay
On the wave.

Now laud we that good Power
Who our gallant hero sav'd,*
When danger's darkest hour
On the deck of fame he brav'd
And the victor's eagle perch'd upon his crest:
And the fame shall spread afar
Of each true patriot tar
Who has triumph'd 'neath the star
Of the west!

QUEVEDO.

* After the action had ceased, a ball from the Penguin wounded captain Biddle in the neck; happily for the service, of which he is so distinguished an ornament, it was not fatal. The seaman's friend, the seaman's favourite, has been preserved to enjoy the rewards of his well-earned laurels.

THE MASTER THOUGHT.

A SONNET.

WHEN, in some chastened mood, sad view we cast
 Back on life's space, we must not tread again,
 Weighing its sum of joy—its sum of pain,
 ONE FEELING GOVERNS ALL—'tis first, 'tis last—
 More than the joy or grief of all the past
 Giving to birth—while after years in vain
 With wretchedness or bliss, assail its reign,
 THAT still its giant grasp keeps sternly fast—
 THAT THOUGHT, from gone by hours of good or ill,
 Bringing with it, sweet smiles or bitter tears,
 True to the fate we worked ourselves, must still
 Bestow a boon of joys or curse of cares,
 By perish'd Time's irrevocable will,
 The inheritance from pure or spotted years.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To several of the contributors to The Port Folio, we feel that an apology is due for the non-appearance of their papers in the present number. This is particularly the case with regard to our excellent correspondents, Incola Mundi, J. R. W., L., the writer of a biographical memoir now in our possession, and a few of those who hold dalliance with the Muses.

The omission of these papers, which had been marked for appearance, is to be attributed in part to the most equitable adjustment we have been able to make of the conflicting claims of priority among our correspondents, and in part to peculiar circumstances connected with two or three communications of some length, which, although the articles had been recently received, entitled them to an immediate place, even to the exclusion of others that had been longer in our possession. These peculiarities, were we at liberty to explain them, would, we are confident, exempt us from any blame. We trust in the liberality and good dispositions of our correspondents that they will allow them to do

so even without explanation. In our September number we hope we shall be able to remove all difficulties, and adjust all claims to mutual satisfaction. We, in the meantime, beg our correspondents to continue their contributions.

In our account of the defence of Sacket's Harbour we stated, that, during the action, the public stores containing property to a large amount, intended for the use of the army and navy, were, by some mismanagement, consumed. This was incorrect. The stores and property belonging to the army were saved; those only belonging to the navy destroyed. Nor, excepting the spoils of York, which belonged in part to the captors, was the loss in property very great.

Since the biographical memoir of major-general Ripley was in print, we have received from our military correspondents, two accounts of the battle of Niagara, and one of the siege of fort Erie, differing materially, in relation to certain movements, from those contained in the article to which we refer.

Our object being to record important and interesting facts, as reported to us by honourable gentlemen, who, we are convinced, are alike incapable on either side of deliberate misrepresentation, we shall, with as little delay as possible, communicate to our readers such further information respecting these brilliant affairs as we now possess, or may in future receive.

Should any discussions arise hereafter, touching the subject to which this note bears relation, we are persuaded, from the high standing of the individuals concerned, that the communications of our correspondents will be not only free from personalities, but marked with that temperance and courtesy of expression so becoming the character of an American officer. No paper of a different description shall gain admission into this journal.

We shall only further remark, that in the unpublished papers which we still possess, colonels Wood and M'Cree, of the engineers, are most honourably mentioned, as having contributed, in an eminent degree, to the success of our arms, both on the heights of Niagara, during the ever memorable defence of fort Erie, and throughout the whole of the Niagara campaign.

Historical Sketches of the Late War, &c. by John Lewis Thompson, Esq.

THIS work is, at present, in its progress through the press, nearly one third of it being already printed. It will consist of one volume large duodecimo, containing about three hundred pages, ornamented with the portraits of some of the most distinguished officers of the army and navy of the United States, and with views of places rendered famous in history by recent and memorable achievements in arms.

We have looked hastily through that portion of the work which is already printed, and, as far as we may venture to judge of the whole from the character of a part, are of opinion that it will be a useful because a faithful record of the events of the late war. The modest writer appears to aim at nothing beyond what he is able to accomplish; and we are particularly pleased to observe, that he has avoided all intemperance of expression, which, in a moment of unguarded warmth, might arise either from national or party considerations. He uses the language of an American moderately but firmly. So circumspect has he been in those chapters which have fallen under our notice, that, unacquainted with him as we are, we know not to which of the two political parties of our country he belongs. Certain it is that he writes in such a way as to give no cause of offence to either. The only object he appears to seek is the only one he ought to seek—historical truth; and that, we believe, he endeavours to derive from the most unquestionable sources.

The style of the work is that of familiar narrative, marked, however, by certain inaccuracies, which a little more practice in writing connected with the requisite degree of attention to the use and arrangement of words, will enable the author easily to correct. The studied, lofty, and measured march of history is very properly avoided.

The work is intended, we presume, more particularly for the use of those who have neither leisure nor opportunity for extensive reading; and we honestly confess that we know not, at present, from what other source such persons can derive, with but little trouble and at a very moderate expense, an equal amount of correct information touching the events of the late war. We doubt not but the volume, the interest and value of which will be much increased by its portraits and engravings, will circulate extensively.



Strickland sc.

Battle of Niagara.

Engraved by Major Pitts

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

NO. III.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BATTLE OF THE FALLS.

It was once our intention to prepare for The Port Folio, in our own language, a description of the sanguinary conflict of the Falls, making use of the substance only of what is contained in the following extract. A reluctance, however, to keep from the view of our readers even the minutest particular of that ever-memorable and gallant affair, and an unwillingness to run any risk of misrepresenting the meaning of our correspondent, induced us, on reflection, to relinquish our determination. What a man of erudition and intelligence sees and hears himself, his own language is best calculated to communicate to others. It is, therefore, that we have given the narrative in the author's own words, convinced that no harmony, elegance or polish of style by which the matter might be ornamented, would be, in all respects, so highly gratifying to the public.

As the statement exhibited in the present article differs, in relation to several points, from that contained in the biographical memoir of general Ripley, it might be supposed that the former was written with a view to excite suspicion as to the correctness of the latter.

VOL. VI.

F f

This we assure our readers was not the case. The two manuscripts came into our possession within a few days of the same time; the present article having been written, as we confidently believe, long before that detailing the life of general Ripley—certainly no inconsiderable period before its publication. Nor is it, we think, possible, that the writer of the one could have had any knowledge of the views and opinions of the writer of the other, at the time he was preparing his manuscript for the press. However different, then, the two articles may be in the details they exhibit, they are not to be regarded as opposition papers, in the common acceptation of the term; and our reliance on the veracity of honourable men, compels us to receive them as containing nothing but what the writers honestly and conscientiously believed to be true.

There is one officer whose gallant and masterly conduct and important services in the battle of the Falls, have never yet, as we feel persuaded, taken their due rank in the estimation of the public. We allude to colonel Jesup.

That youthful hero commanded, in the affair to which we refer, the twenty-fifth regiment, which formed a part of the brigade of general Scott. At the commencement of the action he was detached to the left of the enemy, with the discretionary order, to be governed by circumstances. The commander of the British forces had committed a fault, by leaving a road unguarded on his left. Colonel Jesup, taking advantage of this, threw himself promptly into the rear of the enemy, where he was enabled to operate with brilliant enterprise and the happiest effect. The capture of general Riall, with a large escort of officers of rank, was part of the trophies of his intrepidity and skill. It is not, we venture to assert, bestowing on him too much praise to say, that to his achievements, more than to those of any other individual, is to be attributed the preservation of the first brigade from utter annihilation.

Among the officers captured by colonel Jesup was one of general Drummond's aid-de-camps, who had been despatched from the front line to order up the reserve, with a view to fall on Scott with the concentrated force of the whole army, and overwhelm him at a single effort. Nor would it have been possible to prevent this catastrophe, had the reserve arrived in time; the force with which

general Scott would then have been obliged to contend being nearly quadruple that of his own. By the fortunate capture, however, of the British aid-de-camp, before the completion of the service on which he had been ordered, the enemy's reserve was not brought into action until the arrival of general Ripley's brigade, which prevented the disaster that must otherwise have ensued, and achieved in the end one of the most honourable victories that ever shed lustre on the arms of a nation.

With such skill and address did colonel Jesup direct his movements, when in the rear of the enemy, that, had it not been for the impression of an unfounded report, under which he unfortunately remained for a few minutes, he would inevitably have made a prisoner of lieutenant-general Drummond—an event which would, in all probability, have completed the disaster of the British army. The commander-in-chief of the enemy was completely in Jesup's power; but being confidently informed that the first brigade was cut to pieces, and finding himself with less than two hundred men, and without any prospect of support, in the midst of an overwhelming hostile force, he thought of nothing, for a moment, but to make good his retreat and save his command. Of this temporary suspension of the advance of the American column general Drummond availed himself to make his escape.

A trait in his conduct eminently honourable to colonel Jesup is, that his humanity as a man triumphed over his technical duty as an officer. Such was for a time his situation in the field, that every prisoner he took, by impeding his operations against the enemy, not only injured the cause in which he was engaged, but endangered the safety of his own corps. According to the canons of war, therefore, his duty, as we believe, was, to make no prisoners, but to put to death every man who might oppose him in arms. Regardless, however, of these sanguinary statutes, and listening only to the voice of mercy, he gave quarters to all that surrendered to him, although conscious they would diminish his effective force, and that he must necessarily suffer them again to escape. This conduct was noticed by some of the British officers, and commended as highly honourable to the young American. Had Jesup been less humane as a man, and more technically rigid as an officer, he might have acted, as the aid-de-camp of general Drummond ac-

knowledge, with more deadly effect against the enemy. But *he* knew the road to glory better. The fairest wreath in the hero's chaplet is that which is entwined by the hand of Mercy. We are pleased—particularly pleased with this opportunity of paying what we consider a well-deserved tribute to one of the most intelligent and interesting young officers we have ever known.—An officer, who, should his life be prolonged, and future wars lay open again the road to promotion, is destined, or we are much mistaken, to rank with the foremost in the favours of his country.

To the gallantry, skill, and perseverance of colonels Wood and M'Ree of the engineers, in the battle of the 25th, in reconnoitering the enemy, ascertaining and reporting his positions, encouraging the troops, and conducting columns to their places of destination, and throughout the whole operations of the army on the Niagara frontier, we are warranted, by high authority, in saying that no terms of praise can do justice.

The fall of the former of these officers in the sortie from fort Erie, was among the heaviest individual losses our army sustained during the war. As he performed a soldier's highest duty, he enjoys a soldier's proudest monument, an honourable place in the history of his country, and in the hearts of his countrymen.

Of the particular actions of general Porter, of the New-York volunteers, in the campaign of 1814, we are unable to speak. We hazard nothing, however, in stating, that they must have been meritorious in an eminent degree; for he stood equal to the foremost in the confidence and good opinion of the commander-in-chief. We have repeatedly heard that distinguished officer speak in the highest terms of his intrepidity, intelligence, perseverance, and zeal. His routing with his militia, at the point of the bayonet, an equal column of British regulars, in the battle of the Falls, was an achievement unprecedented, as we believe, in the wars of our country. During the investment of fort Erie, too, particularly on the occasion of the memorable sortie, his conduct, we are informed, was such as won the applause of the officers and army. He has the spirit and intelligence of an able commander, experience alone being necessary to form him.

ED.

Extract from the Journal of an officer who was in the battle of Niagara, intimate with general Brown and high in his confidence.

"In pursuance of a previous determination, the army was busily engaged preparing for a rapid march upon Burlington. About noon colonel Swift, who was posted at Lewistown, advised general Brown, by express, that the enemy appeared in considerable force in Queenston and on its heights; that four of his fleet had arrived during the preceding night, and were then lying near fort Niagara, and that a number of boats were in view, moving up the streight. Within a few minutes after this intelligence had been received, the commander-in-chief was further informed by captain Denman of the quarter-master's department, that the enemy was landing at Lewistown, and that our baggage and stores at Schlosser, and on their way thither, were in danger of immediate capture. It was conceived that the most effectual method of recalling him from this object, was to put the army in motion towards Queenston. If he was in the field upon the Canada side of the streight, our business was to meet and fight him without loss of time, as general Brown had almost ceased to hope for re-enforcements or co-operation from any quarter. The support, upon which the general hitherto relied, had failed to appear, and the enemy having the power of the lake could reinforce at pleasure.

"General Scott, with the first brigade, Towson's artillery, and all the dragoons and mounted men were accordingly put in march on the road leading towards Queenston. General Scott was particularly instructed to report if the enemy appeared, and to call for assistance if that were necessary—Having the command of the dragoons, he would have, it was believed, the means of collecting and communicating intelligence.—On the general's arriving near the Falls, he learned that the enemy was in force directly in his front, a narrow piece of woods alone intercepting his view of them. Waiting only to send this information, but not to receive any communication in return, he advanced upon them—Hearing the report of the cannon and small arms, general Brown at once concluded that battle had commenced between the advance of the armies, and, without waiting for any information from general Scott, ordered the second brigade and all the artillery to march as rapidly as possible to his support. Having done this, he rode with his aid-de-camps

and major M'Ree with all speed towards the scene of action. As he approached the Falls, a full mile from the Chippewa, he met major Jones, assistant-adjutant-general, who had accompanied general Scott, bearing a message from him, advising general Brown that he had met the enemy. From the information given by major Jones, it was concluded to order up general Porter's command. Major Jones was sent with the order to general Porter. Advancing a little further, general Brown and suite met major Wood of the corps of engineers, who had also accompanied general Scott. He reported that the conflict between Scott and the enemy was close and desperate, and urged that reinforcements might be hurried to his support—The reinforcements were now marching with all possible rapidity. Major Wood accompanied the commanding general to the field of battle. Upon his arrival the general found that general Scott had passed the wood and engaged the enemy on the Queenston road, and on the ground to the left of it, with the ninth, eleventh, and twenty-second regiments, and Towsen's artillery. The twenty-fifth had been thrown to the right to be governed by circumstances.

“Apprehending that these troops were much exhausted, and knowing that they had suffered severely in the contest, general Brown determined to interpose a new line with the advancing troops, and thus disengage general Scott and hold his brigade in reserve. By this time captains Biddle and Richie's companies of artillery had come into action, and the head of general Ripley's column was nearly up with the right of general Scott's line. At this moment the enemy fell back, and, as was believed, in consequence of the arrival of fresh troops, which they could see and began to feel. General Ripley was ordered to pass Scott's line and display his column in front. The movement was commenced in obedience to the order. Majors M'Ree and Wood had been rapidly reconnoitering the enemy and his position. M'Ree reported that the enemy appeared to have taken a new position, and with his artillery occupied a height which gave him great advantages, it being the key of the whole position. To secure the victory it was necessary to carry his artillery and seize the height. M'Ree was ordered by the commander-in-chief, to conduct Ripley's column on the Queenston road, with a view to this object, and to prepare

the twenty-first regiment, under colonel Miller, for this duty. The second brigade immediately advanced upon the Queenston road. General Brown, with his aid-de-camps and major Wood, passed to the left of the second brigade, in front of the first, towards the enemy's artillery: an extended line of infantry was formed for the support of his artillery.

"The first regiment of infantry, under the command of colonel Nicholas, which had arrived that day, and was attached to neither of the brigades, but marched to the field of battle in the rear of the second, was ordered promptly to break off to the left, and form a line facing the enemy's on the height, with a view of drawing his fire and attracting his attention, as Miller advanced with the bayonet upon his left flank to carry the artillery. As the first regiment, conducted by major Wood, and commanded by colonel Nicholas, approached its position, the commander-in-chief rode to colonel Miller and ordered him to advance with the bayonet and carry the enemy's artillery—he replied, with great promptness and good humour, "it shall be done sir." At this moment the first regiment gave way under the fire of the enemy; but Miller, without regard to this occurrence, advanced steadily and gallantly to his object, and carried the heights and the cannon in a style rarely equalled—never excelled. At the point of time when Miller moved, the twenty-third regiment was on his right, a little in the rear—General Ripley led this regiment: it had some desperate fighting, and in a degree gave way, but was promptly rallied and brought up and formed upon the right of the twenty-first, and the detachments of the seventeenth and nineteenth.

"General Ripley, being now with his brigade, formed in line, with the captured cannon, nine pieces, in his rear, and the enemy driven from their commanding ground—The first regiment having been rallied, was brought into line by colonel Nicholas on the left of the second brigade; and general Porter, coming up at this time, occupied with his command the extreme left—Our artillery formed on the right and between the twenty-third and twenty-first regiments.

"Having given the order to colonel Miller to storm the heights, and carry the enemy's cannon as he advanced, general Brown moved to the rear of his right flank with major Wood and

captain Spencer, as far as the Queenston road. Turning down that road, he passed directly in the rear of the twenty-third regiment, as they advanced to the support of colonel Miller. The shouts of the American soldiers on the height, at this moment, convinced him of Miller's success, and he hastened towards the place, designing to turn from the Queenston road up Lundy's lane. In the act of doing so, Wood and Spencer, who were about a horse's length before him, were very near riding upon a body of the enemy, and nothing prevented them from doing this, but an officer exclaiming before them, "they are the Yankees:" the exclamation halted the American officers, and upon looking down the road they saw a line of British infantry drawn up near the north fence of the road, with its right resting near Lundy's lane.

"The officer who gave the alarm, had at that moment discovered major Jesup. The major, as has been already stated, had been ordered by general Scott, at the commencement of the action, to take ground to his right. He had succeeded in turning the enemy's left flank, had captured general Riall and sundry other officers, and sent them to camp; then, feeling his way silently towards where the battle was raging, he had brought his regiment, the twenty-fifth, with but little comparative loss up to the southern fence of the Queenston road, a little to the east of Lundy's lane. The moment the British officer gave Jesup notice of his having discovered him, Jesup ordered his command to fire upon the enemy's line.

"The lines could not have been more than four rods apart; Jesup behind the south fence, the British in front of the north. The slaughter was dreadful: the enemy's line fled down the Queenston road at the third or fourth fire. As the firing ceased, general Brown approached major Jesup; the latter asked where he should form his regiment, and was directed to move up Lundy's lane and form upon the right of the second brigade.

"The enemy rallying his broken corps, and having received reinforcements, was now discovered in good order and in great force. The commanding general doubted the correctness of the information, and, to ascertain the truth, passed in person with his suite in front of our line. He could now no longer doubt, as a more extended line than he had seen during the engagement was near and advancing upon us.

"Captain Spencer, without saying a word, put spurs to his horse and rode directly up to the advancing line: then, turning to the left towards the enemy's right, inquired, in a strong and firm voice, "What regiment is that?" and was as promptly answered, "the Royal Scots, sir." General Brown and suite now threw themselves behind our own troops without loss of time, and patiently awaited the attack.

"The enemy advanced slowly and firmly upon us: perfect silence was preserved throughout both armies, until the enemy's line approached to within from four to six rods—our troops had levelled their pieces, and the artillery was prepared—the order to fire was given—most awful was its effect: the lines closed in part before that of the enemy was broken: he then retired precipitately, the American fire following him. The field was covered with the slain, but not an enemy capable of marching was to be seen. We dressed our lines upon the ground we occupied: general Brown was not disposed to leave it in the dark, knowing it to be the best in the neighbourhood: his intention then was to maintain it until day should dawn, and then to be governed by circumstances.

"Our gallant and accomplished foe did not give us much time for deliberation. He showed himself again within twenty minutes, apparently undismayed and in good order.

"General Ripley now urged the commander-in-chief to order up Scott, who had all this time been held in reserve with three of his battalions. The commander rode in person to general Scott and ordered him to advance. That officer was prepared and expecting the call. As Scott advanced towards Ripley's right, general Brown passed to the left to speak with general Porter, and see the condition and countenance of his militia, who, at that moment, were thrown into some confusion under a most galling and deadly fire from the enemy: they were, however, kept to their duty by the exertions of their gallant chief, and most nobly sustained the conflict. The enemy was repulsed and again driven out of sight. But a short time, however, had elapsed, when he was once more distinctly seen, in great force, advancing upon our main line under the command of Ripley and Porter.

"The direction that Scott had given to his column would have enabled him, within five minutes, to have formed line in the rear of the enemy's right, and thus have brought him between two fires. But in a moment most unexpected, a flank fire from a party of the enemy, concealed upon our left, falling upon the centre of Scott's command, when in open column, blasted our proud expectations. His column was severed in two; one part passing to the rear, the other by the right flank of platoons towards our main line. About this period, general Brown received his first wound, a musket ball passing through his right thigh. A few minutes afterwards, captain Spencer, aid-de-camp to general Brown, received his mortal wound.

"By this time the enemy had nearly closed with our main line. Moving up to the left of this line, general Brown received a violent blow from a ball of some description upon his left side. The ball did not enter, but such was its force that it nearly unhorsed him. In the general's own words: "he began to doubt his ability to sit his horse; and, meeting with his confidential friend, colonel Wood, he thought proper to inform him of his wounds and condition." Wood exclaimed, with great emotion: 'Never mind, my dear general, you are gaining the greatest victory that was ever gained by your nation.' "His gallant soul (says general Brown) was exclusively occupied with the battle that was then raging, if possible, with redoubled fury."

"This was the last desperate effort made by the enemy to regain his position and artillery. A broader display of heroism was never exhibited: the hostile lines met in several places, and we captured a number of prisoners who surrendered at the point of the bayonet. Porter's volunteers were not excelled by the regulars during this charge. They were seen precipitated by their heroic commander upon the enemy's line, which they broke and dispersed, making many prisoners. The enemy seemed now to be effectually routed—they disappeared. In a conversation which occurred a few minutes afterwards, between general Brown, colonels Wood and McRee, and two or three other officers, it was the unanimous belief of the whole circle, that we had nothing to fear from the enemy, with whom we had been contending; but it appeared to be admitted upon all hands, that it would be judicious

to retire to camp. The idea did not occur to any one present that it would be necessary to leave behind a man or a cannon. Colonel M'Ree expressly stated, that there would be no difficulty in removing the cannon by hand: wagons had been provided for the wounded. General Brown, suffering severely from his wound, now moved off with captain Austen, his surviving aid-de-camp, observing to the other officers, that they would remain and aid general Ripley by all the means in their power.

"As the general moved towards camp, many scattering men were seen by him on the road; none appeared to be alarmed; not a man was running away; but, having lost their officers, had taken the liberty to seek for water, and were either drinking or struggling for drink. This scene confirmed general Brown in the belief that it was proper for the army to return to camp, for the purpose of being reorganized and refreshed before morning; that being the only situation where our scattering men could, in the night, be certainly collected and arranged to their companies and battalions. An officer was accordingly sent to say to general Ripley, that the wounded men and cannon being brought off, the army would return to camp.

"Being supported on his horse, the commander-in-chief moved slowly on to his tent. It was not many minutes before it was reported to him that general Ripley had returned to camp, having left the captured cannon on the field. General Ripley being immediately sent for, general Brown stated to him, that no doubt remained upon his mind but that the enemy had retired, and that our victory was complete. He appeared to be of the same opinion, as was every officer present.

General Brown then, in strong and emphatical language, ordered general Ripley to reorganize his battalions, to see that they were refreshed with whatever comforts it might be in his power to afford, and put himself, with every man he could muster, on the field of battle, as the day dawned, there and then to be governed by circumstances:—at all events to bring off the captured cannon. It was not believed that the enemy would dare to attack him if he showed a good countenance. General Ripley left general Brown with the conviction that he would execute the order given him—he did not make the slightest objection to it—no objection was made from any quarter.

"As day approached, finding that the columns had not moved, general Brown ordered his staff to go to the commanding officers of every corps, and order them to be promptly prepared to march in obedience to the order given to general Ripley; but it was sunrise before the army had crossed the Chippewa. General Ripley led on his troops as far as Bridgewater mills: halting his column there, he returned to the commander-in-chief, and objected to proceeding further—General Brown persisted: when he informed him that general Porter was also opposed to proceeding. At these words, general Brown replied, "sir, you will do as you please:" and had no farther intercourse with him until they met at Buffalo.

"General Brown entertained no doubt of the intelligence or personal bravery of general Ripley; nor did he ever express himself to that effect. In consequence, however, of the events of the night of the 25th, but more especially of the morning of the 26th, his confidence in him as a commander appeared to be somewhat diminished. He was apprehensive that he dreaded responsibility more than danger—that he had a greater stock of physical than of moral courage. General Scott and himself being both severely wounded, he, therefore, without loss of time, despatched a courier to general Gaines, ordering him on to take the command of the gallant remains of the army of Niagara, that were now preparing to defend themselves within the lines of fort Erie."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF GENERAL FRANCIS GURNEY.

If a long, interesting, and useful series of services to his country, in a civil and military, a public and private capacity—if to have been firm among the firmest, active among the most strenuous, and conspicuous in the midst of those remarkable for courage and noble daring, in times that, by danger and meditated oppression, subdued the timid, but awakened to resistance the manly and

high-minded—if to have been engaged in extensive commercial transactions and in numerous other situations of trust and responsibility, from youth to patriarchal age, without sustaining a blot on the purity of his reputation—if to have been the benefactor of the widow and the orphan—the affectionate husband, the indulgent father, the kind master, and the sincere friend—noted for hospitality and all the social charities of the heart—if a character thus constituted gives a claim to remembrance and posthumous praise, the much-lamented subject of this article should not be suffered to slumber unnoticed in the tomb. Did our limits and leisure permit us to descend to the requisite details, we have documents to show that few individuals have gone down to the grave with a stronger title to the fair fame which a union of such excellencies is calculated to bestow. But instead of a full and well-digested memoir of the deceased, we shall be obliged to ~~re-~~ contented with a biographical sketch.

Francis Gurney was the second in descent from his European ancestors, who emigrated from England with William Penn. His blood, therefore, like his spirit, was exclusively American. Even Washington himself was not his superior in the purity and fervency of his love for his country. He was born in Bucks county, in the province of Pennsylvania, about the year 1738. With the history of his boyhood we are totally unacquainted, as well as with that of his early instruction in letters. We are simply given to understand that he received the rudiments of an English education in a country school near the place where he was born, and that he had no knowledge of the learned languages. To a mind, however, strong, vigorous and enterprising, inclined to improve itself by observation, reflection and an intercourse with the world, this was sufficient to qualify him for weighty and important business—business to which minds of a feebler texture must prove inadequate even with the aid of the best education.

It is thus that to such men as Washington and Franklin, Green and Putnam, Wayne and Brown, Rittenhouse and Fulton, although a learned education proves highly beneficial, in calling forth and polishing the powers of their mind, it is not necessary to enable them to prove in an eminent degree the benefactors of mankind, and to act a most conspicuous part on the theatre of

the world. It renders them the brighter and more finished, but not, perhaps, materially the greater or more useful.

Young Gurney was inclined by nature to deeds of enterprise, hardihood and valour. He manifested from his early years a strong predilection for the use and profession of arms. Nor had he more than entered on the threshold of life, when he was presented with an opportunity of gratifying to the utmost his favourite propensity. When he arrived at his eighteenth year, he found the embittered war of 1756 inundating in blood the northern section of the British provinces. He accordingly, with a promptness and ardour peculiar to his temperament, volunteered his services in the provincial army to aid in protecting his countrymen from the French bayonet and the Indian tomahawk. His place of destination was the frontiers of Canada, a region famous in history for its sanguinary wars, and the hardships to which troops are exposed when on service. It was here his fortune to participate in many of the dangers and exploits of the celebrated Putnam, and other officers of daring intrepidity. Being young, active, and emulous of distinction, he was engaged of choice in almost every spirited and gallant enterprise that was, from time to time, undertaken against the enemy. Nor did he ever fail to act the part of a brave, determined and high-minded soldier. Although he could not at all times command success, his prowess and conduct uniformly deserved it. Among other important services in which he was engaged, he bore his part in the capture of Cape Breton.

But it was not alone in the regions of the north, suffering from cold and menaced by the hatchet and scalping knife of the savage, that this brave young Pennsylvanian served his country in the character of a soldier. Determined to pursue glory wherever she might lead the way, and, if possible, to weave for himself a chaplet from the laurels of different climates, he embarked on board the British fleet destined to act against the French West-India islands. Here, neither the burning sun, nor the sultry and relaxing air of the tropics, was sufficient to subdue his spirit or unnerve his arm. The same energy and enterprise which he had previously displayed at the taking of Cape Breton, and elsewhere on the continent, he manifested again at the capture of Guadeloupe.

The war being closed, his inclination led him to return to the enjoyment of peaceful and domestic scenes; for he felt now no disposition to follow arms as a profession for life. He accordingly settled in Philadelphia in the capacity of a merchant, where he pursued his business with industry and correctness, reputation and success, till the commencement of our revolutionary war.

Ranking with the foremost in his attachment to liberty, and his abhorrence of every thing that might tend to destroy it, he viewed with indignation the unhallowed attempts of the British ministry to trample on the rights of the infant colonies. He was not of that saturnine disposition which waits till it feels the lash of oppression. He was one of those discerning, keen-scented patriots, who, in the language of an eloquent statesman, "augur misgovernment at a distance; and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." No less prompt to act than vigilant to discover, he was among the first to raise his voice and extend his arm in behalf of the invaded liberties of his country.

In the year 1774 and 1775, when opposition to the measures of the British government began to be seriously meditated and organized, his public services in Philadelphia were above all price. His ardent and active disposition first contributed to rouse to resistance many of his less sensitive and energetic compatriots; and, having no inconsiderable knowledge of tactics and arms, he was highly instrumental in the formation and disciplining of military corps. In these he refused at first to accept of a commission, believing that he could render to his country higher services, by continuing to act as a general and voluntary instructor of the duties of the soldier. His primary wish was—and in this he manifested that soundness of judgment for which he was remarkable—to see men of rank and fortune heartily and practically engaged in the cause. He was anxious to see them take that lead to which their standing in society, no less than their heavy stake in the approaching contest, so fairly entitled them, and which he considered essential to the success of our measures. To this end, he laboured assiduously and with the happiest effect. Several gentlemen, who afterwards acquired a name in arms, among whom may be mentioned, Mifflin, Cadwallader, Meredith and others, were in no small degree indebted to him for their first appointment to mi-

litary rank. When they became known, they were afterwards, on that ground, appointed to higher and more conspicuous stations.

At length, on the 25th of May, 1775, Mr. Gurney was prevailed on to accept the commission of captain of infantry, in a regiment of troops raised by authority of the province of Pennsylvania. In the course of the following year he agreed to enter into the regular service, and was appointed lieutenant-colonel in the eleventh regiment of the Pennsylvania line. While in this command he was present at the battles of Iron-hill, Brandywine, and Germantown; in each of which he behaved with his accustomed bravery, but had no opportunity of acquiring distinction. In the first of them he was slightly wounded in the foot.

Soon after this period, some irregularity having occurred on the score of promotion, to which he thought it dishonourable to submit, colonel Gurney resigned his commission in the army, and returned once more to private life. Still, however, was his country benefited by his judgment and active services, he being immediately placed on the committee of safety for the city of Philadelphia, and also on that for the defence of the Delaware river and bay. The vigilance and competency which he manifested under these appointments were important in their effects, and placed him high in the confidence of his fellow citizens.

On the conclusion of the peace of 1783 he resumed his mercantile pursuits in this city, and continued in them with great industry and merited success, till within a year or two of his death; when, owing to his advanced age and the embarrassments of the times, he determined to abandon them. But during this important period of his life, his attention was far from being devoted exclusively to his private concerns. Few inhabitants of Pennsylvania took a more active part in the management of the affairs of the city and the commonwealth. For nearly thirty years he was constantly employed in the discharge of some public function, civil or military; nor was he ever found otherwise than industrious, competent, and faithful to his trust. He held, for several years, the appointment of warden of the port of Philadelphia, during which time he suggested and had carried into effect an important improvement in the buoys and beacons in the Delaware bay. That establishment is much indebted to him for its present state of con-

venience and excellence. We state on authority which we believe to be correct, that he was the inventor of something useful in the construction of the buoys and beacons now in use, but more particularly of a new and highly improved mode of securing them.

He was for a while one of the aldermen of the city, and served a long tour in the city councils, chiefly as president of the select council. He was for several years in succession elected a member of the legislature of Pennsylvania, first to the house of representatives, and afterwards to the senate. In both bodies he became a leading character. For although a man of great humility of pretension, he acquired, by practice, a habit of speaking in public with facility and effect.

He was also, a considerable time ago, created a trustee of Dickinson college, an appointment which he held at the time of his death. In all these situations he sustained the reputation of a man of integrity, firmness, and sound intelligence.

Such are, in part, the offices and employments of a civil nature, in which it was the good fortune of Mr. Gurney to render services to his fellow citizens, and to acquire their esteem. On that of county-commissioner, church-warden, and trustee or director of various institutions, in which he promoted the interest of individuals or of the city, we forbear to dwell. He was also among the most active, skilful, and indefatigable of the militia officers of the state. He wore a colonel's commission from the first of May 1786 to the month of March 1799, when he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general.

The only active military service in which Mr. Gurney was engaged subsequently to the close of the revolutionary war, occurred in the year 1794, when a considerable force was called in to the field, to suppress an insurrection in the western part of the state of Pennsylvania. The troops assembled on that occasion from Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia, amounted to about fifteen thousand rank and file. Mr. Gurney, in the capacity of colonel, commanded the first regiment of the Philadelphia brigade, which, owing to his skill and attention, was, with the exception of M^cPherson's Blues, a body composed of young gentlemen of family and education, who would have done honour to any service, the best disciplined and most effective corps in the field.

Colonel Gurney's command amounted on this occasion, to about six hundred men, raw in service: their fatigues and exposures were great, and the weather was oftentimes tempestuous and inclement: notwithstanding this, he lost from sickness, we believe, but *two men* during a campaign of three months continuance. This fact must be regarded as a high eulogium on his attention to the accommodation and health of his troops.

The subject of this notice, feeling somewhat, although but slightly for his age, the pressure of years, had, for some time before his death, declined all participation in public employments. The evening of his life was retired and tranquil, rational and dignified—such as need not have caused a blush on the cheek of the best-born citizen of Rome. It was passed in social intercourse, amusement from books, and the cultivation of a favourite country-seat in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

He died on the 25th of May 1815, after a severe and painful indisposition of one month, which, particularly towards the close, he bore with fortitude and perfect resignation. There exists the fairest ground of belief, that his last moments were those of the christian in communion with his God.

His body is in the dust, his spirit, we trust, in the paradise of the redeemed, his virtues enshrined in the hearts of his friends. We can honestly say, that *few* men whom we have ever known, have lived more esteemed, or died more lamented—within the immediate circle of his acquaintance—*none*.

General Gurney was, in his personal appearance, particularly striking. No one could pass him in the street as a common man. He was nearly six feet high, portly and well formed, and, considering his age, unusually erect. Although considerably turned of three score and ten, he had, both mentally and corporeally, much of the vigour and elasticity of the meridian of life. The frost of years was white on his temples, but its rigours had not penetrated to his mind or his heart. His affections were still warm, his memory retentive, his powers of intellect active and pliable, and his spirits had much of the buoyancy of youth. He had a complexion unusually florid, an aquiline nose, blue eyes capable of strong expression, and a forehead lofty but somewhat retreating. Although he could not be said to have the physiognomy of genius,

he had that of great sensibility, connected with judgment and decision, intrepidity and firmness: and these were prominent traits in his character.

C.

VEGETABLE LIFE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following paper will probably conclude, for the present, the controversey on the subject of vegetable life—a controversy conducted under a display of ability and learning eminently creditable to the parties concerned; but, we are sorry to add, with a spirit of asperity and mutual crimination, which, is neither favourable, we apprehend, to the development of truth, nor consonant to the temperament of genuine philosophy. It is a law of our nature, that feeling indulged to the extent of passion, detracts, of necessity, from the clearness of our perception and the soundness of our judgment. A disputant resembles, not a little, a swordsman engaged in combat with his adversary: a calm and collected mind and a dispassionate manner, constitute his only effectual means of either defence or annoyance. In proportion as he suffers feeling and resentment to gain an ascendancy and to influence his movements, he inevitably fails in skill and address, till he falls under the weapon of his wary antagonist.

But, without assuming the character of either a censor or an umpire in relation to our correspondents—to whom we shall always esteem it an honour to be considered an equal—we hold it not amiss to make known our sentiments in the form of a few general and summary remarks on the subject in controversy.

Although we do not rank ourselves with the most strenuous advocates of the doctrine which attributes to individuals of the vegetable kingdom feeling and spontaneity, perceptivity and voluntarity, we, notwithstanding, think that there exists in nature respectable testimony in favour of its truth—testimony, on which, consistently with candour and fair reasoning, it is difficult to place a contrary construction. Confidently and without fear of contradiction do we assert, that many actions are daily exhibited by plants, under the eye of common observation, which, if performed by ani-

mals, would be universally regarded as the result of choice. But choice presupposes the existence of the four qualities of life and intellect just enumerated.

The actions of plants to which we here refer, it would be superfluous to specify. They are familiar to every one observant of the phenomena of the vegetable kingdom. They are manifested by all plants in their eager quest of light, and sometimes in their evident struggles with each other to obtain it, in the varied and complicated movements of scandent plants, by the horizontal roots of certain plants, but more especially, perhaps, in what are denominated the habits of plants.

When an animal goes in quest of food, it is admitted to do it voluntarily and of choice. Whence is it, then, that a similar concession is not made in relation to vegetables, when they evidently turn aside in quest of light, which, if not their proper food, is at least necessary to their existence and health?

If an animal of but feeble powers attach itself to a firm body with a view to support, or to enable itself to ascend from the ground, the action is acknowledged to be the offspring of feeling, perception and voluntariness. On what ground of reason, then, do we refuse to derive from the same sources, similar actions performed under similar circumstances by the hop, the pea-vine, the convolvulus, and the whole tribe of scandent vegetables?

When an animal goes out of its way to avoid a body that is offensive or injurious to it, we attribute its conduct to a motive of choice; to what other motive, then, can we rationally ascribe a similar movement, performed under a like emergency by the horizontal roots of plants? That such movements are daily exhibited by the description of roots of which we are speaking, is a fact which has been long known to every intelligent cultivator of the soil.

But a case stronger, perhaps, in itself, and certainly no less pertinent to our purpose, arises out of what are denominated the habits of plants.

A plant of a southern climate puts forth its leaves about the middle of March, when the temperature of the atmosphere is at 70° of Fahrenheit. Wherefore does it do this? Because, say the botanists, it is stimulated to vegetation by the heat of the weather. Remove this plant to a northern climate, and it will, for the first

few years, begin to vegetate about the same period, although all the native vegetables of the place are still in a state of winter torpidity, and the temperature of the atmosphere is not, perhaps, higher than 50°.

In this latter case, vegetation cannot arise either from the warmth of the weather, or from any other external cause. In the surrounding elements no cause exists at all calculated to awaken vegetation. On the other hand, the chill of winter, continuing still to linger both in the atmosphere and the earth, has a manifest and strong tendency to protract in the plant the period of inaction. Under these circumstances, it puts forth its leaves in obedience to a cause internal, peculiar to itself, and capable of producing the effect we are considering, without the aid of external agency. It vegetates thus prematurely in relation to its new place of abode, in consequence of a habit of action previously acquired, and which it now exerts in a manner that has all the characters of spontaneity. In an animal no observer would hesitate for a moment to call it by that name, nor would any one question the correctness of his decision. Where is, then, the philosophical heresy of attributing the vegetable phenomenon to the same source? We confess ourselves unable to answer the question. It is a perfect *ceteris paribus* case, the only difference consisting in the name and configuration of the agents concerned. Two subjects of the great umpire of nature, the one called an animal, the other a vegetable, both living, both organized beings, perform, under similar circumstances, actions so precisely alike, as to exhibit no one point of difference: yet, by men of enlightened intellects and investigating minds, the actions of the one are admitted to be voluntary, while those of the other, are, on no better grounds than that of custom and antiquated authority, designated by some different and inferior name: they are said to be actions necessary, mechanical, chemical, vegetable, any thing, in fact, but spontaneous. In the language of the great dramatist, we do fear that "there is something more than natural in this, if our philosophy could find it out." We are not without some apprehension that

"From pride, from reasoning pride our error springs."

We are unwilling to allow to inferior beings their due standing in the scale of nature, lest our own pre-eminence should be, thereby

diminished. In our estimation a sentiment like this is equally foreign from the spirit of christianity and true philosophy; for, if we mistake not, we learn from both, that we are allied to the vegetable no less than to the worm: nor can christian humility be more effectually cherished, than by the steady inculcation of such a belief—so far is the doctrine from being at all unfavourable to the spirit and practice of vital religion.

Our able and much esteemed correspondent, J. R. W. admits explicitly the *life* of *all* vegetables, but contends, if we mistake him not, that only *some* of them possess *irritability*. In this exposition of the subject, there exists, we are apprehensive, a little inconsistency, arising, perhaps, from a misconception on the part of J. R. W. of the meaning of irritability, as understood by physiologists.

Although we would not say, that, strictly speaking, life and irritability are synonymous terms, yet it must be conceded, we think, that there can be formed no rational idea of the existence of the former, independently of that of the latter. Irritability is a fundamental property of life—a *sine qua non* of vital action. As well might you contend for combustion without combustibility in the body burnt, as for vital action without irritability in the body that acts. Secretion and growth, the two cardinal phenomena of vegetation, are nothing else, under ordinary circumstances, than the result of heat, light and moisture acting on the irritability of plants. Extinguish this quality, and plants will be as incapable of vegetation as stones. Experiments long since made, prove demonstratively, that the juices of plants circulate only by reason of the irritability possessed by their vessels. This property is to be regarded, then, as the true source of the imperceptible, no less than of the visible motions of plants; a truth to which our correspondent J. R. W. does not appear to have sufficiently adverted. Few plants, it must be acknowledged, exhibit to *the eye* such movements as are obviously the offspring of irritability, but all, without exception, present them to our *reason*.

The source of vegetable irritability, whether it be electricity, galvanism, oxygen, or any other subtle and active principle, is a matter of no moment in the present inquiry. Our object is the existence, not the cause of this vital property. There are not wanting,

moreover, physiologists of high distinction, who attribute animal irritability to the same origin, viz. a modification of the electric fluid. The objection which our correspondent J. R. W. has planted on this ground, we are compelled, therefore, to regard as altogether invalid.

Nor are we inclined to say less of that which he has attempted to draw from the consideration that the stamina of the berberry retain their power of motion for a considerable time after their separation from the flower. The same thing is true of the limbs of many animals after their complete disseveration from the trunk. Yet it has never been doubted that the motions they exhibit arise from irritability.

ED.

Τὸ ξίφος ἀμφιβάλλει, μὴ πρὸς φόνον, ἀλλ' εἰς ἄμυναν.—*Phocilis.*

MR. EDITOR,

THAT animals, vegetables, and minerals form three grand divisions, in the empire of nature, has been recognised in all ages as a dictate of common sense and sound philosophy. As no one, so far as I know, has attempted to remove the land-marks which the God of nature sets up to fix the boundaries of the mineral kingdom, I shall not wait to point out the line of demarkation. The vegetable kingdom has been less fortunate. As many conquerors have done with conquered states, so some soi disant philosophers, under pretence of imparting dignity to the vegetable commonwealth, have attempted to destroy its independence, and form it into a province of the animal kingdom. As these revolutionizers belong to the latter empire, it is not wonderful they should make such an attempt. Sir, in the name of the common sense of all nations, I protest against such invasions of the rights of others, under whatever pretence they may be made.

No nation can be named that has not considered animals and vegetables as belonging to different departments of nature. Let us instance a few, by recurrence to their languages. First of the Hebrews. Their generic word for vegetables is *עֵשֶׂב* a plant; as a verb it signifies to vegetate or grow. *עָשָׂה* then is a thing which grows. Their generic phrase for animal is *בְּשָׂרָה* a living creature, and is applied to all terrestrial and marine animals. *נָשָׁם* as a verb signifies to breathe, and *חָיָה* as a verb, to live. Hence we arrive at two of

the properties which the framers of the Hebrew language thought distinctive of animals—*living and breathing*, while their distinctive property of vegetables was mere growth, without life or breath. We have indeed another word שָׁרָץ, applied by the Hebrews to every individual which they comprehend in the animal kingdom. It signifies to move, and, connected with the other two words, evinces that the ancient orientalists possessed the same views with Linnæus; except that the Swedish naturalist attributes life to vegetables, which they did not. Their שָׁמַר corresponds with his *sententia*, and their שָׁרָץ, with his “*sponteque se moventia*.”

The Greek generic word for vegetable is *φύλλον*, derived from *φύω*, to spring up, and corresponds precisely with the Hebrew שָׁרָץ, a thing which springs up or grows. The Greek word ζῶον, which extends to the whole of animated nature, is derived from the verb ζᾶν to live, and signifies *a living thing*. The spirits before the throne of God, supposed to represent christian ministers, are, in the Apocalypse, called by this name. The word ἑμψυχον is also applied to animated nature, so extensively as to embrace all terrestrial animals, or rather, as it seems the Greeks thought, terrestrial living things. It signifies *animated or breathing*, and corresponds with the Hebrew שָׁרָץ. The Greeks, then, like the ancient Hebrews and other Asiatics, give us the properties which Linnæus attributes to animals and vegetables, leaving out the property of life in vegetables. That they did so, is plain from their distinguishing animals by a name signifying life, which they must, of course, have thought peculiar to that genus.

The Latins also expressed their views of the distinctive properties of animals and vegetables, by words of the same import with those of the Hebrews and Greeks. Their *planta*, *herba*, and, at a late period, their *vegetabilis*, all signify no more than *things which grow*, and grow in a fixed spot. The latter of these properties corresponds with the Hebrew עָצָא, tree, as a verb signifying to fix firmly. The Latin word *animal*, carries in it the notion of life and sensation. Thus we have the common sense of antiquity, in Asia, the north of Africa, and south of Europe, deciding on the distinctive properties of the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

What says the German, the hereditary prince of the vast Celtic commonwealth, extending over a great part of Europe?

Das thier, signifies a living, animated, thing; (see Ambrosius) while *kraut baum*, &c. signifies things which grow. I shall not meddle with the *Irish* and *Carthaginian*, as I do not understand them. I am disposed to keep to the text in Tom Jones, "to know something of the subject upon which I write." He who understands Hebrew, Punic, and Irish, may dip into them.

By the help of this induction, from various languages, we may judge of the correctness of the following assertion of Dr. Percival: "And because the framers of the systems have invented arrangements and divisions of the works of God to aid the mind in the pursuits of science, we implicitly admit as reality what is merely artificial, and adopt distinctions without any proof of essential difference. *Lapides crescunt*, &c.—This climax of Linnæus is conformable to the doctrines of Aristotle, Pliny, Iungius and others." How incorrect is this representation! Did men think that animals and vegetables were of the same order of beings, until philosophers taught them otherwise! All the naturalists who gave these distinctions did very little more than mark the classes which common sense had formed and embodied into language.

If any one should say that the term *life* ought not, in strictness, to be applied to vegetables, he would do no more than what it seems nearly all antiquity has done before him. I have not, however, made any such assertion; nor even offered a hint to that effect. It is probable that the term *life* was originally applied to that class of beings, by personification, and that, as often happens, long use has caused us to lose sight of the figures in common parlance. Admitting, as I do, that vegetables may now be said, with the utmost propriety, to live, it will not follow that they also possess perceptive and voluntary powers. These latter I denied them in my former paper on this subject. I shall now offer some farther considerations which I think fortify not a little the position I have taken.

Voluntary power necessarily infers the capacity of choosing between two objects. It has scarcely been contended that vegetables can thus elect. They are actuated by uniform laws, as invariably as falling bodies. Who would not be startled at such an assertion as this; "stones must possess a voluntary power, for they always fall to the earth." Is it not equally absurd to say that ve-

getables possess a power of this kind, for they *always* turn their leaves to the light, shoot their roots towards nourishment, their radicle *always* downwards, and their plumule upwards—the bean *always* shoots towards the pole, and the vine *always* sends off its tendrils towards the support? Where, in fact, is the use of voluntariness when the plant cannot depart from fixed laws? No power is bestowed upon any being in vain. If this power were conferred upon plants, it would appear to be for no valuable purpose. The oyster, when the tide is coming in, turns itself up, and opens its shell; when the tide begins to go out it turns the open part of its shell down. This, however, is not invariable, and we know that it serves valuable purposes. Hence we fairly infer that oysters are endowed with voluntariness. If we could believe that mushrooms were endowed with voluntariness and sensation, we should not doubt that oysters might in time become as learned as “one lawyer Searchem in fact.” This delightful and benevolent hypothesis receives some countenance from the enlightened discovery, celebrated by Lucretius the poet, and retailed in an interesting manner by two very illustrious modern philosophers, Monboddoo and Darwin—“that we are all lineally descended from certain aquatic ancestors, vulgarly called tadpoles.”

Again, sensibility and voluntariness seem to require a common sensory. I would like to know how any one can conceive of these powers either in exercise or in existence, without a common sensory. We know that in animals, where the existence of these powers is unequivocal, they are referable to such a sensory. Are we warranted in attributing these qualities to beings not known to possess such a common centre of sensations and volitions? Certainly not. But who has pretended to discover it in vegetables? In the instance of the Athenian poplars in the centre square of Philadelphia, mentioned in a late number of *The Port Folio*, it will be necessary to imagine a common sensory for every one of the poplars. For we cannot well suppose, on the Darwinian theory, that all the buds should at once happen, each being a distinct animal, to conceive and act upon an aversion to their enemies from Lombardy. In the case of the balm of Gilead, the supposition is directly in reverse. The two branches contending for preeminence, have not different only, but hostile, voluntary opera-

tions: of course, there cannot be a common sensory for the whole plant. Since it is ascertained that this is not the case; whether has each of the contending shoots a common sensory? or has every one of the smaller shoots a common sensory of its own? The latter would seem on the hypothesis of the writer to be the more propable supposition. Then there must be some common council chamber for each of the hostile confederacies—one where the conspiracy was matured, and another where counteracting plans were adopted. It behoves those who adopt the hypothesis of vegetable voluntariness, if they wish to come close to the point and discuss it fairly and luminously, to tell us which theory they adopt. They will find serious, and, I think, insurmountable difficulties in both. In relation to the Athenian poplar, having mentioned it incidentally, I would remark, that the writer of those elegant articles seems to have overlooked the fact, that in this city both the species of poplar bend from the walls near to which they are planted. We have a striking instance of this in the Lombardy in Chestnut between Eighth and Ninth streets of this city.

Another topic from which arguments may be drawn against the sensibility and voluntariness of vegetables, is their want of nerves. No vegetable physiologist has demonstrated the existence of a nervous system, nor shown satisfactorily that they possess any thing like it. Until this be done, the friends of the Darwinian theory have made no progress in the establishment of their hypothesis. We know that in animals there is an admirable system of organs wholly appropriated to the business of feeling and voluntary action. No one hesitates about its existence. Did such a system exist in vegetables, there would surely be little difficulty in detecting it. Its sensibility, as in animals, would render it remarkably conspicuous. Some have indeed supposed the central fibre of the leaf to be a nerve "This part," (says Dr. Barton, *Ele. Bot.* v. i. p. 35. of the leaf) "has been by some denominated a nerve. This term ought not to be admitted in accurate botanical language, since there is no reason to believe that any peculiar sensibility, the attribute of nervous matter, resides in the central fibre." Some have supposed the pith to be analogous to the spinal marrow, or rather the brain; but it is now well known that trees grow and appear to be in good health when

the whole central part has rotted away. Upon the whole, I fancy there is no philosopher who will at present risk his reputation by pretending to demonstrate the existence of nerves in vegetables.

Until this be effected, it is surely unphilosophical to attribute to them powers inherent in the nervous system of animals only. It would be as philosophical to affirm that plants see without eyes, smell without olfactory nerves, hear without ears, and taste without palates. To prove that plants possess irritability, circulation of fluids, &c. &c. is doing nothing towards proving their voluntariness and sensibility, unless they are shown to have nerves. In animals we have instances innumerable of irritability and every property which can be clearly shown to belong to vegetables, entirely separate, not only from voluntariness, but even from feeling. I need not quote authorities to prove that if a nerve be tied and cut, the part or limb through which its branches ramify lose all feeling, though the irritability continues apparently undiminished, and all the functions of animal life, sensation excepted, appear to be performed for a long time with unabated vigour. Truly it will require a *Searchem* to induce the readers of *The Port Folio* to believe that vegetable organs are so much more perfect than those of animals, that they can perform all their own functions, and attend to the concerns of feeling and voluntary action besides, while animals must have a distinct system organized to manage these important concerns. I think it would be to make the vegetable fibres forget the salutary remark which their friend quotes from Tom Jones. To make them feel and be the messengers of volition from—nobody knows where, would be “to employ them on a business they know nothing about.” In fact, I suspect when the “crier calls another cause before the Judex,” it will be found to be an action versus vegetable fibres for not obeying the *fieri facias* of the court, commanding them to perform nervous functions.

When a system of nerves shall have been discovered in plants, it will be necessary to discover muscles. Of what avail would be nerves and volitions without muscles to be operated upon—to be moved by the volitions. To fix at random upon any part of the vegetable and call it a muscle will not be sufficient. From its structure and functions it must be demonstrated to resemble the animal muscle.

From all these considerations, I think myself warranted to draw the conclusion, that sensibility and voluntary power are distinctive attributes of the animal kingdom. Some animals, indeed, descend very low in the scale of feeling, and some vegetables appear to be elevated to the very confines of the regions of sensation. In some cases the shades seem to blend the borders of the two kingdoms together so much, that we have difficulty in ascertaining precisely the course which the line of demarkation runs. In this case, however, it becomes a mere question of classification. I have little doubt, that could any individual, which may have heretofore been denominated a vegetable, be clearly ascertained to possess locomotion, sensibility, and voluntarity, even the common sense of my opponents* would prevail over their subtle speculations, and induce them to assign it to the animal kingdom.

—————turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.

Before I conclude this essay, I should, perhaps, take some notice of four or five papers which, either in whole or in part, have been written against my former observations on this subject. As they have all, with the exception of the elegant narratives relative to the Athenian poplar and balm of Gilead, consisted of personal abuse, rather than argumentation, I have felt much disposed to let them pass for what they are worth. However, I shall still beg your patience while I make a few remarks on T. C.'s paper, of May—a paper which I consider as equal to a relinquishment of his former theory, or at least an acknowledgment that he could not support the ground he had taken. He represents the whole question at issue to be, whether vegetables *live*. He charges me with asserting that they do not. I should be very sorry to say that this is a wilful misrepresentation on the part of T. C.; yet it would seem strange that he could possibly have so far mistaken me. I do not, as he must be sensible, deny that vegetables live. He knows very well that the subject of controversy is, whether vegetables *feel and exercise volitions*. Let him not shrink from the question

—————Amphora cæpit
Institui: currente rota, cur urceus exit?

* Who may be named Phytoneans.

His whole paper descends far below the dignity of philosophical discussion, and seems to bespeak an impatience that any one should presume to call in question the accuracy of his speculations. Such usurpations are not permitted in the republic of science.

He is remarkably sore on the ground of his having been charged by me with infidelity. I have not charged him with infidelity. I have indeed supposed that his paper was designed as a covert attack upon the immateriality of the human soul. Does T. C. consider this as equivalent to a charge of infidelity? I do not. Though I believe this doctrine to be both a truth and an important truth; still I think a man may deny it and yet be a good christian. I had not the least intention to charge him with hostility to revealed religion. But he must have a wonderful infelicity of expression, that he should be so liable to be misapprehended. Your very learned correspondent of Duanesborough, G. W. F. thinks he discovers infidelity in the pages of T. C. If T. C. is really a friend to the immateriality of the human soul and to revealed religion, it would give no one greater pain than myself, that his character and views should be misrepresented. I hope he is so. But why, when he is attempting to express his belief of the Holy Scriptures, in his reply to G. W. F. why does he limit his faith to the "*Old Testament*," and "*the present discussion*?" I have heard this interpreted unfavourably. But to say so much about the faith of an individual is really bestowing too much importance upon his opinions. We are glad to find that he wishes to be thought an orthodox believer.

T. C. shelters himself behind the names of Bonnet, Landaff, Bell, Percival, Smith, and, to put his orthodoxy beyond impeachment, Darwin! Let us see what the opinions of those gentlemen are:

M. Bonnet says (*Histoire Naturelle*, vol. viii. p. 466) "S'il est une faculté, qui paroisse propre à l'animal exclusivement à la plante, c'est assurément celle, d'être animal, je veux dire, d'être doué d'une ame capable de sentir." From various parts of his works we learn, that that amiable philosopher did consider plants and animals to belong to distinct classes. He, indeed, goes on to remark various vegetable phenomena, which might, he says, excite a suspicion in the mind of an intelligence from the moori,

that plants have some degree of sensation. After elegantly exhibiting those phenomena, which Darwin, T. C. and others, have done little more than repeat after him, he asks whether we ought to yield up ourselves to these evidences, or whether we ought to be entire sceptics on the point? The latter, I believe, was the ground he took. He possessed a fine imagination, and, on this occasion, seems to permit it to make one of its most daring excursions into regions hitherto almost unexplored, that he may delight himself in witnessing its lofty flights. In the end its illusions almost carry him away. What his sentiments really were, we learn from a conversation which he had with Dr. Smith. The doctor says (Phil. Trans. vol. lxxviii. p. 162) "In a conversation with the celebrated M. Bonnet, he informed me he was strongly of that opinion." What opinion? That "*irritability*" pervades the whole body of vegetables. Instead of believing that they feel and will, he is only "*strongly of opinion*," that they possess, in every part, irritability. What he means by this being "*strongly of opinion*," is, we find again, no more than a strong conjecture; for he urges Dr. Smith to institute a set of experiments, to ascertain whether such irritability does really exist or not. What is the result of all this? Why, truly, that M. Bonnet is doubtful whether plants possess even irritability, and wishes to ascertain the truth, by the aid of experiments conducted by his friend Dr. Smith. Hence, M. Bonnet, whom T. C. represents as the orthodox fountain of his theory of vegetable mind, was nearly, if not precisely, of the same opinion with professor Davy, whom T. C. attacks with such merciless rage.

But the excellent and industrious bishop of Landaff will help on the orthodox paradoxes of T. C. He follows M. Bonnet in attributing "*something like* voluntary power to vegetable organization." Not to the vegetable, but to its "*organization!*" In what discourse does he do this? Could T. C. not have told us where to find it? The illustrious prelate, in his *Institutiones Metalurgicæ*, says what amounts to the contrary opinion:—"Partium animalium, figuram, nexam et motum—vegetabilium structuram." (See vol. v. p. 303 of his Chymical Works.) Under the *motus* of animals he no doubt comprehended the sensation and voluntary power which produce animal locomotion. If he had ascribed such

powers to vegetables, or rather to the "*organization*" of vegetables, why does he confine himself merely to the word *structura*?

What says Dr. Smith, a stanch churchman and president of the Linnæan Society? Speaking of the stamina of some plants, especially of the *berberis*, he says, they possess irritability on one side. But more; he tells us, and let it be remarked carefully:—"those (stamina) which were already fallen to the ground, proved fully as irritable as any I had examined." If from such irritability as Dr. Smith found resident in the inner side of the stamens of the plant which he examined, we are to infer, as T. C. does, sensibility and voluntary power, when the stamina live and are connected with the other organs of the blossom, are we not also to infer that the same powers reside in it when dead, and fallen to the earth? This would be a most enviable vegetable attribute—sensation and volition after death! The conclusion is as just in the latter as in the former case. If the living stamen, as T. C. affirms, when pricked with a needle, bends voluntarily and sheds its pollen upon the pistil; it also bends voluntarily after death, probably remembering the joys of love which charmed it when living!

But what inferences did the judicious Dr. Smith draw from these phenomena? Hear himself:—"As the foregoing experiments show vegetables to possess irritability in common with animals, so there are plants which *seem* to be endued with a *kind of spontaneous* motion. I could wish to find an instance of this spontaneous motion, combined with irritability in one and the same plant; but, I confess, I do not know one. There still remains this difference, between animals and vegetables, that although *some* of the latter possess *irritability*, and others spontaneous motion, even in a superior degree to many of the former, yet these properties in animals have only been found in one and the same part." What does this amount to? Not as T. C. would have us believe, that all vegetables possess the powers of feeling and willing; but that *some* plants have something that *resembles* spontaneity, which is not so strong a term here as voluntariness, and only *some* of them possess even irritability. Such was the greatest length which that respectable naturalist thought he might go in what he evidently considers as a playful exhibition of his ingenuity.

With the accuracy or perspicuity of Dr. Smith's inferences, respecting the irritability of plants not residing in the same part as in animals, I am not concerned. I hope I have shown, with sufficient plainness, that he is far, very far from the Darwinian theory, which T. C. has espoused.

While on the subject of irritability, it may be remarked, "that the abbé Bertholan de St. Lazare, from various experiments, infers, that the plants called *mimosæ*, are endowed with a greater portion of electrical fluid than others; that this fluid escapes when touched by a foreign body, capable of conveying it away, and that they shrink by being deprived of what is essential to their health and vigour."—(Percival's Essays, Med. & Phil. v. ii. p. 133.)—Dr. Percival says, his own experiments did not give countenance to the opinion of the abbé. They might be easily repeated. The thought is ingenious. As electricity undergoes a peculiar modification in living animals, so it may receive a still different modification in living vegetables. Here is a fine field open for extensive and interesting observation of electrical phenomena, in relation to vegetables, and particularly their living and active functions and irritability. That the phenomena of the sensitive plant may be satisfactorily accounted for on the ground of mere irritability, without recurring to feeling and voluntariness, is certain. The limb of a frog, several hours after its death, may be violently convulsed, by presentment to the operation of the Galvanic fluid. Surely T. C. will not affirm that the limb, torn from a frog, many hours dead, is capable of feeling and voluntary motions; and yet, if mere irritability be an evidence of the presence of these powers, it gives greater evidence of them than the *mimosa*. The flesh of an animal will contract and expand, with very considerable force, several hours after death, and that merely upon being touched with the finger, as every one has often seen. Here is irritability separated from sensibility. It may be so in the sensitive plant. Irritability does not require a common sensory. Professor Davy, in the text which T. C. comments upon so largely and so unmercifully, gives it as his opinion, that the evidences of vegetable irritability are by no means clear and decisive. As a property common to all vegetables, he is certainly correct. However, it is possible, and future experiments may ascertain the

fact, that irritability is that vegetable attribute which elevates above, and distinguishes from minerals, every member of the great vegetable family—that attribute by which they make the nearest approximation to animated nature. I confess I am more inclined to this opinion than when in a former essay I intruded my crude thoughts on the readers of *The Port Folio*.

Let us next hear Dr. Percival, who must be orthodox, as he allowed (for any thing we know to the contrary) his son to take orders in the established church. After having, as T. C. says, attributed “*something like voluntary power*” to vegetables, he goes on to say, “truth indeed obliges me to acknowledge that I review my speculations with much diffidence, and that I dare not presume to expect they will produce any permanent conviction in others, because I experience an instability of opinion in myself. For, again to use the language of Tully, “*Necio quomodo dum lego, assentior; cum posui librum assentio omnis illa elabitur.*” (*Essays Med. and Phil.* v. ii. p. 244.) The doctor, in his introduction, calls his essay a *jeu d’esprit*.” Thus, even in a *jeu d’esprit*, he is diffident in attributing *any thing like voluntary power* to vegetables. Is T. C. now safe behind the buckler of Percival? The readers of *The Port Folio* will judge.

Who is Dr. Bell? Perhaps T. C. means Bell the anatomist. What has he said on this subject? And where? T. C. knows. When he condescends to quote, it will be time enough to examine Bell’s *Views*.

Well, Darwin is still behind. But he “*may be suspected*” of a want of orthodoxy. I do admit that *he* is truly and to all intents and purposes T. C.’s predecessor in this theory of vegetable feeling and thinking. In fact he is the only gentleman called a philosopher, who, before T. C. boldly and decidedly adopted the hypothesis. It is, therefore, fair, as is done in this essay, to call it Darwinian. That Darwin, who was nearly all imagination, however he might believe himself mere matter, should embrace with ardour such a fanciful theory, and believe it true, is not a wonderful phenomenon. That in his rage for tearing away all the ancient land-marks in the moral world, he should attempt to confound the beautiful order of the physical world—take mind from men and give it to vegetables, was perfectly in character. But how

a plain matter of fact philosopher, "one T. C. in fact," who deals so much in solids, should become all at once, such "a dealer in paradoxes," is not easily explained by the common laws of matter and motion.

I have yet to defend the authorities which I quoted in my former essay. Has T. C. found that any one of them even hints his belief in the voluntariness and sensibility of vegetables? We cannot doubt but that he examined them with care. As he has produced no such opinion, it must be taken for granted, all the sand he would throw in our eyes notwithstanding, that Buffon, St. Pierre, Boerhaave, Aristotle, Pliny, Iungius, and "sir Charles Von Linné" are all on the side of common sense. I freely admit that in my quotation from sir Charles, I inadvertently used the word *crescunt* instead of *vivunt*. That it was not an intentional error, as T. C. with great liberality represents it to have been, is plain from this consideration, that I admitted the life of vegetables as T. C. well knows: and the quotation, from the smaller *systema* of Linnæus, "*Lapides crescunt, vegetabilia crescunt et vivunt. Animalia crescunt, vivunt et sentiunt,*" answers my purpose precisely; which was to show that Linnæus considers the power, *sensitire*, to perceive, or feel, as a distinctive attribute of animated nature, and consequently, that vegetables do not possess such a power. But, to put the matter out of all doubt, as to the opinion of Linnæus, I have to inform T. C. of what I really suspect he does not know—that the immortal Swede *expressly* declares that vegetables have not the power of sensation. Let us hear himself: "*Lapides corpora conigesta, nec viva, nec sentientia: vegetabilia corpora organisata, et viva, non sentientia:—Animalia corpora organisata, et viva, et sentientia, sponteque se moventia.*" (Caroli à Linné *Systema Naturæ*. Vol. i. p. 11. Holmæ, 1776.)

The means by which animals might have been parted, without destroying one another, and the character of Stewart and co. as contrasted with Hume and co. viewed as metaphysicians and moral philosophers, are subjects which I had intended to notice in this paper. But it has already extended to an almost unpardonable length.

With respect to the *analogies* between vegetable and animal physiology, I admit that in many instances they are peculiarly

striking and beautiful. But calling them "*analogies*" is yielding the controversy. It admits the distinction.

I admire as much as any one these analogies and delight to trace them. I thank T. C. and La Metherie for their disclosures on this beautiful subject. I also most sincerely accord the remark, that true philosophy is friendly to sacred theology—that the unity of design in the works of God, leads directly to the unity of the author. All I wish is, that the differential attributes of genera and species should not be confounded. In short, that a man is not a horse, nor a horse an ass, and vice versa; all which I believe T. C. is *now* willing to grant.

My dear Oldschool, cordially,

Yours, &c.

J. R. W.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Remarks on the Review of Inchiquin's Letters, published in the Quarterly Review; addressed to the right honourable George Canning, esq. By an inhabitant of New-England. Boston: published by Samuel T. Armstrong. 1815, pp. 176.

(*Concluded from page 159.*)

THE table of contents embraces seventy-five articles, each of which might be made the subject of considerable discussion, and to each of which the writer has devoted, upon an average, more than two pages of his book. It will be, therefore, impossible to give even an intelligible syllabus of his remarks; much less, any thing like a full account of them:—nor do we think this necessary. Many of the subjects here treated of, have been handled pretty satisfactorily by the author of the pamphlet, to which we have several times alluded—many are incumbered with quotations from well-known works, and others have neither significance nor interest enough to merit a particular consideration.

We pass by our author's remarks upon Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison, together with some unhappy observations upon the late war; but must extract one or two sentences from p. 18, where he is speaking of the conduct of the war.

"The inhabitants of Upper Canada were chiefly emigrants from the United States, and left behind them brothers and sisters, parents and friends. Those of Lower Canada *were perfectly friendly to us, &c.*

Speaking of the same people a little further on, he says—

"Our government was ill-informed, and weak enough to believe *these people their friends*: and under this persuasion, resolutely attempted, at the commencement of the war, to detach them from their allegiance, and their interests," &c.

We know not how to account for this contradiction, unless we suppose that the author considers the administration as distinct from the people; a supposition which only changes the charge of inconsistency into that of violating common sense.

We are so much afraid of overstepping the bounds of political neutrality, that we have been long debating with ourselves whether we ought to admit the two following passages into the pages of *The Port Folio*. In order to shelter ourselves from prejudicial imputations, we must remind our readers, that they are introduced—not for the sentiments they contain—but for the example which they furnish of our author's manner of writing. We have before expressed our pointed disapprobation of the party-spirit with which these remarks abound.

"You complain, and justly, of the hypocritical politics, and false professions, of these presidents (Mr. J. and Mr. M.) Mr. Madison's hypocrisy is clumsy and awkward. Mr. Jefferson's is adroit, and sits upon him like an accomplishment; and, visible as it always was to men of sense and integrity, has nevertheless satisfied his party, and kept them in order. That of Charles II, though he was plainly inferior to Mr. Jefferson in talents, was equally efficacious in controlling the principal men, and the great body of the English nation. Not only did they unite generally in his profligate and ruinous measures, but addressed, and spoke of him publicly and privately, in terms of the most exaggerated and fulsome adulation; such as on a modern ear produces effects very similar to those which are experienced by the palate when tasting ipecacuanha. A few of the distinguished ministers of your church, and a few illustrious laymen, opposed the abominable measures of this fiend in human shape; but the rest, your clergy, nobles, par-

liament and people, united together in a vast mob, and followed with a hue and cry of applause this vile man, who was labouring to destroy at once their liberty and their religion." p. 22-3.

"Very unpleasant tales hang upon the private character of Mr. Jefferson; but he never sacrificed his own daughter, as James the first did the wife of the elector Palatine; nor his friend, as the same miserable prince did sir Walter Raleigh: and his life, with the utmost enormities attributed to it, cannot be placed by the side of that brute in human shape, Charles II.—Charles's whole private life was a mere mass of putrefaction." p. 25.

We shall next take some extracts from the author's defence of our national legislature. After exhibiting the charges brought against those who compose it, by the Quarterly Reviewer, he rebuts them by the following indignant recrimination:

"Pray, sir, what think you of John Wilkes, elected into your parliament by the proud city of London: of which you and your countrymen boast in much the same terms with those in which Nebuchadnezzar boasted of Babylon; of John Wilkes, elected a member of parliament by the city of London; expelled by the house of commons, and by the same city elected a second time; of John Wilkes who wrote the Essay on Woman, a mass of corruption and impiety, such as probably the world never saw before; of John Wilkes, elected at the very time when this putrid production came to light, and thus sanctioned and supported, in this stupendous iniquity, by the public voice of that great city? What think of Sykes, who was elected member of your parliament, after having starved in India, one million of people, by purchasing the rice, on which alone they were to live, and refusing to sell it again till he could obtain the price put upon it by his own avarice? What think you of sir Francis Burdett, the representative of your polite city of Westminster? For his character I need not refer you to the books whence I have learned it. I refer you to your own knowledge, Now, sir, permit me to ask, do you believe that any scoundrels in the American congress are greater scoundrels than these; or that any orator of a stump in the southern states, or any *backwoodsman* in Kentucky, Ohio, or Tennessee, ever deserved to be hanged half as many times?"

“ Let me remind you, also, that this custom of haranguing a mob, as means of obtaining an election, is derived from Great Britain; that the names of Fox, and Burke, are enrolled, as well as those of Wilkes and Burdett, among your field-orators; and that although they did not mount a hog'shead, or a stump, the difference of the rostrum makes no difference in the practice, to the eye, either of morality or taste; that, although they were probably more eloquent than the Ciceros of Kentucky, or Tennessee, and somewhat more learned, and thus were able, like Virgil, “ to toss about their dung with an air of majesty;” yet the superiority of their character serves only to display the conduct with more deformity; and, that the higher your claims of intelligence and refinement are, the deeper is your disgrace on account of this barbarism.” p. 28-9.

We are now obliged to skip over a great many valuable pages of this volume—partly for want of room, and partly because the author's remarks would furnish our readers with very little knowledge which they were not in possession of before. We must stop, however, at page 52, where we find this very eloquent paragraph upon camp-meetings and methodism:—

“ The camp-meetings, of which you make mention, are derived from Great Britain. The very bishops of methodism, whom you sent over to this country; the travelling ministers who came from England, have given birth to these shameful extravagancies: and these extravagancies, notwithstanding their public, solemn declarations to the contrary, are, with the highest probability, secretly cherished and supported by the leading methodists in Great Britain. *Here*, by the great body of sober men, they are held in contempt and abhorrence. But they have been means of indulging a spirit of propagandism, and have actually contributed to swell the muster-roll of methodism, by adding to it, annually, a considerable number of miserable wretches, easily made victims through their profound ignorance, the dictates of a vivid imagination, and ardent feelings, to the vociferation and anathemas of these itinerant exhorters. I doubt not that the sober and virtuous men of this class, (for such, it is fairly presumed, there are) really disapprove of this excess; and are reluctantly induced to wink at them, from the mere spirit of propagandism: a spirit, which, when once imbibed, is too powerful to be resisted by any ordinary human virtue.”

We see nothing in the next thirty pages which it is worth while to notice particularly. Under the article intitled consumption of ardent spirits, we are presented with an elaborate arithmetical comparison between the temperance of a Londoner and an American. As this is valuable, only as a mere matter of fact, we shall give it to our readers in as short a compass as possible. From the "Stranger's Guide through London," we learn that eleven million one hundred and forty-six thousand seven hundred and eighty-two gallons of spirituous liquors—eight million and sixty-four thousand gallons of wine, and thirty-five million six hundred and thirty-two thousand gallons of ale and porter, are yearly consumed by the inhabitants of the British metropolis! The population of London may be estimated at one million. One half of this number is, however, composed of children and women who drink no ardent liquors. Accordingly, each of the remaining five hundred thousand swallows, upon an average, twenty-two gallons of spirits, sixteen of wine, and seventy of ale and porter, or one hundred and eight gallons of strong drink annually. Now, in the year 1810, the quantity of ardent spirits which was either imported into this country, or manufactured by its inhabitants, according to the highest estimate, amounted only to thirty million gallons, and the population by the census of the same year was ascertained to be seven million two hundred and eighty-nine thousand nine hundred and three. By a parity of calculation, then, the number of gallons consumed by each individual in the United States is a little more than nine. As the quantity of wine, ale and porter drank in this country, is trifling in comparison to the consumption of ardent spirits, two gallons of each to every individual is deemed an ample allowance. The result is, that a Londoner drinks one hundred and eight gallons of ardent liquor, while an American drinks only about twelve—or the inhabitants of London are nine times more intemperate than those of the United States!

One of the defects which the Quarterly Reviewer pretended to have discovered in our political institutions, was, that we extended the right of suffrage to every free woman in the country.* The author before us, after asserting in his text, upon the authority of Colquhoun, that fifty thousand females support themselves

* The shameless falsity of this allegation is apparent *prima facie*.

by prostitution in the city of London, subjoins very sarcastically in a note, "This is worse, sir, than voting."

The solid good sense and the polished language of the following passage will amply apologize for its introduction here:

"The mediocrity of our circumstances has often been an object of ridicule, as well as of contempt, with Englishmen. Here, however, it is believed to be a source of no small happiness to the inhabitants. There is, it must be acknowledged, much less splendour, much less to admire, much less to boast of. There are fewer palaces, fewer stupendous public buildings, fewer magnificent public works. But, sir, one rich man is always surrounded by many who are poor; and one great man by many who are little. Wretchedness always follows in the train of pomp, and rags and beggary haunt the mansions as well as the walks of pride and grandeur. If we have not many opulent inhabitants, we have few that are indigent. If we have not palaces, we have few cottages. One would think, that a benevolent man would feel some satisfaction in looking around him, and seeing competence and enjoyment diffused universally; in believing that, exclusively of the unavoidable calamities of this world, the multitude, and not merely a few persons possessed of princely fortunes, were fed, and clad, and lodged in a pleasant and desirable manner. To me no prospect, confined to this world, has been so delightful, as that which I am always sure to find, when travelling in this country; the great body of the inhabitants enjoying all the pleasures furnished by these very circumstances." p. 104-5.

If the character of our congress is to be deduced from the disgraceful rencontre between Roger Griswold and Matthew Lyon, what shall we say of the members of the British parliament, if John Elwes is a faithful representative of the whole?

"Look at this man in the possession of near eight hundred thousand pounds sterling; after having expended eighteen pence for his election, setting out from his seat on horseback, with two hard boiled eggs in his pocket; shunning carefully every turnpike road, lest he should be obliged to pay the fare; stopping under a hedge, feeding his horse upon the grass in the road, and himself upon the egg; wearing a wig cast off by a beggar, and picked up by himself out of the kennel; and following from morning to night

the carpenters who were repairing his houses. View him again at his own seat, mending his windows with a piece of broken glass, or a bit of brown paper; gleanng corn out of his tenants' fields; picking up stray chips and bones to carry to the fire in his pocket; pulling down a crow's nest to add to his stock of fuel, and then complaining of the extravagance and waste, with which these creatures built their nests. See him again, stealing into the stable and taking away the hay which his servant had given to the horse of a friend who visited him; eating corrupted meat, and the animals which had been bred in it; and devouring the small fry taken by his net, instead of replacing them in the river until they should be grown, because he should never see them again. Behold him hiding his money, wrapped up, a few guineas in a paper, and deposited in corners and other secret places, and rising by night as well as watching by day, to see whether it had been stolen. Finally, mark this man, then worth a million sterling, and on the verge of death, crying out in his sleep, "I will keep my property, no man shall rob me of my property." p. 126-7.

We confess we see not the propriety of coupling an attack upon the Edinburgh Review with a defence against the assaults of the Quarterly, nor can we compliment our author for any address in introducing the subject. His shower of reproof upon Mr. Jeffrey, surnamed "the Reviewer of Sodom," is pregnant with the very fire and brimstone of invective. In the XLIVth number of the Edinburgh Review, a writer, speaking of the effect which the passion of monarchs for their mistresses has upon their own honour, and the happiness of their people, observes that "the moment when a nation most dreads and abhors the dominion of a mistress, is when they see in it the result of luxurious habits, rather than of passion—the feverish want of a decayed constitution, rather than the honest demands of nature and imagination:"—to which our author replies in the following justly indignant strain:

"Lewdness, then, it seems, that putrefaction of the human mind, that sin of Sodom, that sin, to pour upon which the vengeance of an angry God, an angel summoned from heaven a storm of fire and brimstone, and emptied its terrible magazines of destruction upon that abandoned city; lewdness, raised to the infamous excess of adultery; lewdness, changed into an incurable habit of adultery,

faced with bronze, and in an open, shameless concubinage, proclaiming to the world its indelible and hopeless infamy, is, what? "The honest demands of nature and imagination." Such is the decision of this Reviewer of Sodom. What is the sentence of his Creator? Of the *strange woman*, "None that go in unto her, turn again; neither take they hold of the paths of life." p. 131.

The president of Yale College has been over and over again accused of coining new words, and we are heartily glad that somebody has at length stepped forth in his defence.

But "the president of Yale College talks of a *conflagrative* band, and president Jefferson of *belittling* the productions of nature. Be it so. The members of your parliament, on the floor of debate, use the dignified words, *diddled* and *gullibility*."

"We retain some words, which you have dropped; and you retain some which we have dropped. We have made a small number of new ones. You have made ten times more. Have not we some rights in this respect, as well as you? If we have not, where is the proof?" p. 139-40.

We come now to the subject of the British Reviews. So far we have travelled along with the New-Englander without much quarrelling, though we have often been teased with the cynic peevishness of his remarks, or incommoded with the baggage of his quotations: but we cannot be silent on a question in which our own character is in some measure concerned, and about which we differ very widely from the author before us. We complain, in the first place, of the unmerciful prolixity of his quotations; and in the second place, we beg leave to *challenge* the witness which he has summoned in support of his allegations.

Our readers must see at once, that fourteen pages of quotations (one third of the number contained in the review of Inchiquin) from one book and on one subject, are out of all proportion.

The character of British Reviews, and of their conductors, is taken from the Picture of London. According to this, the authors of the anonymous criticisms, which overload the English press, are persons mured in prison—rival authors—adventurous young men, who are destitute of any honourable calling—or employed by different booksellers to promote the sale of their own

books, and to depreciate those of their neighbours. A great deal more is said by this writer against the censorial fraternity, which our limits oblige us to omit; but the most precious information of all is, that, a few months before making this disclosure, the writer himself had "PLAYED A PRINCIPAL PART IN THE FARCE OF ANONYMOUS CRITICISM!" Now the question is, if this kind of *state's evidence* is to be admitted? Here is a writer who confesses himself to have been engaged in the most criminal of all deceptions—that of disseminating false principles—to have reviewed books without reading them, and to have been an associate of men who were compelled to hire out their talents, and to scatter their noxious arrows from the dark grates of Fleet, King's-bench, and Newgate prisons. In consequence, perhaps, of a failure of patronage, of some personal pique, or of some other unknown emergency, he has quitted his old occupation, turned upon his former coadjutors, and, although he acknowledges he was false as a critic, calls upon the public to believe him as a confessor. From what circumstance are we to rely more upon the veracity of this writer while drawing a picture of London, than while penning an anonymous criticism? For our own parts we cannot unite with our New-Englander in applying to him the appellations of *frank, honest-hearted, and judicious*.

We must now close our extracts with the following character of the English nation.

"The character of your nation is well understood on this side of the Atlantic. By a great part of the people of the United States, full justice is done to your talents and your worth, your institutions and your efforts. We know, that you are a great nation, and have achieved distinguished glory in many ways, and those of supreme importance. But we do not think, *that you have any knack at making friends*. You form too high an estimate of your own importance to suffer you to be agreeable to others; loftily claim the respect, which other nations solicit; and receive it as a tribute, where other nations receive it as a proof of civility. In their books, and in their conversation, *Englishmen* are, more than any people, busied in comparing themselves with other nations, and whatever is contained in *England*, with the same or similar things found in other countries. The result of this comparison

is almost always in favour of themselves, and of whatever is theirs. Their climate, their soil, their weather, their productions, their talents, their institutions, their religion, their church, their manners, their morals, are all better than the same things in any other country. *They* only are clean, and neat, in their persons, and houses. They only, have good beef. Their peaches, under a half frosty sun, are better than those of the United States, with all the advantages which the finest seasons can give; and a Scotchman, rioting on the rich fruits of this country, will gravely inform you, that *they are not so gude as those which grow in the garden of the duke of Argyle*. American apples are exported to *England* in great quantities, and are cried in your markets at high prices; yet an *Englishman*, sojourning in the United States, pronounces without hesitation, that they are inferior to the apples of his own country. An *Englishman*, not long since travelling in the state of New-York, stopped at an inn in Poughkeepsie. Here he called for a beefstake; and at the same time complaining bitterly, that he had not found a single good dish, of this kind, since he had been in America. The innkeeper told him, that he would give him one; and going into the kitchen, ordered the cook to sprinkle the stake with sulphur. The *Englishman* pronounced it delicious." p. 172-3.

Our author has made a few attempts at wit, some of which are truly good, and others truly contemptible. The following raillery at the Edingburgh Review, is without wit, because it is without sense. After introducing the passage from that Review, already cited concerning the effects of the passion of monarchs for their mistresses, he starts off on a "long run" with the following *wonderfully shrewd and cutting questions*:

"Pray sir, is not the conductor of the *Edinburgh Review* a descendant of those cattle, who, according to lord *Monboddo*, were the first ancestors of the human race, *who wore tails*, and lived in the near neighbourhood of our cousin *Ourang-Outangs*?" * * * "This conductor," he afterwards adds, "must have been born in the vicinity of his lordship: and, if the proper investigation were to be made, it would, I presume, be found, that the tail had lately fallen off from the man, or that the man had fallen off from the tail: for it is doubtful which was the principal part of the composition." p. 130.

These smaller faults, however, are much overbalanced by the excellence of the writer's observations on the importance of the preservation of a spirit of mutual good will between the United States and England. We have no room, however, for further quotation; nor if we had should we deem it necessary at present; for we believe that the specimens which we have already exhibited, will be sufficient to recommend the whole book to the perusal of our readers.

With regard to the subject matter of this pamphlet we may now observe, that the author exhibits more solid learning, and a more extensive acquaintance with facts, than any other writer who has hitherto appeared on the same occasion. Local prejudice has evidently, however, we think, restricted his defence to a single section of the union, and party spirit has often distorted his greatest beauties. But if he should here assert his innocence, and declare himself an impartial friend to every portion of the country, then, by his own acknowledgment, he falls into a still more detestable situation, and shows, as respects the middle and southern states too much of the spirit described by Terence—

—————"Facile omnes perferre et pati,
"Nunquam præponens se aliis."

Some too will urge that his pages are sometimes overburdened with the lumber of unwieldy erudition. He evidently considers the press as consecrated to truth, and, when it is in his power, delineates circumstances and prunes assertions with that indefatigable minuteness—that close precision which is as valuable as it is rare, and which in doubtful cases must give much weight to the '*ipse dixit*' even of an anonymous pamphleteer. It is for this reason that the seemingly dogmatical assertions, which occasionally occur, command a respect which a less learned writer, and a less steady adherent, could never obtain. Warm with zeal and conscious of the rectitude of his cause, he comes forth the vigorous champion of New-England, and the British Dares sinks down before the American Entellus.

We have before observed that we believe he has confined himself too much to a single model of good writing. He plainly has not the faculty of amusing his reader with empty words while

he cheats his intellect—he has neither the “ease of Addison” nor the “force of Johnson.” Plain, blunt, and manly, and, like the object of his imitation, seldom if ever trifling, his style will probably meet with favour, though it merit commendations. We will now take leave of our author by remarking, that if he ever offers his name to the public, however lofty may be his station, his literary reputation may be raised, but can hardly be depressed by the act.

* * In estimating the relative intemperance of Londoners and Americans (p. 258) we ought to have mentioned that the subjects of comparison are not strictly upon the same footing. In almost all large cities, it is necessary to remedy the badness of water by an admixture of ardent spirits,—or by resorting to a substitute of ale, beer, and other kinds of beverage. The consumption of strong liquors, by a given number of inhabitants, is, therefore, very different in the metropolis and in the country. But making due allowance for this fact, we think, that the calculation of the New-Englander is not materially altered, and that at all events, this circumstance cannot be supposed to account for a disproportion of nine to one in our favour. Y.

Introductory Discourse, delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, on the 4th of May, 1814, by De Witt Clinton, L. L. D. president of the society.—4to. pp. 160.

(*Concluded from p. 159.*)

HAVING presented the reader with an analysis of the discourse itself, I proceed to the notes, which are to the former like gems that surround the ring; without meaning, however, to imply exaggerated praise, for the pamphlet under review is neither marked by brilliancy of diction nor novelty of discovery; it is what such a discourse should be, well characterized by competent knowledge of the subjects discussed, suggestions truly useful and patriotic, and strong features of unpretending good sense, pervading it throughout.

The notes from A to G relate to subjects merely local, and therefore not likely to be generally interesting.

In note G the author makes some remarks on the natural features of the lake country of New-York state. He supposes, in conformity to the general opinion, that the falls of the Niagara were

once at Queenstown and Lewistown; and (as I fancy must be allowed by all that have been in the country) that the *Gravel-ridge*, about six miles south of Ontario, was the former boundary of that lake. The falls of the Genesee (for the high land extends from Genesee to the falls of Niagara) have not worn away near so much as those of Niagara; and, I am persuaded, that those who will travel from Queenstown to the upper falls of Genesee, will be satisfied that they have travelled along the original line of the high land, and the distance between Niagara falls and Queenstown has been really worn away.

Note H briefly touches the very curious and important subject of petrifications; those medals, as Dr. Barton terms them, by which nature commemorates the revolutions of our globe. Mr. Clinton, after Kalon, notices a cornu ammonis of two feet diameter. There is one, I believe, nearly of that size, in a garden fence wall at Chambersburgh in Pennsylvania, between the north mountain, which is secondary, and the south mountain, which is in the transition range.

The history of the revolutions of our globe, is just now beginning to be somewhat understood; the science is yet in its very infancy. Werner and Cuvier have thrown *some* light on the subject, but they have done much, by comparison only, with the feeble attempts of their predecessors. A few general facts have been established upon a tolerably sound foundation: such as

1. That the shell surrounding the nucleus of our globe, is composed of a series of formations of different ages, but which repose on each other every where in a manner so much alike, that their relative situations must be ascribed to one common cause originally.

2. That the original situation of these formations, layers, or strata, has been in various places altered by the operation of causes acting underneath them; so that they have been heaved up out of their original position, in directions that vary more or less between the horizontal and perpendicular; occasioning the disruptions, dips, inclinations, out-breakings, over-lyings, &c. which we observe in these strata, or formations, in various parts of the earth.

3. That the oldest of these strata or formations, are manifestly crystallized depositions from solution or mixture in water, of the

particles that compose them: the newer or younger of these formations, are more confused deposits of stony or muddy particles, not bearing general marks of chrySTALLIZATION.

4. Of metalline substances, whether native or mineralized, whether in beds, in veins, or in nodules, no facts are as yet known, that enable us to assert positively any thing explanatory of present appearances.

5. That the oldest or chrySTALLIZED formations (strata universally deposited and found) must have been long anterior to any vegetable or animal formations, for they contain no marks or remains of these organized substances.

6. The smaller and less active kind of sea animals, such as the echinites, ostracites, belamnites, &c. are found in strata, manifestly anterior to those formations that contain vegetables, so that these aquatic animals, have lived and died during the gradual deposition of the stones and earth that now envelop them.

7. That a long space of time must have intervened, before those strata were deposited, which were fitted to subserve the growth of vegetables.

8. That a long period of vegetation must have taken place before the production of animals: for these could not be formed until they had the means of subsistence. Hence, the formations that contain only vegetable debris, must have been long anterior to those, which contain the undecomposed remains of land animals.

9. That graminivorous must have long preceded carnivorous animals, for before the latter could have been formed or produced, the graminivorous animals must have been in numbers too great for the subsistence the earth afforded. This coincides with the *exciting cause* of hunger which would tempt to the devouring of each other, where the natural means of so doing was bestowed, and the *final cause* of preventing increase beyond the means of subsistence.

Hence it would seem that on land, graminivorous and herbivorous animals were the oldest; that omnivorous preceded carnivorous animals, and probably amphibious were coeval with omnivorous.

Hence I should doubt, whether the teeth were of themselves a sufficient criterion of animals who fed on vegetables or on

flesh: or that the pervading, intermixed enamel, formed any certain criterion; for, much stronger teeth would frequently be required for hard vegetable, than soft animal food. The final cause of the permeating enamel in the tooth of a graminivorous animal, is to be sought for, as I think, in the acid nature of many vegetables, which do not act on enamel (fluat of lime) but which would gradually dissolve and wear away the common phosphat. But this is speculation: nor would I venture to argue *from* a final cause, and with caution, *to it*.

10. That many species of animals formerly existing, are now extinct. Cuvier, as Mr. Clinton observes, has classed the fossil remains of seventy-eight different quadrupeds, of which forty-nine are distinct species, hitherto unknown to naturalists.

I would remark, *en passant*, that although Mr. Chevenix denies it, every practical mineralogist knows, that one kind of stones gradually pass into another kind of contiguous, but somewhat varying appearance and properties; thus small and accidental varieties of component parts will form opaque quartz, agate, flint, chert, hornstone; so in chemistry, how easily are the citric, malic, &c. acids converted into the acetic? And so also, as I think, in animals, slight variations are frequently occasioned by exposure to different circumstances, that thus form the varieties of species. So the mammoth may gradually be worn down into the elephant, as the wild turkey has degenerated into the tame bird.

11. The older animals, and those existing on the earliest plant bearing formation, seem to have been larger than animals of modern days.

May not this have been the natural effect of more abundant nutriment? Do not all animals now decrease in size, as food becomes scarce?

12. Terrestrial, and particularly carnivorous animals, are found only in the most recent formations, as in marl, mud, and alluvial deposits.

13. Every fact relating to the science of fossils, and petrifications gives reason to believe, that man, is the most recently formed animal on our globe.

These positions may be regarded as, in the present state of our knowledge, highly probable, though not absolutely certain.

There ought to be, in every state, some public institution under the fostering patronage of the legislature, where men of research may find those European publications, which are too expensive for individual collections; such as those of Michaux, Humboldt, Cuvier, De Non, Parkinson, &c. How can our scientific men have pretensions to European accuracy, when they are debarred from European information? What inconvenience would the expense of a couple of thousand dollars a year, in each state occasion, compared to the convenience and satisfaction of such a resource? and why is not every state explored, mineralogically, agriculturally, statistically, and for lines of canal also?

Note K. There is very little difference between the petroleum of the Genesee country, and that of the Birman empire. Naptha has not yet been found in our country. These bituminous springs, the gypsum, the salt, the sulphurated hydrogen, &c. are marks of alluvial soil, which I think extends from Passamaquody, through the Genesee country, taking in the head of the Chippewa.

There is no good map of the United States. The best I know of is Arrowsmith's: the more shame for us. No other map will serve the purpose of the following remark, which I owe to a friend. Stick a pin at the south point of Salina in New-York state, extend a string from thence to the salt springs in Louisiana, on the west of the Mississippi, between thirty-one and thirty-two degrees north latitude; look along the course of that string, and within ten miles on each side of it, you will observe salt licks in more abundance than in any other part of the union.

Note L, on the American languages. These are so numerous, so dissonant, and so difficult to be reduced to European pronunciation, that all attempts at conjecture, concerning the origin of the nations from their language, must fail, as it has failed. A man must have a great deal of faith who has any to bestow, for instance, on Dr. Barton's collection. The best vocabulary of the northern Indians, and that of a confined district, is Long's. But when the most learned men of Europe, at this day, disagree so enormously, in their mode of pronouncing and spelling the name of any well-known place in the East Indies, who can depend on the pronunciation of a Savage, or the orthography of his visitors?

Note M. Classification of animals, according to Linnæus, Blumenbach, and Cuvier.

Note N. A brief account of the discoveries relating to the mammoth and the elephant, very interesting for original information, as well as for a very good view of what is known, so far as could reasonably be compressed in the compass of a note. Mr. Clinton concludes:

1. That the Asiatic and African living elephants, and the Siberian mammoth, are specifically distinct.

2 That the New-York, the Ohio, or American mammoth, is specifically, if not generically, different from them.

3. That it was carnivorous.

4. That it lived upon the land, in opposition to Mr. Peale, who supposes it amphibious, and governor Pownal, who supposes it an aquatic animal.

5. But that it might also have been graminivorous, or omnivorous and amphibious.

6. That it was not of a larger size than the living elephant.

7. That it has become extinct.

I am of opinion, with Mr. Jefferson, that the animal mammoth must have been at least twice the size of an ordinary Asiatic elephant, nor can I conceive on what *good* authority Mr. Clinton states the *Elephas Indicus* to be from ten to fourteen feet high. (Discourse, p. 88.)

Mr. Corse, whose papers in the Philosophical Transactions for 1799, I have examined for the purpose, had the command of the elephants and elephant hunters at Tipperah, in Bengal, from 1792 to 1797, and must have had some hundreds under his eye. He states the height of female elephants at from seven to eight feet in India, the males from eight to ten, measured at the shoulder. He never *heard* of but one elephant (on good authority) that exceeded ten feet. The largest he ever saw, belonged to the nabob of Dacca, and did not exceed ten feet. He mentions, that captain Jandys, who commanded one hundred and fifty elephants in the war against Tippoo Sultan, showed him a list of their heights; of these, not one was ten feet high, and only a few males were nine feet and a half. Elephants, of the largest breed, that exceeded nine feet were uncommon.

Now, Mr. Peale's skeleton was eleven feet high at the shoulder, while the thigh bone was only three feet seven inches. I have

before me a thigh bone of the following dimensions: three feet nine inches high, one foot six and a half inches at the smallest circumference, three feet three-fourths of an inch at the largest circumference, and two feet seven inches and three-fourths in circumference at another part. If the middle size of the *Elephas Indicus*, as we may gather from Mr. Corse, is, when alive, and clothed with cartilage, flesh, skin and hair, but nine feet high, at the utmost average calculation, surely the mammoth, when clothed with the same coverings, must be a prodigiously larger animal.

The teeth seem to indicate an omnivorous animal.

Mr. Sylvanus Miller, in a letter to Mr. Clinton, states the explanation given by Dr. Mitchill of the climates in which these elephantine relics are found, so different from the climates which living elephants now inhabit; namely, that at some very remote period, the axis of the globe has changed ninety degrees. I am disposed to allow every thing to Dr. Mitchill's ingenuity, but these gratuitous hypotheses communicate no information, and confer no credit.

Note O, is on the brown or grizzly bear, an animal very little known to European naturalists. Mr. Clinton with reason divides the animals called *bears*, into 1. The polar bear. 2. The grizzly bear. 3. The common bear of Europe. 4. The common bear of America. He inclines to think it is the *Megalonix* of Mr. Jefferson. The *ursus lotor* is our racoon.

Note P, the animal *bos*, is noticed by the ancients, who mention the *bos bonasus* (Aristotle) the *urus* (Cæsar) the *bos ferus* (Strabo) the *bison* (Pliny) the *biston* (Oppian) beside the common domestic animal of the same kind. Mr. Clinton classes them thus,

1. The *bos indicus* or *bubalus*; the Asiatic and African buffalo.
2. The *bos bison*, or American buffalo. (*Bonasus*.)
3. The *bos taurus*, or domestic bull.

He does not notice the Mexican, or musk bull, nor the grunting bull (*Grunnians*, *Sarluk*) nor the *bos gnou* of the Cape of Good Hope. Is the *gnou* the same with the *jomello* or *jumart*? It is described as between the *pecora* and *bellua* by Zimmerman.

Note Q, contains a dissertation on the *moose-deer* and *elk*, not

yet sufficiently distinguished and described here, and still less known in Europe. We want further information from travellers and naturalists of our own country.

Note R, Mr. Clinton's review of Wilson's Ornithology, a work that has done great credit to the American press, as well as to American science.

Notes S and T continue the subject of ornithology, with some observations on the difference, if any, between the turkey of Europe, and our wild turkey; on the reed-bird, and on the crows and ravens. The wild turkey can certainly be induced to live with the tame turkey.

Note U, on the *lepus* or hare. It is yet uncertain whether we have the same species with the European hare. I am inclined to think that the white hare of this country, which I have known once caught in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, and shown to me by Mr. Ewing, formerly prothonotary of that county, at Sunbury, is not the English hare. The flesh is indeed of the colour of the hare, but I know not that the animal is ever found here otherwise than white. It would certainly be worth while to import the European hare, and the warren rabbit.

Note V, on the migration of birds.

Note W, on birds. The number of species is about three thousand now known, of which Mr. Clinton allows one thousand to America within the bounds of the United States.

Note X, on the genus *anas*. This includes all the geese, and ducks: every one of which, according to Mr. Clinton, may be domesticated. So may the genus *Columba*. The goose and duck are profitable, the one for its feathers and the other for food. All ducks that are known and tried can be fed on offal meat: certainly an advantage in great towns. It would be well if more ducks and fewer dogs were kept.

We want here the English partridge and pheasant: our birds of that name are not similar to the English. They are neither so large nor so beautiful as the common birds of the same name there; these are also much inferior to the ring pheasant and the golden pheasant.

I purchased about six years ago, a swan exactly like the swan of Europe, in size, appearance, down and whiteness; it was sold as

a loon: I know not that it would be worth domesticating. It is beautiful, but very coarse and black food.

This note contains much useful remark on the varieties of these birds and other fowls, that might be beneficially domesticated here.

Note Y, on the Ichthyology of this country. Notice of a work on this subject, projected by Dr. Mitchill, which, when it appears, will deserve, I hope, the good opinion Mr. Clinton seems to entertain of it. The poetical version of the third piscatory Eclogue of Sannazarius by Dr. Mitchill, is not calculated to extend that gentleman's fame as a poet; for, in good truth, it contains much homely verse, and nothing like poetry.

Note Z, on the spawning, breeding, descent, and return of fishes. Among some curious information in this note, Mr. Clinton mentions from Clavigero, that the Indians of the Antilles had the art of taming a sea fish to chase other fish.

It appears a natural propensity in fishes spawned in fresh water, to return if they can at spawning time, to the place where they first perceived themselves alive.

Notes AA, BB, and CC, the subject of fishes continued.

Note DD, American history of various vermin.

Note EE, honey and the honey bee.

Note FF, serpents.

Note GG, on the wild potatoe and the Jerusalem artichoke: this latter vegetable is too little known and employed. I can assert, that in flavour it is equal to the European artichoke: that it requires little care comparatively in the cultivation; that it is as productive as the common potatoe; that it is more hardy; that animals, particularly hogs, eat it greedily; that it produces more manure from the haum than the potatoe.

Note HH, on the wild oat, or wild rice.

Note II, on the wheat and its varieties; and on the insects that infest our useful vegetables. I take this opportunity of again noticing Mr. Melsheimer's Entomology. Hanover, Adam's county, Pennsylvania.

Note KK, on grasses. Sain foin, *hedasylum onobrychis*. I have tried this grass by accident thus: I procured from Europe many years ago, some luzerne (*medica*) sain foin, timothy, ray

grass, burnet, some of the poas, and tescues. I sowed them in a garden in separate beds, near to a stable. They were kept clear and grew well. When nearly ripe a cow and a horse broke through the stable by bursting open the door, and entered the garden. I saw them go to the sain foin in preference, after smelling at the luzerne, and they devoured it, while I stood by to observe the choice they made. This grass grows in great abundance on the arid gravelly soil of Abingdon, near Oxford, in England. It is calculated particularly for gravelly soils.

I wish somebody would make an experiment on the most productive of all grasses, not noticed by Mr. Clinton. The succory, *chicorium intribus*. I have seen horses leave oats for this grass. The roots are the best substitutes for coffee I know of. Curtis's treatise on grasses, and his directions for the mixture of seed proper to make a productive and bateable meadow, deserve more attention than we pay them.

Note LL, on the seneca or sweet-scented grass: on botany generally; about twenty-two thousand plants are known, and have been characterized and described. Dr. Muhlenberg has described only two thousand eight hundred species belonging to eight hundred and sixty-three genera? Mr. Clinton estimates the plants of the United States at eight thousand.

"Page 148. The *crap plant*, says Vander Donk, for dying red, is not cultivated in New Netherland, but it is not to be questioned that if it were tried it would yield well." The crap plant is madder, which will grow in New-York and Pennsylvania as well as wheat.

Note MM, on the original introduction of various garden plants.

Note NN, on diseases. Consumption greatly on the increase. I am persuaded that the substitution of silk stockings and muslin dresses next the skin, in lieu of flannel, among our females, is one great cause of consumption: another connected with it, is exposure to midnight and wintry blasts, after dancing: another is the use of corsets.

Our great-grand mothers who clothed in woollen, were little annoyed with consumption. Scanty drapery in a female is equally offensive to good taste, good health, good morals, and good sense.

Cotton shirts are decidedly more wholesome, and more economical than linen.

Dr. Hosack's treatment of this disease, is that of every judicious physician; bleeding, emetics, and blisters in the early inflammatory stage. Mercury and digitalis have had their day. A sea voyage is excellent, for it is the best and most effectual emetic. The cow-stable and hydrogen *certainly* alleviate the symptoms, but they have not yet effected a cure.

Note OO, on contagion and infection: a note full of good sense and distinct arrangement. As to the yellow fever, no one who has perused the evidence with the eye of a lawyer can doubt about its importation. The case appears to me fully made out.

Dr. Hosack's letter is not entirely new: I think some of his ideas are anticipated by Ferriar; but it is the letter of one who, having clear ideas in his head, knows how to make them clear to others.

Dr. Mitchill's ingenious doctrines on the pestilential fluids, had better remained unnoticed. They have certainly added nothing to his own reputation, or to the scientific character of his country. The way to make this valuable man, more valuable, is, to impress upon him the absolute necessity of accurate and laborious research, before he starts upon the race-ground of science, any other new and ingenious theory. The unfortunate doctrine of Septon, which the nitric oxyd so completely demolished, ought to teach him to go to a *laboratory* for the foundation of new doctrines, and to lay Schrevelius's Lexicon on the school-boy's shelf. His knowledge is extensive and his talents considerable: but he will be spoiled, if he be praised for careless flights of fancy, where the world looks for an accumulation of well ascertained fact.

"Europe (says Mr. Clinton) is already greatly indebted to that spirit of investigation, which characterizes the professors of the healing art in this country. A spirit which has led to the overthrow of many errors, and to the discovery of new physiological and pathological principles; which has prompted its professors to exertions, that have eminently contributed to the general adoption of a more judicious treatment of many disorders, to the rejection of many inert substances from the *materia medica*, and to

the augmentation of the list of those of approved medicinal virtues; to a more liberal use of vigorous remedies, and to a more bold and successful method of practice." This is true: it is owing partly to the more decided and dangerous character of our diseases, and to the necessity that physicians here are under, of making up their own prescriptions. In England, a young physician must keep in with the nurse and the apothecary. He dare not venture to say, that poisons are the most valuable remedies, or that the modern practice can be well pursued with five-and-twenty or thirty drugs. Here, a physician may put in practice his own ideas on the *materia medica*, and discard what is useless and expensive. He may prescribe, if he pleases, to the *rich*, out of the *pharmacopæia pauperum*; which in England would be too hazardous.

I do not *entirely* approve of counsellors being their own attorneys; but I am satisfied it has led to much useful brevity of practice, and much gentlemanly understanding between the *gentlemen* of the bar.

The great desideratum both among the professors of medicine and law, is, to make admission more difficult and more honourable; and not to permit any young man just of age, to trifle with the lives, characters and fortunes of his confiding fellow citizens. No man ought to be allowed to practice either law or physic till he be twenty-five years of age at least.

Such are the subjects treated of in the notes to this discourse. This review has been extended far beyond the apparent importance of the pamphlet, in point of bulk: but it proceeds from the pen of a man, well known among us, as a very active member of political society. I have little acquaintance with his person, and less with his politics: but it is well for the country, that men looked up to among the partisans of the day, should be so well informed on so many important subjects of scientific discussion, and entertain views so just and so extensive, on the best means of promoting the permanent interests of the community to which they belong. Mr. Clinton's discourse shows him to be, not indeed a solitary, but a very honourable example of this remark. T. C.

Carlisle, July, 1815.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE CHARACTER AND ELOQUENCE OF WILLIAM PITT.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN the June number of your highly instructive work, an article on eloquence attracted our notice: the title was alone sufficient to excite our eager desire to peruse its contents. We read it with attention, for every admirer of uncommon men, distinguished by uncommon talents, particularly devoted to the service of their country, and rendering its fame splendid by the display of eloquence, cannot but be supremely interested when are mentioned the names of Pitt and Fox. With the poet, while in imagination we are lingering over the tombs of these illustrious dead, we exclaim,

“ And ne’er held marble in its trust,

“ Of two such wond’rous men, the dust.”

Genius and eloquence and patriotism, nourish and guard the laurels of their tombs, and lend their splendours and their charms to grace their names, and to perpetuate their memories. No wonder that, while Britannia in the pride of country, bends over the annals of her learning and victories, she points to the names of Chatham, Burke, Pitt, and Fox, with an exulting challenge to the world.

We have read with no common interest the history of the political course of Pitt and Fox—we have contemplated their characters in all their different points of view, and particularly we have read their speeches with that glow and admiration which the charms of eloquence never fail to awaken.—It is but seldom we view them in comparison. Had we undertaken to express an opinion about them, it should have been on the separate and distinct character of the one or the other. To delineate the character of Fox by doing injustice to that of Pitt, is not only *unjust*, but unworthy of him who would write or speak of such men. Such, however, is the course which is pursued in the article “On Eloquence,” in the June number of The Port Folio. In exposing the errors of that article, we mean not to bring into view the frailties of Fox:—the fame of William Pitt needs it not. Ardently as we admire this great man, we should be mortified not to believe that,

as, in the character of a statesman, he was above comparison, so as a private man; he was without reproach.

The writer of the "Extract on Eloquence," in his overweening partiality for Fox, falls into contradictions. This is the case with all who seek to enhance the merit of their favourites by degrading that of others. Even as to Fox, he is inconsistent. We are told, in the extract, of Fox, "that there was no chain of consequences too vast for the powers of his comprehension: that the different parts and ramifications of his subject were never so involved and intricate, but they were easily disentangled in the clear prism of his understanding;" and yet we are told shortly after, "that he was a man of clear understanding rather than an *accurate observer* or a *profound thinker*." It would appear to us, that if the first part of the character be true, he must have been "a profound thinker." We do not dissent from what is said of the illustrious Fox, but it appears to us that his panegyrist has contradicted himself, and done an injustice even to the object of his unqualified approbation. We mean to say nothing more of Mr. Fox, but by a short historical sketch of the political life of Pitt, and a hasty criticism on his eloquence, to show that it could not *justly* be said of him, as it *is* said of him in the "extract," that his "weapons were laths, which the wind could turn aside;" and that he who could say of him that he had none "of the dazzling force of argument," is either *ignorant* of the character of his eloquence, or unable to comprehend the force of his argument!

William Pitt was elected into parliament about the year 1780. In 1781, then in only the twenty-second year of his age, he first displayed his genius and knowledge on the celebrated question of parliamentary reform: he urged the necessity of a reform with such ability and knowledge, that the eyes of the whole nation were fixed upon him. The man "whose weapons of argument were laths which the wind could turn aside," has drawn the following just character from the historian, the impartial admirer of Pitt and Fox:—"In every stage of his education, young Pitt impressed all who knew him with admiration of his talents and acquirements. As he advanced in years, he had progressively risen in estimation, and was *chiefly* eminent for *masculine strength* and compass of intellectual powers, rapidly mastering the various departments of

knowledge and science; studying as a scholar, comprehending and generalizing as a philosopher; bold and original in conception, profound in research, indefatigable in application, he had a firmness of temper which steadily pursued what he thought to be right, undisturbed by the ridicule of frivolity, and unseduced by the allurements of vice.”*

Like the illustrious Chatham, his immortal son, sought not power by the aid and influence of parties and political combinations, but relied on his own ability and character.† In 1783, Pitt was chosen, without solicitation or party violence, one of lord Shelburne’s administration. This appointment was a most honourable testimony of the high and commanding genius and character of Mr. Pitt: it was conferred on him, not as a supporter of this or that measure or *coalition*, but as a member of the councils of his country, who supported what he thought to be right, not caring with what man or party it originated. His conduct proved, that while a member of the Shelburne administration, he attended to his own department without becoming a partisan. “Hence,” says the historian, “it was apparent that he thought it wiser to stand on political talents and character, than to seek the props of coalitions and combinations.” At the dissolution of the Shelburne administration, Pitt discovered neither pique nor mortification. He had been solicited to receive power, and he did not repine when the house of commons thought fit to distrust the cabinet of which he was a member. Fox and his friends succeeded. During his ministerial elevation, his celebrated East India bill was discussed, and though it prevailed in the house of commons, it was rejected by the house of lords. The voice of the nation, indignant at the bold attempt to perpetuate the influence of the coalition-party by means of the East India bill, forced Mr. Fox from his place. The arguments and eloquence of Pitt was greatly instrumental in changing the ministry. In 1783, Pitt was appointed prime minister of England; he was opposed (youth in comparison as he was) by a coalition, which, for ability, eloquence, rank, and reputation, *never was equalled*. Burke, Fox, North, Sheridan, and others, were his vehement and never-ceasing opponents: they had more than once driven able ministers from their seats; yet Pitt stood alone against this formidable phalanx, which the historian of England

* Bisset, vol. ii. 340.

† Ibid.

has handed to posterity, as an aristocratic faction, grasping for their own gratifications at the powers of the British constitution. The genius of Pitt maintained the combat,* so unequal in point of number, and finally put down, seconded by the voice of the people, ascertained by the general election of '84 (and while he lived he kept it down) that ambitious confederacy.

Thus triumphed the man ("whose arguments were laths which the wind could turn aside,") "supported," says the historian, "by no family influence, or political confederacy; having no adventitious props—resting solely on his own ability, aided by those whose admiration and confidence his intellectual and moral character had secured, without any means of securing his influence or increasing his friends, but those to be found in his own head and

* The firmness and inflexibility of Mr. Pitt on this occasion, is thus expressed in a letter from the late governor Reed, of Philadelphia, dated London, March 4th, 1784, to his friend, the late honourable Francis Hopkinson.

"Mr. Pitt, a young but able minister, supposing himself to stand well with the people, though a majority of the present house of commons is against him, *perseveres in holding the reins* of government. This young man, not yet 25, is now chancellor of the exchequer, and first lord of the treasury. The house of commons have once addressed the king, in effect for his removal, which he declined, alleging that no specific charge was made against him. This day they go up with another address, pointed directly at him. Still he holds on his course, regardless of the storm which is thus thickening around him."

To Pitt, when convinced that he was in the right, might be applied as literally, perhaps, as to any other individual that the world has witnessed, Horace's well known portraiture of a virtuous and upright man:

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida, neque Auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus.
Si pactus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

The last lines have been thus paraphrased:

Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

heart." Yet, Mr. Oldschool, this is the man whose arguments were laths which the wind could turn aside, and who possessed none of the "dazzling force of argument." The historian to whom we have before referred, in the following words recapitulates the powers and circumstances of the leaders in the famous parliamentary warfare of '83:—"On the side of Mr. Fox there was consummate ability and intrepid boldness, fortified by a *special confederacy*—on the side of Pitt, there was consummate ability and unquestionable character, fortified by no special combination, but increased, extended, and enlarged, by that general connexion which wisdom, virtue, and appropriate fame, rarely fail to attach to a senator among an informed, distinguished, and free people."

No one has yet denied that Mr. Pitt was the first financier that ever presided over the fiscal concerns of any people.

In the war against France, he displayed an ability never surpassed, in calling forth, under the most adverse circumstances, to an incredible degree, the strength, courage, and resources of Britain. In Pitt alone, revolutionary France found an adversary more formidable than the disciplined armies of Austria and Russia, led by an archduke Charles and a Suwarrow. Under him the glories of St. Vincent, Camperdown, of Egypt, of the Nile, and of Trafalgar, brightened the name and emblazoned the renown of Britain.

We will now speak of his genius and eloquence.—The genius of Pitt was splendid and comprehensive; his talents, varied and profound; his knowledge, extensive and accurate; his eloquence, impressive, powerful, classical, and brilliant. His eloquence did not consist, as the writer of the extract asserts, alone "in the formal division of his subject, being aware of the mode in which the argument should move with all its non-essentials, dilemmas, and alternatives," but in the force and fascination of his diction, and the powers of his argument, combined with a profound knowledge of the subject in debate. It did not consist alone "in the pomp and sound" of his words, but in "the singular precision and luminous order in which the minute details of business were blended with the ornaments of imagination, and the fascinations of style." The force of his genius, and the beauty of his eloquence, "moulded the roughest materials into symmetry and proportion," and ornamented and enlivened the driest subject.

As an orator, he was graceful in delivery, powerful and convincing in argument. In appealing to the passions, he was equalled by none of his contemporaries. As a debator, he was a polite and accomplished gentleman, and hence we challenge any one for an instance where, he ever "bullied or blackguarded a man for any difference of opinion:"—such an assertion is most unfounded. The historian thus speaks of him: "And never, perhaps, was there a minister who, in all the *contentions* of debate and *irritation of invective*, so *completely retained the command* of his own powers and *passions*."

To adduce any *special* evidence of his strength in reasoning, would be to insult his memory. We leave it to the understandings of all candid men, to find an ample refutation in every speech he ever delivered, of the assertion, that "his weapons were laths which the wind could turn aside." We cannot help indulging in a contemptuous satisfaction, and we therefore beg all who have read the strictures upon him in "the extract," to read his celebrated speech in 1800, on a motion of address relative to a negotiation with France. This speech is *unrivalled* for a comprehensive view of the subject, for argument, powerful and unanswerable, and for uniform, splendid and impressive eloquence. We would offer the conclusion of his speech on the slave trade as a specimen of the most sublime eloquence. He urged and supported the abolition of that infamous traffic, with all the arguments and eloquence that genius could invent, and a refined and generous humanity prompt. So striking and impressive was his appeal to the humanity of the commons, that we are told by Dr. Chapman, in his preface to his fifth volume of *Select Speeches*, it was "apprehended that the question would be carried by acclamation."

Pitt, like Chatham, was incorruptible and unimpeached.

He,———"in his mightiest hour,
 "A bauble held, the pride of power:
 "Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
 "And serv'd his Albion for herself."

For gigantic ability, comprehension and wisdom of design; for splendid eloquence and incorruptible integrity, we do not hesitate to believe, that William Pitt was the most exalted and illustrious minister that ever graced a country. L.

MELANGE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PAPAVER ALBUM.

LET not the miscellaneous reader start at the title of this article, in anticipation of a botanical or chemical essay. No! We mean to treat of the papaver, and its product opium, generally, eulogistically, and poetically. Philips, the author of the poem on cider, has also written one on tobacco, the noxious and pernicious use of which is so disparaging to almost all our gallant youth and fashionable cavaliers. Yet the product of the papaver album, whose all-pervading influence, and almost magic powers, have bestowed ease on countless mortals, labouring under irremediable ills, of whose aid so many poets have, no doubt, availed themselves in hours of mental exhaustion and anxious irritation, whose soothing potency is even capable of alleviating the pangs of Death, when he approaches, with too terrific anguish—that production, though deserving of an epic, has hardly obtained an ode. If plants could speak, as well as the botanists say they can feel, well might the papaver exclaim:

“Opifer per orbem dicor.”—OVID.

And assume, as a badge of its qualities, the words of Salvini:—

“Oblio dei mali e del pensier sollievo.”

It is true that, when used to excess, like all other human goods, its blessing is converted into a curse; and its pernicious effect, in such a case, is to destroy the vital powers and undermine the mental energies. Yet to such a rule of its operation, when taken in excess, three extraordinary cases can be adduced as exceptions:

Lord-chancellor Erskine was addicted to the practice of taking large quantities of opium; yet his eloquence never failed to sink to the deepest recesses of the hearts of his hearers, and his powerful sagacity to penetrate the obscurest labyrinths and rive the most gnarled points of the law. A celebrated orator of the rostrum also, used to swallow considerable portions of the same article; yet all who have heard him, can be appealed to for testimony of his powerful eloquence, extensive knowledge, and copious

induction. We were once acquainted with a gentleman of great talents and commanding powers of oratory at the bar, who, at first from necessity, at length from habit, nearly equalled Erskine in this excess. When under a deficiency of this stimulus, he could not manage a case in a manner satisfactory to himself. One day, being about rising for the purpose of opening a case of importance, and wishing to resort to his usual auxiliary, he found he had unfortunately left his opium at his chambers. He arose and requested the judge to defer the cause a moment, until he could send for his customary dose. The judge observed, laughing, that he knew of no precedent for such a delay on such an excuse. The counsel replied, he could refer his honour to a case somewhat similar; but, unfortunately, not in a law-book—That the Spectator had recorded the case of a lawyer, who was not able to pursue his argument without the help of a packthread. In like manner, he could not pursue his without the aid of his pill. In the former case, the thread had been stolen from the pleader by his facetious client, who had thereby lost his cause. In the present instance, the pill had not been stolen by his client, who ought not, therefore, to incur a similar loss, without having committed a similar offence. The permission was, therefore, granted.

In the following Italian verses, by a physician and a poet, the plant from which opium is made, being mentioned in relation to a case where it was necessary to procure sleep, we are induced to consider them as a metrical medical prescription, connected with this subject, and to present it to the readers of *The Port Folio*, together with a translation.

But before we proceed to the poem, we must say a few words in regard to its author:—Girolamo Fracastoro, born at Verona, in the year 1484, considering Apollo as the god of healing as well as of song, consequently combined the professions of medicine and poetry. He was the friend of Scaliger and Bembo, and has given to posterity several Latin poems, remarkable for classical elegance. He has also left some works on medicine and astronomy. One circumstance, in relation to his astronomical writings, deserves to be remarked:—It will be remembered, that although friar Bacon is said to have known the use of glasses in the thirteenth century, and Spina claims to be the first to have made their use known to

the world, yet the most definite date of the invention seems to have been 1590, when Johannides of Middleburgh, invented the telescope with concave eye-glass. Still it is apparent, that the telescope was an instrument not entirely unknown to Fracastor about the year 1520, seventy years before the invention of Johannides, as is proved by the following words of Scipione Maffei—"Disse nel capò 23 degli omocentri, che riguardando la luna, e le stelle con certi vetri, venivano a parer vicinissime, et non piu alte delle torri"—"e disse nel capo 8: si quis per duo specilla ocularia perspicat, altero alteri superposito, majora multo, et propinquiora videbit omnia." Fracastor died 1553.

But to return to the poem, which being without title, we illustrate our assertion of its being a metrical prescription by the ensuing remarks:—Fracastor is called upon, in his medical capacity, to visit a fair patient—what was her complaint history does not report. Probably he finds her fair form agitated with nervous irritation, and her fair eyes dazzlingly bright with fever. He prescribes an opiate; and as it was equally his province, in his double capacity, to rescue suffering Beauty from the grasp of Pain as a physician, and to allure her into the bowers of Imagination as a poet, he indites that prescription in choice verse—like the rhyming apothecary in Colman, whose label verse

"When taken,
"To be well shaken,"

occasioned so fatal a result. Fracastor in addition to his prescription, also enlarges on the soothing and refreshing powers of sleep. It is a question yet *sub judice* with the learned, what was the species of opiate here ordered to be exhibited?—by poetical license, certainly "*bianchi papaver*" might be construed into opium—the plant for its produce, like the cup for its contents; yet, from the addition of "*nere violé*," we are induced to think, that gentle slumbers were to be allured to the pillow of the suffering fair one, by scattering around her couch, the leaves of the poppy to lull the senses, and of other flowers to delight the eyes. Another point is involved in some uncertainty:—Who is Alcippus?—A husband or lover? It might seem likely that the prescription should be directed by the physician to the spouse of the lady whom he has visited; yet if

Fracastor was acquainted with the invincible apathy of the emotions of the loving state of marriage, he could hardly expect from a husband that watchful attention, necessary to sooth the impatience or animate the languor of a sick bed. Yet this point must be left for the discussion of future commentators, while we close our *introductory remarks*, by recommending the example of Fracastor to all *prætical physicians*.

RIME DE GIROLAMO FRACASTORO.

Queati bianchi papaver, queste nero
 Viole Alcippo dona
 Al Sonno, e tesse una gentil corona
 Per lo soccorso, che sua Donna chere.
 Langue Madonna, e ne begli occhi suoi
 Sonno ti chier, che ristorar la puoi;
 Placido sonno solo
 D'ogni fatica, e duolo
 Pace, e del mondo universal quieste,
 Te ne' l ombra de Lethe
 Cred la Notte, e empio
 Di dolcezza, e d'oblio
 D'ogni cura noiosa, e d'ogni male,
 Tu dove spieghi l'ale
 Spargi rorido gelo,
 Che gli affanni, e le doglie
 D'ombre soave invoglie,
 E copri d'un ameno, e dolce velo.
 Tu per tranquilli mari, e lieti fiumi
 Per le selve, e per dumi
 Acqueti gli animali,
 Et a tutte mortali
 Lievi 'l pensier, et il lor fascio grave,
 Sol la Donna mia pace non have.

TRANSLATION—BY W. P. GRESWELL.

For sleep—this poppy's snowy flower
 With purple hyacinths combine,
 To lure him to thy lady's bower,
 Alcippus! thou the wreath entwine.
 Those eyes, in sickness bright, implore
 His aid—he only can restore.

O fraught with balm for every wo
 The kind mellifluous boon supply!
 To bid the tear forget to flow
 And sooth to peace the sufferer's sigh
 'Tis thine;—and well Affliction knows
 The blessings of endeared repose.

Bland child of night! from Lethe's bourne
 Thou com'st to weave the oblivious veil,
 And on the wretched and forlorn
 Can'st bid the dear illusion steal;
 In dim suffusion wants to fling
 The freshness of thy dewy wing.

Even now, mild power! thy sway pervades
 The calm recesses of the main,
 To stillness charms the leafy glades,
 And lulls each mortal care and pain:
 Yet deigns, regardless of our prayer,
 No respite for the suffering fair.

VARIETY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following remarks are tendered to you, Mr. Oldschool, under a full consideration of the circumspection imposed upon you by your function of editor, and a thorough understanding, that while a desire to please your readers and to render your magazine worthy of the patronage of the discerning, prompts you to shun triteness, as well in the choice as in the manner of treating your topics, on the one hand, it no less admonishes you on the other, to be cautious in the admission of matter, which may chance to clash with opinions, which, from the generality of their adoption, may not improperly be termed national. Of this kind is the political tenet, that the American is a miscreant, in the language of Homer, "unworthy property, unworthy life," who may be found in a state of hostility to his country; and that such conduct, can, on no pretence, be justified or even palliated.

It might appear more correct to broaden the position, and instead of confining it to an American, to extend it to a native of any country. But, besides that this would be an inaccurate statement:

of the tenet, it would be depriving myself of the resource of a very embarrassing dilemma, should some patriot be induced, peradventure, to take up the cudgels against me, and to belabour me with all the means his more popular side of the question may enable him to wield: in which case, he may be assured, I shall not fail to remind him, that the doctrine of which he is the advocate, never imputes criminality to a European for this act of expatriation, so unpardonable in an American.

This subject, which has frequently employed my thoughts, was at this time suggested by a passage in captain Porter's *Journal of a Cruise to the Pacific ocean*. In pages 184 and 185 of the first volume of that amusing narrative, the captain in speaking of the commander of the *Atlantic*, one Obadiah Wier, who, it seems, was a Nantucket man, calls him a wretch, for bearing the flag of England, in hostility to his native country. This Wier, might, for ought I know, have well earned the epithet of wretch, by the insolent and abject demeanor attributed to him by captain Porter, but whether he merited it from the mere circumstance of being, as he said, "an Englishman in heart," as he was in colours, is the question. The political expediency of holding men to a perpetual allegiance to their native soil, I have nothing to say to. Were the position indeed tenable, and I to be a supporter of it, I should so far be a bad citizen, inasmuch as I should be directly at issue with the administration-doctrine of my country, however, in this particular instance, I might coincide with captain Porter. But I shall leave this matter to the writers on public law, and consider the question merely in regard to the moral turpitude it is supposed to involve.

Lamentably phlegmatic must be the man, who cannot work himself up into a glow, on the recital of Scott's

Breathes there a man so cold, so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 'This is my own my native land!
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
 From wandering on a foreign strand, &c. &c.

These sentiments it must be confessed, are not only in the spirit of poetry, but truly natural and exhilarating, and such as are

likely to find an echo in every bosom. But if we aspire to the rank of just and liberal men, we must be cautious of surrendering ourselves to the dominion of impulses, or of suffering ourselves to be hurried along by the *impetus* of ardent feelings, without attending to their propriety, or considering whether the lengths to which they may carry us, are justifiable. That a feeling is natural is no reason that it ought to be indulged, nor is its political expediency, any voucher, that to yield to it, is a moral duty. Who but must venerate the character of Cato of Utica! Not merely that he obtained the reputation of patriotism, but because he loved his country, as every man should, in the spirit of justice and social order, because his benevolence was coextensive with the world; because, as Lucan says,

Noñ sibi sed toto genitum se credere mundo.

And because, exempt from the illiberal prejudices of party-rage, he alone, of all his countrymen, could bewail the afflictions of mankind.

Uni quippe vacat studiis, odiisque carenti,
Humænum lugere genus.

Not so the bigotted Censor, who, by his *delenda est Carthago*, displayed the narrow, intolerant, vulgar-hearted patriotism of the multitude; those patriots of the soil, as they are called by lord Shaftesbury, whose sense of justice is regulated by geographical boundaries, or the spirit of clanship, and who are bound to their native spot by the same kind of ligament, as that which attaches the strutting chanticleer to his dunghill. This is the spirit, that upon a narrower scale, will sometimes array a whole village in opposition to an unfortunate stranger, who may undertake to resist the insolence or injustice of some individual of the contracted, illiberal gang. Upon these occasions, equity is wholly lost sight of, and it is enough for the unthinking herd, that they see their townsman on one side, and a man unknown to them, on the other. That the Roman patriotism so much boasted of, was a kindred feeling to this, may, in some degree, be inferred, from the same word, *Hostis*, designating both an enemy and a stranger.

But though we may arraign the attachment to our native country, when carried to such excess as to overbear the dictates

of general benevolence and justice, it is not denied, that, within due limits, it is highly amiable and meritorious, as a want of it, is very far from a recommendatory circumstance; and unfortunate, if not criminal, is he, who may be tempted by interest or passion, to contravene the suggestions of a virtue deriving obligation no less from natural feeling than policy. If, however, a man's country should prove unjust to him; should refuse him the means of obtaining his bread in it; should deprive him of the rights which other men enjoy; should proscribe him and endeavour to render him odious, without deserving it, to the rest of the community, who shall say, that such man is not justified in the sight of God, and the liberal part of the world, in changing his country and his allegiance along with it, should he choose to do so? Who, but an ignoble soul, would attempt to vilify Coriolanus, "awake to all that injured worth can feel," for turning the avenging steel upon his brutal and ungrateful countrymen? And who, that has "courage to call in his honour's debts," will say, that the much injured constable Bourbon, was to be pitied for the just and noble revenge the victory of Pavia gave him over his oppressor? Esteem as we may, the loyalty of the chevalier Bayard, who told him he was an object of pity and reproached him, with "fighting against his king, his country, and his oath, was not the ground he stood upon full as elevated as that of the chevalier? Should any one doubt it, let him ask himself, if the immutable principles of justice are to yield to the courtly duty of obedience, under the most iniquitous oppression; or, if the country can be separated from the wrong, when it acts in support of the wrong-doer?

That this is the opinion of the world, and that all men think in this way, when uninfluenced by the passion of patriotism, is, I presume, apparent from the sober award of history. Has it ever, for instance, censured prince Eugene, for leading the armies of Austria against his native country, France; and being one of the most persevering and fatal enemies of Louis the fourteenth, the prince to whom, by birth, he was bound in allegiance? Has it ever stigmatized the officers of the Irish brigades that were in the service of France, for bearing arms against England? Has it reprobated the similar, every-day occurrences of Europe? And if not, does it not become us to pause a little, before we another natize, without mercy,

all native Americans that may be so unfortunate as to be arrayed with our enemies? If want of patriotism is a vice, bigotry is no less so; and we ought to learn to moderate our zeal in national quarrels, by reflecting, that both sides cannot be right, however each may sing *Te Deum* for its victories.

INGOLA MUNDI.

The apostrophe of one of the Roman poets to Fortune,

Rerum humanarum potestas,

Quæ nova semper amas et mox possessa relinquis!

which may be rendered in English, "Thou controller of human affairs, that ever affectest what is new, and relinquishes it as soon as possessed," would seem much better to apply to fashion. Who sees not the influence of this incomprehensible power in all sublunary concerns, in the most important as well as the most trifling. We trace it in the arts and sciences, no less than in manners and dress. Even the medical and military art are not exempted from its interference; neither are systems of government, nor any of the departments of literature. Hence the perfect style of to-day will be found vicious and inelegant in a few years to come, when models will be adopted wholly dissimilar in character, to those which are now considered to be faultless. This is a discouraging consideration for authors, and one which admits of no consolation, unless it may be found in the reflection, that a second or a third whirl of the fantastic wheel, may restore them what a first takes away. I know not any where a more lively picture of the potent versatility of this capricious deity, than is given in the complaint of a peevish disappointed poet in the romance of *Gil Blas*. "There is no criterion," says he, "by which to determine how public favour is secured or lost. It is a capricious being that thinks in one way to-day, in another to-morrow. How foolish then are the writers for the theatre to be inflated with vanity when their pieces happen to succeed! Whatever fame they may acquire by novelty, if brought upon the stage some twenty years after, they are for the most part very badly received. The present generation attributes bad taste to the preceding one; and its decisions in their turn, are superseded by the one that comes after. Whence I con-

elude that the dramatic writer who is applauded now, must lay his account in being scouted hereafter. It is the same with novels and other books of amusement, which, however they may at first obtain the general approbation, fall insensibly by degrees into neglect and contempt. The honour then, which one derives from a successful work, is but a mere chimera, a mental illusion, a flame of straw, whose smoke is quickly dissipated in air."

There is unquestionably much truth in these observations. Besides the change of style from the alterations or improvements in language, there are others brought about by the caprices of taste. At one time, the period must be long, at another it cannot be too short. In the one case, the numerous members of the sentence are strung together, almost without end, by means of conjunctions; in the other this part of speech is wholly rejected, and the several portions of the discourse, stand insulated and disconnected like a collection of proverbs. Now the language must be lofty, sonorous, and dignified: anon, pomposity must of all things be avoided, and we must be as familiar and colloquial as possible: this is to be natural and easy; the other, stiff, affected, and pedantic. Nor is poetry less subject to these "skiey influences" than prose. In a discussion of the Edinburgh Review, we find the school of Dryden and Pope, or rather that of the writers who were formed upon the taste introduced from France at the restoration, much depreciated on a comparison with the older English writers. Their manner is distinguished by the epithet *continental*; and, in the good old English spirit, put much below the *insular* one which preceded it. Each manner, probably, has its beauties and blemishes, and far be it from me to undertake to decide, which upon the whole may be best.

While in the enjoyment of Spenser, or Shakspeare, or Milton, I should deem it a misfortune to be so exclusively prepossessed in their favour as to be destitute of a relish for the poets of the other class, but would much prefer that state of neutrality between them, that would enable me to say with Vicessimus Knox—"Let both schools flourish together, and receive their due share of applause!"

Of the prose writers of England there is reason to believe, that Bacon stood very high in his day; but his language is so antiquated, so obsolete, and foreign to what would now be called ele-

gant, that he cannot with any propriety be brought into a comparison with modern writers. Lord Shaftesbury was, probably, the first who wrote in a style that would have any pretensions to grace at this time. He has been highly admired both for his manner and matter, but seems now to be little regarded for either. By Smollet he is termed a frothy writer. Lord Bolingbroke who came after him, was supposed in point of style to exceed him; and is considered by lord Chesterfield as the model of good composition. His manner for the higher kinds of prose, such as deal in political or historical matter, was deemed unrivalled, till the appearance of the Robertsons, the Humes, the Johnsons, the Beaties, &c.; whether or not he was surpassed by these, little is said of him since they wrote. But Junius, whose letters came out about the time, or shortly after the works of these authors, bore away the palm of fine writing from them all. In him the perfection of eloquence was supposed to be found, as well as the highest graces of diction, of which the English language is susceptible. After him came Gibbon, rivalling, and even surpassing, in the opinion of many, both Hume and Robertson. Burke too, takes his place in the first class of beautiful writers. Yet all of these have been found wanting in the balance of fastidious criticism. All that it would now deign to say of Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, would be that they were good writers in their day. Robertson has been found fault with, not only for the construction of his periods, but for declaiming more in the style of a rhetorician than a historian. Johnson has been ridiculed and burlesqued. Gibbon has been pronounced feeble, effeminate, monotonous, and obscure. Hume keeps his ground rather better than his brother historians, but is no longer, in point of style, an object of admiration, and even Junius we are told, is only at the head of his class, which is not the highest. The higher class alluded to, is probably that of Burke, whose style, nevertheless, is said to be deficient in music and cadence; and is so little estimated by Dugald Stewart, that he says his imitation of Bolingbroke, is his best piece of writing. Dr. Blair too, who obtained so much celebrity by his belles-letters and sermons, has lately been torn to tatters by the pen of a style-dissecting critic.

Where then are we to look for a model, amid the swiftly fading, evanescent forms of literary beauty? Having no standard left

but fashion, by resorting to it we find, that the excellence of the present day, as collected from the most celebrated English magazines and reviews, consists in a plain, unadorned, familiar vernacular diction, vigorous without the flippancy which used to be a never-failing accompaniment of what was called smart writing, though not, however, in the best taste. The present mode in this respect, seems better, and has no doubt much merit and beauty. Still I should not venture to pronounce, that it will not, in its turn, "go to the tomb of the Capulets," and be superseded by a manner perhaps totally different. Besides the Edinburgh Review, essays under the title of *The Reflector*, republished in the *Analectic Magazine*, furnish specimens of this style, as do also notices of some of the most eminent parliamentary speakers by Hazlett, a few selections from which appeared in *The Port Folio* for June last. The manner of all these, though lively and forcible, displaying also great variety in the structure of the sentences, and of course, in the cadence, has nothing of the majestic swell and smoothly-flowing rounded period, which used to be admired by readers and aimed at by writers, and was in vogue for, perhaps, the last half century.

But in works of literature, as in other things, there are different styles of beauty; and why, by repudiating all but one kind, should we narrow our capacity of enjoyment? Why not rather imitate the amorous luxuriousness of Ovid, who says he is so impassioned and general an admirer of the sex, that he hardly knows what form it is, that for him has most attraction.

Non est certa meos quæ forma invitat amores:
Centum sunt causæ cur ego semper amem.

After the example then of this poet in his amours, instead of assuming the function of an umpire among the contending claims for literary superiority, I shall adopt the humbler, wiser part of appreciating their individual merits, and deriving what pleasure I can from each of them. This, as a reader, I may do; but the writer, being under the necessity of adopting some mode, must boldly encounter the fluctuations of fashion, and compromise, as well as he can, between present and future opinion.

INCOLA MUNDI.

LITERARY NOTICE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, being desirous of extending the sphere of its usefulness, and calling into action the talents of those of its members, whose pursuits have been more particularly directed to the moral branches of science, has lately added to the number of its standing committees, *a committee for history, the moral sciences, and general literature*. The number of persons composing this committee is indefinite, every member of the society has a right to enroll himself within it. Many of our associates having evinced a desire to participate in its labours, the committee has organized itself, appointed its officers, and is now sedulously engaged in promoting the objects of its institution. Among those, the means of obtaining a correct historical and statistical knowledge of our country have appeared to them not the least deserving of their immediate attention. Sensible of the eminent usefulness of the exertions of the societies established in some of the states, for a similar purpose, and particularly in Massachusetts and New-York, they are anxious to concur in their patriotic pursuits, and, with that view, have already collected and rescued from oblivion several interesting documents illustrative of the history of the United States and of Pennsylvania. These will be given to the public in due time, either at large, or by extracts, in the Transactions which the committee is authorised by the society to publish under its own responsibility. Meanwhile, they think it their duty to solicit the aid of men of information throughout the union, but more particularly in Pennsylvania, and those other states where no analogous establishments have been formed. The historical memoirs of individuals, public documents, scarce pamphlets, manuscript notes, public and private letters from eminent men, and from men of knowledge and observation; in short, every thing which may be considered as interesting to this country in an historical, statistical, geographical or topographical point of view, will be thankfully received, either as a gift to be deposited among the archives of the Philosophical Society, or as a loan to be returned after a certain time to the owner. Communications of interesting facts, known to individuals by their own observation, tradition, or otherwise, are also respectfully solicited.

To the Pennsylvanians, the committee particularly address themselves. Many interesting points of the history of our own state remain to be elucidated. Many important details are yet to be collected respecting the aboriginal Indians, the emigrations from various countries which have so largely contributed to the increase of our population, the history and peculiar tenets and rules of discipline of the different religious sects that are established among us. Information respecting these and other matters connected with the history of this state, and particularly every thing relating to our venerable patriarch and founder, William Penn, and his first associates; their history in Europe and in this country; their political opinions, and views of civil government and policy, and the foundations which were laid by them for the prosperity and happiness which we now enjoy, will be received with peculiar gratitude. Our views, however, are not limited by the bounds of any particular state—this appeal is made to the citizens of the United States at large, and we confidently expect, that those members of the American Philosophical Society, who reside in different parts of the union, remote from the city of Philadelphia, will zealously co-operate in promoting the objects of the committee, who will be happy to see their names inscribed on their roll, and will inscribe them whenever requested.

All communications are to be addressed to the chairman or either of the secretaries.

Philadelphia, 14th August, 1815.

WM. TILGHMAN, *Chairman.*

PETER S. DUPONCEAU, *Corresponding Sec'y.*

JOHN VAUGHAN, *Recording Sec'y, P. T.*

OGILVIE'S LECTURES ON ORATORY.

WE have received from South-Carolina the inclosed advertisements, relating to "a new branch of education," which seems to have been cultivated there with unexpected success. At all events, the merit of Mr. Ogilvie must be undeniable, when it calls forth these public testimonies of approbation from Dr. Maxcy, the head of the Columbia college, from the faculty and from the trustees. We present it to our readers as a document at once curious and important.

We rejoice at being informed, and congratulate the citizens, particularly the youth, of Philadelphia, on the prospect, that it is the intention of Mr. Ogilvie to deliver, next winter, a course of lectures on oratory, in this city. From the estimation in which the talents of that gentleman are justly held by all who have witnessed his powers on the rostrum, the success of his experiment, should he, as we sincerely hope he will, pursue his present purpose, cannot be doubted.

We flatter ourselves that Mr. Ogilvie has, by his genius and industry, opened for himself a most splendid and useful career: for, if we mistake not, the citizens of the United States generally, hold oratory in too high estimation, and are too sensible of its beauties and fascinations, not to avail themselves of so favourable an opportunity to have their sons instructed in the noblest of arts.

THE SOUTH-CAROLINA COLLEGE,

July 11, 1815.

MESSRS. FAUSTS,

I INCLOSE for insertion, in your paper, communications from the faculty of this college, and from the standing committee of the trustees, in relation to Mr. Ogilvie's Lectures on Oratory. These communications contain a spontaneous and distinct expression (by those who had a full opportunity to judge of the character and tendency of his course) of the opinion they entertain of his ability to execute the arduous design he has undertaken, and of the success which has crowned his first effort for that purpose.

As Mr. Ogilvie proposes (after delivering successively in the principal cities of the United States, three discourses on oratory from the rostrum) to repeat his course of lectures, in other American colleges, the insertion of the inclosed testimonials, in your paper, and their re-publication in other gazettes, will have some tendency to facilitate the execution of an enterprise not less splendid than useful. Can any reflecting and intelligent person, in any class of society, but in that class more particularly, who are engaged in the education of youth, be insensible to the advantages which would result from the success of a systematic and extended effort to promote the cultivation of oratory, as a branch of liberal education, in a country that presents so many peculiar incentives to the

acquisition, and opportunities for the exercise of oratorical skill, in a society where public speaking, next to the press, is the most authentic organ of public opinion, and contributes, perhaps, more than the press to influence the public mind? Nor ought it to be forgotten, that in this instance, one of the first, perhaps the very first systematic effort, to promote the cultivation of oratory in modern times (by uniting lectures on rhetoric with regular and elaborate exercises in elocution) has been made by a man who devoted twelve years with unwearied assiduity to the instruction of youth in Virginia; who, from the moment when he shut the door of his academy, and ascended the rostrum, has given continued and unequivocal proofs, that his exertions were stimulated more by the glory of the enterprise, and by a desire to render himself useful, than by any prospect of benefit exclusively personal or pecuniary; who has the satisfaction of recollecting, that there is scarcely a literary or charitable institution in the United States, to which he has not rendered substantial services; who, in passing from the rostrum to the lecture room, at the very time when his oratorical exhibitions were most popular and attractive, and voluntarily undertaking to deliver an original and elaborate course of lectures on oratory, for a pecuniary compensation, that fell short of the emolument arising from the delivery, even of one of his orations, has founded his hopes of success, solely on the disinterestedness of his motives, and the utility of his exertions.

Mr. Ogilvie commenced his lectures in shattered health, and in a state of great bodily debility; yet such was his enthusiasm, that his exertions were strenuous and indefatigable from the first hour to the last. The man who professes to act, and does act, under the influence of motives thus liberal and expanded, has a solid and indisputable claim to the countenance and co-operation of every good citizen, of every real patriot. He has a right to that portion of public patronage, which is essential to the execution of his plans.

I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JONATHAN MAKCY.

THE SOUTH-CAROLINA COLLEGE,

July 3, 1815.

THE underwritten consider themselves as discharging a debt of justice, in submitting to the public, the following statement, concerning the course of oratorical lectures, lately delivered in this college by Mr. JAMES OGILVIE.

On his arrival at this place, he communicated his wishes and intentions to the faculty and board of trustees, and an arrangement was immediately made to accommodate his system of instruction. A class of twenty, which was afterwards increased to nearly thirty, was formed out of the two highest classes belonging to the college. Mr. OGILVIE began his lectures in March, and continued them until the latter part of June: he gave lectures twice in each week, on Wednesday and Saturday: after each lecture, questions; the answers to which would involve the principal points which had been discussed, were delivered to the different members of the class. These questions they were required to answer in writing, exhibit to the lecturer at an appointed time, and submit them to his inspection and criticism. This proved a very useful exercise in composition. In order to render his instructions substantially useful, Mr. OGILVIE during the whole course of his lectures, exercised the class three hours every day (except Saturday and Sunday) in declamations and recitations. Mr. OGILVIE's exertions in this, as in all other parts of his course, were constant and indefatigable; and their salutary effects soon became visible, in the just, manly and graceful delivery of his pupils—On every Wednesday evening exercises in elocution, and specimens of criticism were publicly exhibited in the college chapel. The audiences on these occasions were numerous and highly respectable; and constantly gave the most decisive evidences of their approbation.

At the close of his course on the last week in June, Mr. OGILVIE's class sustained a public examination on oratory; and on the two evenings entertained very crowded and brilliant audiences with specimens of original composition. On all these occasions the proficiency of his pupils evinced the superior skill and ability with which they had been instructed. Though the attendance of the young gentlemen on Mr. OGILVIE's lectures was entirely voluntary, yet such was their conviction of his real ability to

instruct them; and of the advantages to be derived from a comprehensive and brilliant display of elementary principles, enforced with all the energy of practical skill; that their industry, ardour, punctuality and correct deportment were probably never exceeded in any college.

In order to excite general attention, and to attract national patronage, to a new or, neglected art no plan can promise better success, than the delivery of a course of lectures illustrating its utility successively, in the colleges of any civilized nation. This plan, judiciously executed, would impart to the rostrum some portion of that permanent and diffusive influence, which belongs to the press. The witty lines of Hudibrass,

“ That all a rhetorician’s rules,
“ Teach only how to name his tools,”

cannot be applied to Mr. OGILVIE’s lectures. He has attempted to teach the student how to use these tools with dexterity and energy. He has done more; he has dared to attempt the fabrication of more efficient tools. He has in fact commenced at the stage, where preceding lecturers have suspended their inquiries and speculations; and advanced a step farther, analysed the elementary principles on which the efficacy of oratory in all its departments essentially depends; and in the progress of his analysis, concentrated the light, which the present advanced state of mental philosophy, has shed upon oratory. His lectures, of course, are not confined to oratory alone, but develop those principles of the human mind which are intimately connected with philology, rhetoric, logic and ethics. This course of lectures constitutes but a part of a more extensive and arduous undertaking, which aims at the accomplishments of the same object, and which, should Mr. OGILVIE recover sufficient health and vital energy, we trust, he will be able to execute. His mode of lecturing, we conceive, deserves peculiar attention: it is singularly calculated to awaken and keep alive curiosity; to exercise not only the faculties of intellect, but the best affections of the heart. This has been fully proved by his having been able to induce the class to exert their minds with unabated energy during three hours at every lecture. Nor ought we to overlook his substitution of a species of moral disci-

pline that almost wholly supersedes any recurrence to authority or coercion, in his control over the minds of his pupils; a species of discipline which we believe to be peculiarly adapted to the education of young persons, destined, in the maturity of life, to exercise the inestimable rights, which republican liberty secures and perpetuates. Nor does Mr. OGILVIE omit, in his lectures, any opportunity to inculcate the pure and sublime principles of christian ethics, and to illustrate the pre-eminent rank which pulpit oratory is entitled to claim, and which under the auspices of a regulated and moral freedom, it may be expected to attain.

Mr. OGILVIE's purpose is noble and elevated; his object grand and patriotic. We most cordially wish him success in his splendid enterprise of reviving, in the United States, the noble art of oratory; and we hope that other literary institutions may share in the same advantages which his eminent talents, learning and skill have conferred on this.

JONATHAN MAXCY, *President.*

THOMAS PARK, *Ling. Prof.*

B. R. MONTGOMERY, *Mor. Phil. &*

Log. Prof.

E. D. SMITH, *Chem. et Phil. Nat. Prof.*

} *Faculty of
the College.*

THE SOUTH-CAROLINA COLLEGE,

July 7th, 1815.

SIR,

YOUR connexion with the South-Carolina college, has now ended; but before you take your final leave of it, the standing committee are desirous of expressing to you their sense of the services you have rendered that institution.

The improvement of your pupils, is a sufficient evidence of the merit of your plan of instruction in oratory. This improvement has been rapid; perhaps we might add unexampled. The most superficial observer could not fail to be struck with it in witnessing their public exhibitions. There were none amongst them who could not recite with justness and intelligence; and some seemed to have made considerable advances in the higher walks of impassioned eloquence.

But the improvement of the students under your care, has not been confined to mere manner and delivery; the original compositions they recited, were of a character far superior to what we

have been accustomed to hear from persons of their age. There was a spirit and correctness in their manner, which showed that they were not mere automata; they evidently comprehended the sense and felt the force of what they uttered.

To produce effects like these it was necessary that the instructor should be laboriously attentive; and we know that your industry has been indefatigable. Mere industry on your part, however, though joined to the profoundest knowledge in the science you professed to teach, would have been of little avail, had you not possessed some means of producing corresponding exertions on the part of those instructed. And this is one of your peculiar merits. We have never known an instructor who possessed, in an equal degree, the talent of exciting the enthusiasm of his pupils. You have taught them to love the science in which they were instructed; and improvement must be the necessary consequence of such a disposition.

Nor is this spirit confined to the science in which the students of this institution have been instructed by you. You have excited amongst them a general enthusiasm for literature; an enthusiasm which we flatter ourselves will produce effects permanently beneficial to the college and the country. In this view alone we should feel ourselves bound to acknowledge, in the strongest terms, your merits and services towards the South-Carolina college. With the best wishes for your individual prosperity, and the success of the plans you have formed for the public advantage,

We are, sir,

Your obedient servants,

H. W. DESAUSSURE,
ABM. NOTT,
WM. HARPER,
WALT. CRENSHAW,
HENRY D. WARD,
JOHN HOOKER.

Standing Committee of Trustees.

Mr. Ogilvie.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH-CAROLINA,

July 7th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING lately resigned my office as professor of mathematics and astronomy in this college, I cannot affix my name to the

well-merited eulogium of the president and the professors. You will please, nevertheless, to accept with theirs, my sentiments of approbation and esteem. You happily unite two branches of instruction, which in this country are of inestimable importance, and which I have never before seen combined in the same person, either in Europe or America. The compositions of your pupils, delivered from the rostrum, with grace, with ease and dignity, are calculated to amuse, to please, and to delight. But you have done more; your private lectures on oratory, embrace the widely extended circle of science: they enlighten and they expand the human mind; they excite the ardour and the emulation of youth. You possess, in a signal degree, the power of animating them to run a glorious race. Permit me to wish you continued success, and to subscribe myself,

Your friend,

GEORGE BLACKBURN.

TO JAMES OGILVIE, ESQ.

COOPER'S PRACTICAL TREATISE ON DYEING AND CALICO PRINTING.

IT gives us great pleasure to introduce into The Port Folio, the following notice of a work, on the merits of which we have no pretensions to decide ourselves, but which, relying on information received from individuals competent to judge, we firmly believe to be among the most useful treatises now extant, on the important subjects to which it relates.

ED.

“WITH pleasure we announce to the public one of the greatest benefits conferred hitherto upon the useful arts in this country. It is the work just published, by judge Cooper, of Carlisle, on dyeing. In this very able and timely performance, the just principles of science and the most approved practice of the manufacturing nations of Europe, are happily united, reflecting light and certainty upon each other. It strengthens our reliance on the processes of the author, that, in early life, he was himself personally conversant with the business in which, at a later period, he instructs his fellow citizens.

“We have already embarked in the fabrication of cotton and woollen stuffs, to an extent, were it duly protected, that would

soon be adequate to our own consumption; and we have among us workmen from Europe, equal to the best they left behind them; but dyeing is no less a manipulation of art than a process of chemical science, which not one man in a thousand, of those who commonly labour at it, understands in any country. The work before us, evidently executed with great judgment and knowledge of the subject, is, therefore, of the higher value, as it develops the true cause of those changes which take place in every manipulation of dyeing,—and, consequently opens an extensive prospect of improvement to every dyer who seeks to direct the practice of his trade by the best and surest principles of philosophy.”

Views of Louisiana, together with a Journal of a Voyage up the Missouri River in 1811. By H. M. Brackenridge, esq.

WITH extracts from this interesting work, we shall take the liberty of enriching our pages hereafter. Justice compels us, in the mean time, to remark, that, although its plan is not quite completed, its outline is comprehensive, and its arrangement excellent; that it is replete with curious and valuable information, and written in a style not unworthy of its other qualities.

The author of it is no closet composer, but an American traveller: he became, for a time, a man of the woods, and a patient explorer of the western wilds. Most of what he describes he has himself seen, and, for the sake of accuracy, appears to have recorded his observations on the spot. Whoever may be desirous of information touching the subjects of which this volume treats, will find himself gratified and rewarded by a careful perusal of it.

A new and correct Map of the United States of North America, exhibiting the counties, towns, roads, &c. in each state, carefully compiled from surveys and the most authentic documents, by Samuel Lewis.—Philadelphia, published by Emmor Kimber, 1815.

THAT an accurate and well executed map of the United States, exhibiting a full and faithful view of its present divisions and state of settlement, corresponding in its dimensions, as far as may be practicable, to the vast extent of the territory which it represents, and, by its bold and spirited delineation, picturing forth the grandeur of the natural scenery of the new continent—that

such a map constitutes an important desideratum in the arts and literature of America, is a position which we shall not undertake to prove, because we are persuaded it will not be questioned.

For the use and information of foreigners, a territorial portraiture of this description is acknowledged to be essential. Nor is it in reality of less moment to the *natives* of the soil. Without its aid even *they* must remain, throughout the course of the longest life, notwithstanding their most strenuous exertions to the contrary, strangers, in a great degree, to the country that gave them birth: no devotion to books, no examination of the maps of individual states, no intercourse with travellers, nor the accumulated observations of years spent in travelling themselves, can impart to them a satisfactory knowledge of its outline and features; much less of the relative distances, situations and bearings of its sections and rivers, cities and towns, and other places of inferior note. Such knowledge, being beyond the reach of individual industry, can be derived only from a judicious combination of the attainments of many, well-arranged, carefully digested, and laid before the world in a graphic form.

It may be safely asserted, that there are among us but few individuals, not excepting those of the most respectable acquirements, who are not better acquainted with the geography of Europe, and even of some parts of Africa, than they are with that of the United States—with the boundaries and relative positions of England and France, Germany and Holland, Switzerland and Italy, Spain and Portugal, than with those of many of our own states and territories—with the courses, characters, and commercial advantages of the Thames, the Nile, the Rhine, and the Danube, than with those of the Ohio, the Alabama, the Tombeckee, and, perhaps, we might add, the Mississippi itself. Nor is it difficult to discover the principal source of this mortifying lack of domestic knowledge: it is the want of a suitable map of our own country—a map, which, whilst it shall afford, by its fulness and correct delineation, encouraging facilities to the study of American geography, may at the same time invite to the task by its elegance of execution.

Were a map of this description hung up in the hall of every family of our country able to afford it, the children of the people

of the United States would become geographers by instinct. By the time they could lisp and spell the names of the states and territories, rivers and mountains, and other objects presented to the eye, many of them would put their parents to the blush by their superior attainments in geographical science. On this topic we speak from experience, and therefore know that we speak correctly.

The mind of childhood is active and inquisitive, its memory retentive, and the eye not only its first but its widest and most pleasing avenue for the admission of knowledge. Hence the keen and ever increasing delight with which it pores over pictures, drawings, and other representations directed exclusively to the sense of vision. Let the principal picture it has access to be a faithful and attractive portraiture of its own country, and it will repair to it hourly, because the variety is great, and dwell on it not only with present interest, but with grateful recollections and solid advantages that will endure to the latest period of life.

To assert that Mr. Kimber's map of the United States is in every point of view precisely such a production as we have here described, would be saying much—more, perhaps, than facts might justify: we hazard nothing, however, in declaring, that it approaches by many gradations nearer to it than any thing else that has fallen under our notice—that it is certainly more full and elegant, and, as far as we are competent to judge, more accurate also, than any other map covering the same extent of country that has hitherto appeared.

In reference to its impression on the eye, and the ideas its appearance excites in the mind, this map may be denominated, without extravagance, a magnificent performance. You involuntarily think of it as the representative of something of vast limits and exalted qualities. It exhibits a view of lakes and rivers and plains and mountains, wilderness and cultivated land, not unworthy of the immense extent and lofty character of the country it delineates. In casting your eye over it you realize at once, a continent in miniature, and seem ready to exclaim, "this is the plot and counterpart of a tract of territory, great as it was fashioned by the hand of nature, and intended to become powerful in the destinies of the world." From the province of Maine

to the gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the vast regions that lie beyond the Mississippi, most objects practicable for the geographer to delineate within a reasonable compass, or useful and necessary for the inquirer to know, crowd on the eye in rapid succession.

If we prepare this notice somewhat under the influence of our feelings, they are such feelings as, we honestly trust, are not incompatible with the exercise of judgment: they are not in their nature unworthy to have been awakened by looking on a faithful and interesting parental likeness: we, therefore, further trust, that they are such as no American will think it unbecoming in him to cherish, or will blush to avow, when examining an excellent and beautiful map of his native country, which he admires and loves—a country, which it is his duty to prize, and of which his hereditary privilege entitles him to be proud. Until favoured with a view of the representation we are considering, we can truly say, that we had never beheld a graphic performance capable of communicating any tolerable idea of the magnificent outline and august features of the United States.

Mr. Kimber's map being, in the true sense of the word, a national work, creditable to the country, and finished after six years of labour and trouble, and at an expense that must have been seriously felt by the resources of an individual, it is hoped that it will be received under national patronage. It is, we believe, much the largest specimen of geographical design ever produced in the United States, being six feet three inches in one direction, and five feet nine inches in the other, amounting in the whole to an area of six feet square. For fulness of matter, elegance of execution, and, as far as we can judge, accuracy of delineation, we have seen no map of the United States among all which have been published, that can be placed in competition with it. In point of neatness and excellence of engraving, we do not think it equalled by any large map of European workmanship we have ever examined. If we be mistaken in this, the error is an honest one, for, in whatever we have said, we have endeavoured to be just. Although its being an American production is grateful to our feelings, it has no influence to sway us in our decision from rigid impartiality. But the work being published, is open to the

examination of artists and geographers. Such examination it will, no doubt, receive; and, provided it be conducted with a spirit of liberality, we are perfectly content that the judgment we have ventured to pass should be tested by its issue.

We are far from alleging that the performance under consideration is entirely free from errors and defects. Like all other human productions, it is marked with both. To furnish a *perfect* map even of a small, old and long settled country, that has been actually surveyed, much more of a large, new and settling one, that has not, may be pronounced impossible—at least, it is a task that has never been accomplished.. Such, from the progress of cultivation and improvement, is the ever-varying aspect of our own country, in particular, that, while the work is going forward, fresh objects are rapidly springing up, in hundreds of places, that are worthy of delineation.

The faults, however, which we have been able to discover are so few and inconsiderable, that a detailed notice of them might be justly deemed hypercritical and superfluous. Hence, the business of commenting on them is referred to those to whose disposition it is more congenial to censure than to praise.

Ed.

MESSRS. TANNER, KEARNEY AND TIEBOUT'S IMPROVED METHOD
OF ENGRAVING BANK NOTES.

No branch of engraving is of more importance than that of bank notes, the public interest being materially concerned in having them executed in the manner best calculated to prevent imitation. We are, therefore, much pleased to be enabled to present our readers, in this number, with a specimen of bank note ornaments, executed in a manner entirely new, which it is believed will very much increase the difficulties of counterfeiting. This is the invention of Mr. H. S. Tanner of Philadelphia, for which he has lately secured a patent.

Two modes of engraving are used for those ornaments: the end of the annexed plate marked "Patent," and the small ornament marked "B. N. E." are executed by a process entirely new, the whole effect being produced by straight *white lines* on a *black ground*, which form a variety of figures, assuming dif-



Permanence



METHOD OF ENGRAVING
Bank Notes



James H. Smith



Improved



Printed by James H. Smith

ferent appearances, on moving the plate to or from the eye; an effect, it is said, not easily produced by the ordinary mode of engraving, where *black lines* form the most conspicuous parts of the impression; hence counterfeiting by the old mode is impracticable, as the slightest variation from the figure in the genuine bill, will be obvious to the most inexperienced eye.

The other mode of engraving is exhibited in the end-piece, marked "Philadelphia," and the ornament marked "T. K. & T." which differs essentially from that mentioned in the foregoing paragraph, and is executed by means of complicated and expensive machinery, the construction of which is unknown to any but the proprietors; and were it even to be discovered, the expense and difficulty attending its formation would be sufficient to deter counterfeiters from attempting it. It is hardly necessary to observe, that these figures cannot be successfully imitated otherwise than by the same or a similar machine. The figure produced may be varied, if required, so as to give a different appearance to the notes of different banks.

The great advantage of this invention lies in the simplicity of its appearance, combined with the difficulty of its execution; for where figures are numerous and complicated, none but an artist, or one who has made the appearance of bank notes his study, can detect a counterfeit bill, even though a considerable dissimilarity should exist; but the figures, in this new mode, are so simple in their design, that the slightest failure in an attempt to counterfeit them, will be easily detected. Another advantage attending this mode is, that the lines may be mingled with the writing; a circumstance which will almost preclude the possibility of the denomination of the note being altered.

Proposals for publishing a Digest of the Laws of the Spanish Indies, by James Workman, esq. counsellor at law.

ON the prospect of being shortly in possession of this curious, interesting, and important work, we cannot forbear to congratulate those who study law as a liberal science. Considering the close connexion and extensive intercourse which, at no distant period, we are likely to contract and carry on with the Spanish provinces, such a digest must also, as appears to us, be not only highly use-

ful, but altogether essential to those gentlemen of the bench and bar who may be practically engaged in commercial jurisprudence. Nor can it be indifferent to the general reader whose object is the knowledge of a neighbouring people: for an able exposition of the laws, institutions, customs and practices of a community, considered in a public and private, a civil and military, a commercial and religious point of view, constitute essentially the history of that community. When studied as a branch of general knowledge, the Justinian code throws, perhaps, more light on the state and condition of the Roman people, at the time it was prepared, than any other work that has descended to modern times. Such, to a certain extent, will be the effect of the code of laws we are now considering, in relation to the people of the Spanish provinces.

It is reasonable to believe that the manner in which the Digest will be prepared, will correspond with the character and standing of its author. On this point it would be superfluous in us to dwell. The character of Mr. Workman for talents and information is too well known to require illustration, and stands already too high to derive any additional celebrity from aught that we could say in his behalf. As a jurist and civilian, we *believe*, and as a writer, a historian, and a general scholar, we *know* him to be equal to the most distinguished in the United States.

Mr. Workman's Proposals, marked throughout with much good sense, and written in his usual terse, chaste, and lucid style, exhibit an analytical view of the contents of his intended publication. Had they not been received at too late a period it would have gratified us to lay them before the public. They would serve, we think, as no small recommendation of the work. In our next number we shall endeavour to find room for them. In the meantime, we hope that Mr. Workman will receive, in his undertaking, the encouragement he deserves.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE PROSAID AND POESYAD, OR AMERICAN AUTHORS AND FOREIGN LIBELLERS.

“The cry is up, and scribblers are my game:
Speed Pegasus—ye strains of great and small,
Ode! Epic! Elegy! have at you all!”

A POEM, in manuscript, of nearly a thousand lines, entitled as above, the production, we believe, of a very youthful pen of this city, has been some time in our possession. Although as an entire work we think it too crude for the public eye, and therefore recommend to its author a careful revision of it, we are far from pronouncing it devoid of merit. It manifests reading, observation, point, and no inconsiderable command of language; but it has been written hastily, which, in reference to composition, is only another term for carelessly. Time, attention, and labour, without which no work of lasting reputation has ever been composed, may render it hereafter a creditable performance.

For the entertainment of our readers we shall publish from it a few passages, extracted, although not altogether at random, yet without any particular solicitude to select the very best. We will not relinquish the hope, that, by all those aids and means known to be essential to success in writing, the youthful author will endeavour to render it, as we feel persuaded he can, reputable to himself and worthy of the attention of an enlightened public. It only remains that we ask his pardon for having so long delayed this notice of his poem. We are convinced he is himself too ingenuous not to confide in our veracity when we say, that the cause of this was necessity, not intentional neglect.

In speaking of a rabies scribendi which he thinks exists, our poet exclaims:

Gods! what a host of would-be poets tear
The tender fibres of the aching ear,
Pour forth the varied metre of their song,
Each self-appointed Laureat of the throng!
What childish nonsense all at once rehearse,
And seek applause for turning prose to verse;

Break down the barrier of common sense,
 And write for pleasure, while they work for pence;
 Sing o'er a love-sick ditty of their own,
 Disgrace the country—inundate the town.

The following are a few of the lines in which he applies the caustic of his satire to those foul excrescences of society, "foreign libellers:"

Can we not stem the ever-foaming tide
 Of British insolence, or Gallic pride?
 Show the ingratitude of selfish man,
 And foreign swarms of low abuses scan?
 A solid right to Taste and Genius claim,
 And vindicate the honour of our name?
 Lo! bailiff hunted, master JANSON hurl'd
 A thundering quarto at the dogging world,
 In terror written—and in vengeance sold,
 A leaden bullet, garnish'd o'er with gold;
 A string of falsehoods, made for ready sale—
 A worn-out epicurean regale!
 Can English literati bear the dose,
 And swallow lies so palpable and gross?
 Or can our literary pride submit
 To foreign insolence and vulgar wit?
 How oft our hospitable hand is smitten,
 And wilful errors—causeless falsehoods written!
 The hospitable door, thrown open wide,
 The strangers' comfort and our country's pride!
 And foreign prejudice, ungrateful, boast,
 A new-found savage in his heart-warm host!
 Poor "master JANSON!" hapless lawyer! knows,
 A bailiff-hunted, flying, swindlers' woes:
 He knows full well, in spite of quirk or flaw,
 That *even* lawyers sometimes fear the law.

Having done with "master Janson," he makes the following hit at Mr. Southey,* poet laureat to the royal family of England:

* Mr. Southey has of late publicly disavowed the profligate paper in the *Quarterly Review*, to which our author here refers. We are particularly

One noisy SOUTHEY has attuned his throat,
 And bellow'd forth his castigating note:
 A "hundred pounds," sir—and a "butt of sack,"
 A royal master stroking down his back,
 A hundred ministers with open grin,
 Would almost turn a saint himself to sin!
 No wonder then that simple SOUTHEY's head
 Grew just as empty as his nose grew red!
 A "hundred pounds" to vomit forth abuse:
 A "butt of sack" to elevate his muse!
 And poet laureat to a crazy king,
 By no means is a despicable thing!

The following are our young poet's reflections on the preference which he supposes to be given to foreign writers over those of our own country:

Neglected Genius claims a grateful strain;
 Neglect, which long has proved our country's stain;
 While foreign libellers in crowds arise,
 And libell'd freemen—praise them to the skies,
 Our native poets, unsupported, find
 No due incitement for the glowing mind;
 But ill-judged prejudice has palsied powers,
 Which might have bloom'd in never-fading flowers;
 But still undaunted by the foreign charm,
 Our Poets' souls have brav'd the partial storm,
 But found at length that ceaseless, midnight toil,
 Is pass'd unhonour'd in their *native* soil!
 Ye honour'd few! whose noble souls disdain
 The partial phantom, rais'd beyond the main,
 Which, stalking proudly o'er our western land,
 Has blasted Genius with its fatal wand,

pleased that a gentleman, whose name in letters is by no means inconsiderable, has promptly and effectually removed from himself, not only the stigma, but the foul suspicion, of having thus wantonly and scurrilously prostituted his pen. The disavowal plainly shows, that Mr. Southey feels, on the occasion, precisely as a man of honour and delicacy ought to feel, indignant at being suspected of a flagitious act.

Whose trans-Atlantic influence has sped
 The wasting passion, which itself had shed,
 And like the Upas with its deadly power,
 Has check'd the vigour of the blooming flower—
 Ye honour'd few! may you in triumph stand
 A firm—decided—and unshaken band;
 With breasts of adamant opposed to those
 Who prove of Genius the relentless foes,
 And free in thought—as free in action, guard
 The taste and talents of a native bard:
 No cringing slaves to prepossessing fools,
 Yield up your sense to European schools,
 No shameful tools!—to paralyse the sight,
 And shroud our talents in a gloomy night;
 But stanch supporters of unsullied worth
 Proclaim our soil—the noblest soil on earth!

The lines in which our author dwells with animation and delight on the achievements of our naval heroes, will be acceptable to all who hold in estimation the renown of our country and the true glory of the American name:

But who can paint the bright, effulgent flame,
 Which shines eternal round our naval name?
 Who can describe our honour'd, gallant tars,
 The dauntless heroes of our marine wars?
 No bard of earth! unless Apollo's fire
 Has kindled halos round his veteran lyre,
 Can mark the prowess of our infant fleets,
 Unknown to terror—strangers to defeats—
 See conquering HULL his flag in triumph wave,
 The sea—his field of glory, or his grave!
 See brave DECATUR bare his dauntless arm,
 And still the fury of the raging storm!
 See Britain's boasted lion fall—and die—
 And BAINBRIDGE wave his trophied flag on high!
 See JONES in thunder seize the high command,
 Old Neptune's trident grasping in his hand!
 While all mankind with wondering eyes behold
 The "infant navy" mount above the old!

The lawless savage of the western wood
Has view'd his inland ocean dyed with blood,
The warrior's shout, the thund'ring cannons' roar,
Have broke the solemn silence of its shore,
And rode in triumph o'er the azure wave,
Where bled the hero, and where sleep the brave!
PERRY! the waves of ERRE proudly claim
The first effulgence of thy naval fame;
And future cities towering on the shore,
Shall claim their honour from the deeds of yore;
Our "children's children" glow with kindred fire,
And taught by thee, to noble deeds aspire,
'Till proud Columbia's standard is unfurl'd
And waves unrival'd by the conquer'd world!
McDONNOUGH's name and thine, eternal live,
With all the honour that *this* world can give,
And when translated from this busy stage,
Be traced with dazzling flames on Hist'ry's page.

But does no mournful, envious thought intrude?
Is Pleasure's cup with not a tear imbrued?
Does mirth alone, sound o'er the glittering main,
And leave no solitary thought of pain?
Yes—gallant LAWRENCE, o'er thy honour'd bier,
Has dropt the real, sympathizing tear;
A nation's gratitude—a nation's grief,
Have mark'd the downfall of a noble chief!
A foe, too just to press misfortune down,
Has added incense to thy mortal crown;
A foe, too great to trample on the brave,
Has bent in sorrow o'er a hero's grave;
The flag he honour'd was his winding shroud,
The land that bless'd him, was his last abode!

Long—long Columbia's weeping tars shall mourn,
The fall of BURROWS and revere his urn;
He rush'd to meet the willing foe and—fell!
The cannons' thunder was his dying knell!

And Death in terror, hovering o'er the scene,
 Destroy'd his life to make his laurels green:
 While Victory perching on his fleeting soul,
 Bade Fame's loud blasts o'er Ocean's billows roll,
 And sound his Enterprise from pole to pole.

The poem closes thus:

But I have that within, which bears me through,
 And bids me be a modern poet too:
 An ardent wish to check the foolish song,
 And fix a bridle on the impetuous tongue;
 Hunt out that foreign influence which dares,
 To blast the native plant which Genius rears,
 And teach the simple fact which all *should* know;
Columbia's libeller is Columbia's foe.

—
 TRITE ADVICE.

SEEK not in Pleasure's round
 For Bliss, that stranger of the earth,
 Whose aloe flower was never found
 To bloom 'midst flaunting weeds of mirth.

Seek not in wanton Beauty's spells,
 For Joy, the balm of earthly pains,
 Whose angel likeness never dwells
 Where Frailty breathes, and Falsehood feigns.

For Bliss, that stranger of the earth,
 Go—seek Religion's sacred pale,
 Whose hallowed joys, of heavenly birth,
 Man, nor in life nor death shall fail.

And Joy, the balm of earthly cares,
 Is found in woman's wedded love,
 A solace through this vale of tears,
 To bonds of pure delight above.

—
 ANACREONTIQUE.—“*Vive la Bagatelle.*”

COME, captain, give rest to that war-beaten sword,
 And with it that war-breathing oath,

Yield this hour to mirth, and the next, on my word,
We'll arm you, brave captain, with both.

Nay, talk not of battles, of sieges, and flames,
Of congreves, torpedoes, and darts,
Or if any, what sieges you've laid to fair dames,
What havoc you've made among hearts.

All arms I detest, save the arms of the fair,
But on them it is heaven to sleep,
The fair garland of Cupid's the crown that I'd wear
Since tears from the laurel still weep.

Vive la bagatelle now and drown fiery war
In bumpers of sparkling champagne,
Awake jolly Bacchus with chansons-a-boire
Or trill us an amorous strain.

Now pledge we in bumpers each nymph brown or fair,
All are fair when they smile and are kind,
Then we'll crown thee with wreaths such as soldier should wear,
Of the laurel, vine, myrtle ^{tro} entwined.

Let the war rage without, and let statesmen cabal,
We more wisely their discord will shun,
In the bright beaming eyes that illumine our hall,
Vive la bagatelle, frolic and fun.

QUEVEDO.

BOREAL'S TRUCE.

Now western lakes are frozen o'er,
And battle fields late grim with gore,
Are deckt as gay as bride;
And war-worn soldiers, friends or foes,
In winter's-quarters snug repose
By lake or border side.

Along the bleak Atlantic coast
Blockading fleets are tempest tost,
Thanks to Boreal's care:
E'en meteor Cockburn's flaming brand
By Vengeance and the Furies fann'd,
Hath ceas'd awhile to glare.

Now Carnage hath short respite found
 Since Mars in icy fetters bound,
 Benumb'd doth quit the field.
 Let's seek that good, in sober mood,
 Ere Spring shall mount rebellious blood,
 That cool reflections yield.

Another fam'd campaign is o'er,
 And many valiant warriors' gore
 Hath drench'd Canadian plains.
 Forts ta'en through seas of blood are lost,
 Ere conq'ring chiefs can count the cost,
 Or either count his gains.

Fair shines Columbia's starry crest,
 In martial pride high swells her breast,
 Victoria rends the air;
 But orphans' sighs, and widows' moans,
 And dying soldiers', parents' groans,
 Fall heavily on the ear.

The laurel wreath the conq'ror wears,
 Is dew'd by many a mourner's tears,
 In bitter anguish shed:
 May efflorescent genial Spring,
 From Belgian shores the olive bring,
 To flourish in its stead.

QUEVEDO.

—
 STANZAS

Commemorative of the 23rd December, the day when the British were repulsed from New-Orleans. Attempted in imitation of Walter Scott's verses on Mr. Pitt's birth-day.

O dark was the cloud, and more dark the foreboding,
 When the conq'rors of France and the champions of Spain
 Turn'd hither those bolts late so fatal exploding,
 Far flashing the lightnings of battle again!

Now the blackness no more our horizon deforms,
 Be the incense of thankfulness wafted on high;
 Nor let Gratitude's flower, which has flourish'd in storms.
 'Mid the sun of Security wither and die.

When the earth with its groan joins the sea with its roaring,
In a menace that startles his tottering walls,
To his tutelar saint for protection imploring,
The terrified Lusian in agony calls.

But departs with the danger the feeling it forms,
When Nature resumes her original guise,
And Gratitude's flower, that was nourished in storms,
*Neath the sun of Security withers and dies.

Far from us be the sin of thy slaves, Superstition!
Whose ingrate sensations no ardour retain,
'Till the element-war that portends their perdition,
Shall shock them to feeling and phrenzy again!

More gen'rous emotions our bosoms shall warm,
Than Timidity's tremour that danger is nigh;
Nor shall Gratitude's flower which we cherished in storm,
In the sun of Security wither and die.

For yet hail we the chieftain commission'd to save,
We invok'd as our guardian from perils at hand,
When the bellow of battle was heard on the wave,
And kindred convulsions were shaking the land.

That sea-shout he still'd—those convulsions he stay'd!
Then be Gratitude's fragranciness still wafted high,
And beware lest the flower safe thro' storm and thro' shade,
In Security's sun-beam be suffer'd to die.

Yet cheer we the chief, who empower'd by high Heaven
Reduc'd civic chaos to order and plan;

Made to contrary forces one impulse be given,
And the mind of the many, the mind of one man.

To him and his band, as returns this proud morning,
Fresh chaplets we'll culture all change to defy;

From our heart's hardy flower, that all seasons adorning,
Nor in storm nor in sunshine can wither or die.

Sprung from Scotia,* whose sons, northern lights 'mid the nation!
Illumine the mists of the spirit-star'd sky,

* General ANDREW JACKSON is stated to have been born in Scotland.

There beatified Moore, from his bright elevation,
Shall bend on thy valour a brother's fond eye!

Ah! haply no tear damp'd the wreath that we form—
With thy palm and thy laurel no cypress we tie;

They are Gratitude's flowers which, immortal through storm,
In the sun of Security never shall die!

—
We all recollect the deep gloom of the period so suddenly and unexpectedly illuminated by the victory of Plattsburg. We all recollect that time of keen anguish to our pride of country,

“When breathless in the mart the couriers met

“Early and late, at evening and at prime,”—

not as the harbingers of the shout of victory, but as the heralds of some additional pang to the sense of national dishonour, or of some additional excitement to the fear of immediate danger. We all recollect, our hearts still beat at the recollection of the joyful feeling of release from the pressure of apprehension, and from the conviction of national disgrace, produced by the heart-stirring annunciation of victory on the shores of the Saranac and in the bay of Plattsburg. If ever there were a case, where it was admissible to ascribe particular results to a particular Providence, that case is the battle of Plattsburg. Under those circumstances, and with that belief, the following lines were written, immediately on the reception of the news of the transactions at Plattsburg.

“*The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.*”—JUDGES.

O dark is the tempest of peril and fear,
O’ershadowing the torrent, resistless descending
From the wilds of the north, in its ruthless career,
The harvest and herd from the ravaged fields rending.

But the Sabbath-day dawns—in its hallowed light,
Behold the bright arms on yon eminence gleaming,
Where the death-threatening battery frowns from the height,
And broadly the banner to the light winds is streaming.

They come from their ships, on the dark ocean wave,
With the conquering sword, at the victor’s decree,
From the angel-like task of unfettering the slave,
To the fiend-like commission of crushing the free.

With the bright smile of triumph they bend to the bay
Their looks—where their pendants exultingly stream,

And hail the proud hour, ere the close of the day,
When the cross o'er the stars shall victoriously beam.*

With the proud smile of scorn, to the land then they turn,
Where the star-spangled banner their foemen display,
And certain of success, impatiently burn
To sweep the weak barriers full quickly away.

Yes! smile ye in triumph! the warrior who stands
On that deck, where he swears or to conquer or die,
In the heart of each comrade a hero commands,
With their swords in their grasp, while their trust is on high.

Or reck's he thy boasting, who scorning despair,
Gives the signal of fight, where his veterans repose:—
“There's life for your valour, but death for your fear,
We triumph as victors, or sink with our foes!”†

The conflict is past on the lake and the plain,
And where does the banner of Britain now wave?
'Tis beneath the proud stars, where the heaps of the slain
To the victors a path for its downfall scarce gave.

And gone is the host of the conquering sword?
They fled at that sight, with a pang of dismay,
With the spirit of panic all scattered abroad,
All melted like snow from the face of the day.

'Tis the victory of God! then presume not to wreath
Round the brow of a mortal the badge of his praise;
But lowly in heart all thy gratitude breathe,
For His arm of defence, in our perilous ways.

But honour the warriors who wielded His sword,
As Gideon of old, who the spoiler o'erthrew,
When he gave, with the force of his heart-stirring word,
The force of a host to the arm of a few.

* “The British army was so posted on the heights, that it could not but behold the interesting struggle for dominion on the lakes. At the same hour the fleets engaged, the enemy opened his batteries on our forts.”

Macomb's Order, Sept. 14, 1814.

† Alluding to the general order of Macomb, that every one who broke from their stations should be immediately put to death.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE two excellent translations, one in prose the other in verse, signed V. from a well known and highly valued pen, to which we are much indebted for former communications, shall appear in an early number of *The Port Folio*.

“One day in May,” a poetic effusion by G. M. B. is on our files. It has faults as well as merits; but criticism should act towards young writers like judicial power towards young offenders; always lean to the side of mercy: the piece shall, therefore, find a place in our future pages.

We earnestly recommend to the youthful writer the only mean by which the growth of either the soil or the intellect can be brought to perfection, assiduous cultivation; and shall be happy to receive hereafter some of his more matured productions.

The observations of “Montanus,” in the neighbourhood of the city, are acceptable, and shall appear in a future number of *The Port Folio*. From the present they are excluded by other papers of a prior claim. We request him to continue his excursions, and to favour us, from time to time, with the result. We fully concur with him that the appearance, improvements and resources of Philadelphia are unknown, not only in Europe and to most Pennsylvanians on this side of the mountains, but even to *most Philadelphians themselves*. As self-examination, although of the first importance, is apt to be more sparingly cultivated than almost any other source of knowledge, such is the case with ourselves in relation to our own city. While we are attentive to more distant objects, it, as a subject of useful inquiry, lies neglected. Hence a few well-written papers, communicating an able and correct view of Philadelphia and its environs—reflecting faithfully their image, as from a mirror or the bosom of an unruffled lake—would be not only gratifying in their effects, but important in their uses. We wish Montanus pleasant excursions, whether they be in or around our city, and hope that, while he is thus indulging his fancy and enriching his mind, he will not fail to record whatever he may observe capable of contributing to the gratification and improvement of others. The task is certainly none of the

easiest, and will, therefore, require the exertion of his highest powers for its accomplishment.

Communications from our friend "The Hermit," are always hailed by us with a peculiar welcome. It is not, therefore, without reluctance and regret, that we are obliged to postpone till our next number, his "Thoughts on Rhyme."

We have reason to believe that this postponement will be a source of concern to most of our readers, as well as to ourselves. Wherever sound sense and correct taste prevail, the "Thoughts of a Hermit" will not fail to be held in high and lasting estimation.

To several of the dealers in rhyme, we are under obligations for unacknowledged favours, with which we mean to enrich our pages hereafter.

To our correspondents generally, we return our sincere thanks for their manifold attentions, and hope they will give us cause for a continuance of the same grateful sentiments towards them. To them belongs, in large proportion, the kind sentiments and flattering expressions which are frequently communicated to ourselves, in person, by some of our most enlightened readers; touching the satisfaction they derive from *The Port Folio*. We beg them, therefore, to accept of their due. Like a military chief, we can do little more than superintend, organize, and direct to its object, the disciplined force which they put at our disposal. While the trophies of victory, whatever they may be, are the fruits of their exertions and skill, we have no wish that the laurels should be deemed exclusively ours.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1815.

NO. IV.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

ESTIMATE OF BRITISH TROOPS IN UPPER CANADA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the pomp and preparation of the wars, and the eclat of many of the battles, of Europe, we have always believed, and oftentimes asserted, that, for the number of men engaged in the service, the late contest between Great Britain and the United States was more active, vigorous, and sanguinary, and more strongly marked by deeds of heroic courage and desperate daring, than any other that has occurred in modern times. It was characterized, particularly on the part of the Americans, by much of the chivalric spirit of former ages, accompanied by an unusual degree of skill in the instruments and means of human slaughter.

The following statement, founded, as we believe, on authentic documents, taken in connexion with others that have heretofore appeared in this journal, furnishes ample testimony of the truth of these remarks in relation to that portion of the war which deluged in blood the Niagara frontier, in the summer of 1814. The campaign lasted but little more than two months, commencing on the night of the second of July, with the crossing of the Niagara river by the American forces, and terminating on the seventeenth of September, by their glorious sortie from the lines

VOL. VI.

U 11

of fort Erie. During by far the greater part of this time, so active were the operations, that the sword and the bayonet but seldom found a day's repose in the scabbard, and the rifle, the musket and the cannon were in hourly use. Corresponding to this constancy of combat was the carnage which ensued. On this point we assert nothing positively, but express, without hesitation, our firm belief, that the annals of modern warfare will be examined in vain for an equal destruction of officers and soldiers, under similar circumstances, in so short a time, and in an army of such limited numbers.

Of the exact force of the command which general Brown led into Canada, we have no intelligence that can be deemed official. From information, however, which we believe to be correct, we venture to say, that it amounted to less than three thousand regulars, in two brigades, under the command of Scott and Ripley, and a few hundred militia, commanded by general Porter. Numerically speaking, it was certainly much inferior to the force of the enemy; and yet, in four general and desperate engagements, it was four times successively victorious. So dexterous and deadly was it in the use of its arms, that, on each occasion, the havoc it made among the foe was altogether unprecedented. Including the fall of their Indians and militia, there can be no doubt that the loss of the British was, in comparison with that sustained by the Americans, at least in the proportion of two to one. In fact, to every enlightened and candid observer of the progress of the war it must appear, we think, incontrovertibly obvious, that the army of the United States was rapidly acquiring over the enemy, the same ascendancy which, in every instance of conflict, marked the achievements of our gallant navy.—EDITOR.

Estimate of British Regular Troops in Upper Canada, July 13th, 1814, with a view of their distribution.

At forts Niagara, George, and Erie, and at Chippewa and Queenston:

8th,	400
41st,	350
100th,	600
Royal Scots.	850
Royal Artillery,	150
	—2,350

Brought forward,	2,350
At Burlington Heights and York:	
103d,	800
At Kingston:	
Right wing of the Dewattevilles,	700
Glengarys,	500
Canadian Fencibles,	400
104th,	550
Squadron of Dragoons,	100
Royal Artillery,	150
	<hr/> 2,400
At Prescott:	
89th,	500
Royal Artillery,	50
	<hr/> 550
	<hr/>
Aggregate rank and file,	6,100
	<hr/>

I do not estimate the total effectives fit for the field at more than 5,000

Between the 1st of July and the 15th September, the following regiments arrived in Upper Canada. I estimate them at their supposed effective strength:

Left wing of the Dewattevilles in the early part of July,	550
6th and 82d early part of August,	1,250
97th middle of August,	557
90th and 37th last of August,	1,500
Newfoundland Fencibles,	350
Towards the close of August and beginning of September, the 16th, 26th and 57th arrived, and were stationed at Johnstown, Prescott and Brockville, where they still remain,	1,500
	<hr/>
Say total effectives,	10,707
Non-effectives,	1,100
	<hr/>
Aggregate rank and file,	11,807

ESTIMATE OF BRITISH TROOPS

Brought forward,	11,807
From the above deduct for the enemy's total loss in the various contests with the 2d division, and by desertion and sickness.	3,900
The remains of the 8th, 41st and 100th regi- ments sent to the lower province for winter quarters,	600
	<hr/> 4,500

Rank and file Dec. 15th, 1814, 7,307

Distribution of the British Regular Force in Upper Canada December 15th,
1814.

Johnstown, Prescott and Brockville:

16th, 26th and 57th,	1,450
Royal Artillery,	50
	<hr/> 1,500

Kingston:

Canadian Fencibles,	400
Newfoundland Fencibles,	350
Battalion companies of 104th,	350
Royal Artillery,	150
Remains of the old regiments of the province, excepting the 8th, 41st and 100th,	1,457
	<hr/> 2,707

Upon the Niagara frontier:

6th and 82d,	1,000
97th,	500
90th and 37th,	1,500
Royal Artillery,	100
	<hr/> 3,100

Rank and file, 7,307

Estimate of the British Regular Troops opposed to the Second Division.

Major general Riall's command upon the Niagara, at York
and Burlington, July 13th, 1814:

8th,	400
41st,	350
	<hr/> 750

Brought forward,	750
100th,	800
Royal Scots,	850
Royal Artillery,	150
103d,	800
	<hr/> 3,350

Of this force he brought at least eighteen hundred men upon the plains of Chippewa.

Lieutenant-general Drummond arrived with the following reinforcements July 24th:

89th,	500
Glengarys,	500
Flank companies of the 104th, filled up to 100 men each,	200
Squadron of Dragoons,	100
	<hr/> 1,300
	<hr/> 4,650

The whole of the above force for duty was concentrated near Fort George during the day and night of the 24th July, excepting, say seven hundred men, lost at Fort Erie and on the plains of Chippewa,

700

3,950

From which deduct for those left sick and in garrison at Forts George and Niagara,

500

And you have an effective force of engaged in the battle of Niagara,

3,450

Loss of the enemy July 25th,

1000

2,450

Drummond's regular force fit for the field July 26th,

1814,

2,450

July 29th, the regiment Dewatteville, right and left wing, 1100 strong, joined Drummond,

1,100

3,550

Brought forward	3,550
<i>After the arrival of this reinforcement the enemy moved slowly and cautiously upon Fort Erie. The 15th August, in attempting to carry that place by assault, he lost not less than twelve hundred men. In his official report of that affair, he acknowledges the loss of 905 men, exclusive of the regiment Dewatteville, and we have good reason to believe that this regiment alone did not lose less than three hundred,</i>	
	1,200
	<hr/>
	2,350

Towards the last of August Drummond was reinforced by the 6th and 82d,	1,250
In the early part of September by the 97th,	557
	<hr/>
	1,807
	<hr/>
	4,157

September 17th sortie. The enemy did not lose less in killed, wounded and prisoners than	1,000
	<hr/>
	3,157

On the 21st September Drummond retreated with his remaining force, say three thousand one hundred men, to his field-works on the east bank of the Chippewa, keeping out a light party at Black creek to watch the movements of the American army.

Lieutenant-general Drummond's regular force fit for the field September 22d, 1814, say	3,000
Sick and in garrison, exclusive of wounded,	500
	<hr/>
	3,500

Riall's force July 1st,	3,350
Reinforcements with Drummond July 24th,	1,300
Regiment Dewatteville July 29th,	1,100
6th, 82d and 97th,	1,807
	<hr/>
	7,557

The enemy's loss by desertion was very considerable. He must also have lost many men by the fire of our batteries, in affairs of pickets, and in the attack upon Buffaloe.

Brought forward,	7,557
------------------	-------

These various losses, together with those occasioned by sickness, must, I think, be equal to his gain by the recovery of wounded men. This view of the subject will give his loss as follows:

Fort Erie and Chippewa,	700
Falls of Niagara,	1,000
Assault upon Fort Erie,	1,200
Sortie,	1,000
	*—3,900

Force remaining upon the Niagara frontier Sept. 22, 1814, 3,657

In this statement it is to be understood always, that no account is taken of militia or Indians in the British service.

* From another document in our possession, entitled to no small degree of credit, the loss of the enemy, including that of Indians and militia, is stated at *five thousand*—Nor are we inclined to believe that the estimate is much exaggerated.

Extracts from the Adjutant-General's Office, showing the loss sustained by the Left Division of the United States' Army, commanded by Maj. Gen. Jacob Brown, from the 2d day of July, 1814, (the opening of the campaign on the Niagara frontier,) to the 17th of September, the day of the sortie from Fort Erie, Upper Canada, which terminated the siege of the American army.

	KILLED.						WOUNDED.						RANK & FILE.		Aggregate killed	Agg'te. wounded	Total kill'd & w'd.	Missing & pris'rs.	Grand Total		
	B. General	Colonel	Lt. Colonel	Majors	Captains	Subalterns	B. General	Colonel	Lt. Colonel	Majors	Captains	Subalterns									Killed
Battle of Chippewaway, 5th July, 1814.	1	1	2	2	1	3	1	1	1	4	7	3	5	60	240	60	249	309	*19	328	* Of this number 17 were militia, and two of the 19th infantry with the militia command.
Battle of Niagara, 25th July.																	570	742	117	859	* One Major-General.
First battle of Erie, one o'clock, A. M. 15th August, 1814.																	56	73	11	84	
Second battle of Erie, 12 o'clock, A. M. 17th September, 1814.	1	1	4	4	1	4	1	1	1	4	16	70	189	81	212	293	*216	509		509	* Of this number 173 were of the militia.
Loss during the siege by cannonade and occasional sorties.																	247	349	*181	530	* Of this number 143 were deserters.
Grand Total.	1	1	2	2	1	3	3	2	2	6	16	73	401	1232	432	1334	2066	544	2310		

NOTE.—The siege lasted 45 days, from August 2d to the 17th September—the enemy's batteries, however, did not open upon our camp until the morning of the 13th, and but little execution was done after the 6th of September. The average loss per day during the whole of the siege was seven and a half: *at different periods* it amounted to twenty and twenty-three per day.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Roderick, the last of the Goths. A tragic poem. By Robert Southey. Philadelphia; published by Edward Earle, pp. 250.

ALTHOUGH a poem so extensive and weighty as the present might be supposed sufficient of itself to settle in some measure the character of its author, yet, to assign the rank of Mr. Southey as a poet is not the intention of the present article. A writer, who, for the last twenty years, has been almost incessantly tortured in the crucible of criticism, must have been long since permanently marked as to the qualities of his mettle: and it is the good fortune of Mr. Southey to have received, in more respects than one, the sterling stamp. Notwithstanding our inability, therefore, to discover any solid reason why he should be placed on a level with his cotemporaries Scott and Campbell, Moore and Byron, yet, as he bears about him a badge of special favour from the monarch of his country, and was honoured of late with a seat at the table of the monarch of song,* and as he has been, moreover, in several instances, the subject of exalted encomium, from the pens of European critics, we are willing to admit that he may possess merits which, to us, lie concealed. Of the extent to which the decisions of the judgment are oftentimes affected by a mere difference of taste we are not insensible; and we are even ready to concede the possibility that we may furnish an instance of it in our own person. We are at a loss for any other rational ground of explanation touching the vast differences of opinion, which prevail, in the most enlightened circles, respecting some of the popular poets of the day.

With the general character and pretensions, however, of Mr. Southey, as an apostle of the Muses, we have no concern, on the present occasion. Our business is exclusively with the character of his poem which lies before us, denominated "*Roderick, the last of the Goths.*" Nor do we find it by any means an easy task to settle even this point in our own mind, and to our own satisfaction.

This poem is a production of so mixed a nature, so singularly compounded of merits and faults, beauties and deformities, good

* See Hunt's "*Feast of the Poets.*"

taste and bad, elevation of sentiment and mediocrity of style, well measured prose and poetry in false measure—it exhibits, from first to last, so unusual a combination of contradictory qualities, that we scarcely know how to class it, or where to look for its parallel. On the whole, however, its excellencies, as a metrical romance, for, like the fashionable productions of Scott and Byron, it is nothing more, so far predominate over its defects, that it cannot fail to be read with interest, and will be likely, we think, to prove the most popular work that Mr. Southey has written. But its popularity, will arise from the nature of the plot, the judicious introduction of incident and episode, and the general texture and management of the story, aided by many affecting touches of sentiment, rather than from elegance of diction, richness of imagery, or any of the ornamental qualities of poetical composition. Yet it must not be denied that the work is interspersed with many examples of forcible, glowing, and picturesque description.

Spain, corrupted by immoralities, and blackened by crimes, is ripe for the infliction of a national calamity. To render the measure of her guilt complete, count Julian's daughter, the matchless Florinda, is, in an unguarded moment, yet without the aggravations and enormities which usually attend the perpetration of such an act, violated by Roderick, the monarch of the country. Previously to the commission of this fatal deed, the life of the prince had been not only warlike, but virtuous and honourable in a surpassing degree. He had been the chosen associate, too, and intimate friend of that paragon of beauty and excellence, whom his rashness ruined. So entirely and deservedly was he the idol of his people, that, south of the Pyrenees, nothing was felt towards him but love and admiration, on account of his royal and munificent qualities, and nothing uttered but blessings on his name. Public indignation would have overwhelmed as a calumniator whoever had dared to let fall an expression in his dispraise.

But the injury done to count Julian's daughter produced in the state an entire revolution. The count himself, with all his powerful host of followers, became the immitigable foe of Roderick, whose name was now blackened by every wanton and malicious tongue. He invited the Moors to an invasion of Spain, and,

on their arrival in immense numbers and terrible array, renounced Christianity and joined their **standard**, with a view to the subversion of the throne of the **Goths**.

At length was fought the sanguinary and memorable battle of Xeres, where, after eight days of conflict and carnage, the army of Roderick was completely overthrown, and the followers of the cross compelled to submit to those of the crescent. The king himself, after achieving prodigies of valour, fighting first for victory, and, when he perceived that all was lost, daring every thing in quest of death, found himself unhurt when the slaughter had closed.

Believing the preservation of his life, in the midst of such dangers, to be the act of Heaven, he determined to dedicate the remainder of it to the most sacred of purposes, penitence and prayer for his past transgressions, particularly his act of violence on Florinda, which he now regarded as the guilty cause of the prostration of his religion, and the ruin of his country. Devesting himself, therefore, of the badges of royalty, and the habiliments of war, he put on the humble apparel of his own peasantry, and, in that disguise, escaped without pursuit from the field of battle. The report went abroad, and was universally believed, that he had fallen by the sword, or had, in some way, perished with the downfall of his kingdom.

Journeying on in a state of mental distress but little short of the agonies of despair, he encounters Romano, an aged and pious priest, by whom he is greatly comforted, and whose prayers and intercession in his behalf become instrumental in his conversion to grace. On the death of that venerable ecclesiastic, which took place about a year afterwards, Roderick is again thrown friendless and companionless on the world. While carelessly and without an object wandering through the country in that forlorn and desolate condition, subsisting, as he could procure it, on the bread of charity, he finds, in a city that had been sacked by the Moors, Adosinda, a lady of high birth and heroic qualities, who had alone survived the bloody massacre, and was now engaged in the burial of her slaughtered family. Roderick assists her in the pious act. Never, at so dark and desperate a conjuncture, did two more suitable and congenial spirits meet. Without any other human aid,

relying on the justice and righteous protection of Providence alone, did these two individuals, in the gloom and solitude of a cemetery, Adosinda taking the lead, project the scheme of delivering their country from the iron hand of its conquerors and oppressors. Except that it was an enterprise of greater boldness, and arose from patriotism, not fanaticism, it was like Peter the Hermit awakening Europe to the holy wars.

Asturia has not yet bowed in abject submission to the Moorish yoke. Although depressed and somewhat humbled for the time, the spirit of her chiefs and her peasantry is unbroken. Roderick and Adosinda act in concert, pursuing each an appointed course, for the attainment of two distinct objects, alike essential to their holy cause. From the moment of their first interview they are equally delighted and astonished at the lofty and heroic qualities they discover in each other, and anticipate, with no ordinary expectancy, a successful issue to their projected labours. Heaven smiles on their efforts, which prosper in all things, even beyond their hopes. In the course of events, Roderick, still unknown to his countrymen, yet high in influence with both leaders and followers, assumes holy orders, and is consecrated to the priesthood. By the spreading of the hallowed spark originally enkindled by Adosinda and himself, the whole population of Asturia is assembled in arms, inflexibly determined on honourable death, or noble revenge and the liberation of their country from Moorish domination. From all parts of Spain the foe advances in great force and formidable array. Several battles are fought, in each of which the Asturians prove victorious. In consequence of this the spirit of the nation rises from humble hope to settled confidence: but it is that well attempered confidence, which, while it anticipates with certainty, acts with caution—augments zeal and energy, but banishes rashness. The Moors are drawn into an ambuscade, where, by rocks and timber, large masses of earth and other deadly missiles, precipitated on them from the overhanging heights, a whole army is overwhelmed in a moment.

Through the treachery of those whose cause he had espoused, count Julian falls by the hand of an assassin. From indignation at the act, and urged by an inextinguishable spirit of re-

venge, his veteran army rejoin immediately the Christian standard, immutably bent on the extermination of the Moors.

Roderick, although he has not yet unsheathed the sword, is constant in council and stands high in authority with the Christian leaders. His holy zeal and animated eloquence give spirit and strength to the champions of the cross. But an occasion is approaching when he is once more to shine forth in all his glory, as a warrior and a hero—when the lustre of his setting sun is to surpass for an hour its meridian brightness, and then suddenly and forever disappear, pouring joy into the hearts of his people no more.

The Moorish and Christian armies are assembled in force on the bloodiest of their fields, count Julian's followers, in revenge for their murdered chief, having gone over to the latter. Roderick, by a fortunate occurrence, recovers Orelia, his noble war-horse, that had borne him so often through the ranks of death. Priest as he is, the temptation to mingle in the conflict is now irresistible. He vaults into the saddle, receives count Julian's sword, and thus, unprotected by any armour, puts whole squadrons to the rout, and cuts his way in safety through the Moorish columns. A pause in battle ensues, during which he is recognized by Siverian, an old and faithful domestic, in whose armour he is now clothed, except his head, which is still without a helmet. In this condition he takes the lead of his warlike companions, as had been his former custom, rushes in all his terrors to the fight, and, forgetting the secrecy he wished to maintain respecting himself, raises his wonted battle-cry of "Roderick and victory! Roderick and vengeance!" This shout, uttered by a powerful and well-known voice, discovering who he is, is hailed with acclamation, as a note of encouragement from Heaven, and, being received as an earnest of certain victory, is re-echoed with enthusiasm by the Christian host. The slaughter of the Moors is great beyond any former example. Not a Spanish blade but is dripping with blood. The arm of Roderick, in particular, appears like that of a destroying angel. Wherever he turns, dismay, and rout, and carnage, accompany him. Plunging on his fiery war-horse through the thickest of the foe, he disperses, or hews and tramples down, whatever opposes his dreadful course.

The Moorish army is utterly overthrown. Night closes in and stays the slaughter, before the Spanish sword is sated with blood. The recall is sounded, and all the surviving leaders return, except Roderick, who is looked for with highest expectancy, but alas! in vain. The sorrow of disappointment in this the fondest wish of their hearts, penetrates his people. After the most eager and anxious research, Orelia is found, trembling with fatigue, and covered with "froth, and foam, and gore," his master's sword and other equipments of war, lying near to him. But the warrior himself has again disappeared: nor could any inquiry unravel the painful mystery of his fate, till after

"Days, and months, and generations (had) past,
And centuries held their course, (when) far off,
Within a hermitage, near Viseu's walls,
A humble tomb was found, which bore inscrib'd,
In ancient characters, king Roderick's name."

Such is a very brief outline of the story of "Roderick, the last of the Goths," which Mr. Southey has contrived so to diversify and ornament with incident and episode, sentiment and description, character and moral, as to render it a production of no common interest. Notwithstanding its being lengthened out to twenty-five cantos, so strong are its occasional appeals to the feelings, and so closely does it now and then cling around the heart, that few persons, we think, will commence the reading of it, without going through it. The wish to arrive at the denouement is fed and augmented by each successive canto, till it becomes irresistible. Nor is expectation disappointed on coming to the close, the last canto being the most spirited of the whole, and the very last paragraph one of its finest passages. The apparently superhuman achievements of Roderick in the decisive battle, and their moral effect on both Moors and Christians, are pictured forth in a style and manner that would not have detracted from the reputation of Milton or Shakspeare, in the zenith of their fame. So much for general excellencies.

The faults of Roderick, as a literary production, are numerous, and some of them far from being inconsiderable. The language is oftentimes prosaic and flat, and in several instances

ungrammatical: there is, moreover, some affectation and bad taste manifested in the unnecessary formation of inelegant compound words; and the measure is frequently harsh, defective, and even false, an incorrect accentuation being requisite to read it with the pauses, emphases and intonations of voice usual in the recitation of heroic verse. Indeed the style throughout, although always perspicuous, and, where the subject demands it, animated, forcible and varied, making the sound characteristic of the sense, is neither chaste nor harmonious, and is, in no small degree, deficient in refinement and polish. The merit of the poem consists much more, then, in the abundance, weight and value of the matter, with its judicious combination and arrangement in the handling of the subject, than in the beauties and decorations of fine writing.

But its only faults are not in its style. The character of Roderick himself is overstrained. We see in him a painful excess of the dismal, melancholy, tortured man. His penitence is disproportioned to his crime—too terribly gloomy, deep and tristful; and his passions too tragical for religion to tolerate, or human nature long to bear. Such continued agony on the wheel of feeling, connected with such a depth of mortification and self-abasement, are alike inconsistent with the retention of reason and the preservation of health, not to say of life itself. To see Roderick, then, suddenly rise from such an abyss of penance and depression, which are necessarily accompanied with corporeal debility, to more than his wonted powers in battle, does not well accord with our ideas of consistency and truth. The solution must be sought for, not in any principles or capabilities belonging to man, but in that alone to which it was attributed by those who beheld the superhuman spectacle, the inspiration and executing hand of Heaven. The long concealment of the Goth, too, in the midst of his most intimate associates, relatives and friends, under the guise of the tonsure and the cassock, is carried to the utmost extent that probability will warrant—we think, somewhat beyond it. Nor does a second disappearance from the field of battle, where his sword and his example had been so conspicuously serviceable, followed by an impenetrable concealment of himself in his own or in a neighbouring kingdom, appear to us a very feasible enterprise. The old and faithful Siverian alone, who could not have been a second time

blinded by any possible disguise of his master, not to speak of the keen and sagacious researches of his mother, with those of all his faithful people, who ardently wished him to resume the sceptre, could not have failed to discover him in the most distant, sequestered and lonely retreat—any where, in fact, without the bowels of the earth. But Mr. Southey derives this portion of his narrative, not from the resources of his own invention, but from history. The fault is not, therefore, attributable to him, but to the writer who fabricated the improbable story.

Florinda is also represented to us under an extravagance of character. She is made too much the victim of unrelenting contrition and agonized feeling. She ought either to have died sooner, or to have become sooner reconciled to her fate. Nature would seem to impose the former as a necessity, and religion to call for the latter as a duty. She had been, indeed, signally unfortunate, but not deeply criminal—making due allowance for the infirmities of human nature, she could scarcely be said to have been criminal at all. In a heart so pious and filially tender as hers, her father's apostacy from the Christian faith, would necessarily implant and nurture the seeds of sorrow. But mental suffering, amounting to the utmost that human nature can endure, and constant in its corrosions as the worm that never sleeps nor dies, can arise from nothing but a sense of guilt, and that of the most deep and deadly stain. Although the poem, therefore, is a tragical one, in which it is both customary and perhaps admissible to magnify every thing, virtues and vices, passions and feelings, beauty and deformity, accomplishments and defects, we are, notwithstanding, deliberately of opinion, that the character of Florinda approaches, in some respects, the borders of caricature. Still, however, from its many amiable, attractive and truly feminine qualities, it strongly engages the attention of the reader, and bears its full proportion in the general effect of keeping awake in his mind a lively interest in his passage through the work.

The character of Adosinda we consider well drawn—more unexceptionably, perhaps, than any other in the poem. It is that of a true heroine, driven to the extreme of female daring and human exertion by the magnitude of her injuries, her love of country, and her deep and immutable desire of revenge. The por-

traiture of herself, and of her solemn and commanding performance of the highly responsible part allotted to her in the ambuscade near Deva, is most striking and masterly.

The character of the youthful Alphonso, gallantly fleshing his maiden sword, and in every instance nobly, though sometimes with the hazardous impetuosity of his years, sustaining his hereditary reputation in arms, presents itself to the reader in bold relief and fine proportions.

Prince Pelayo and count Pedro perform their parts with firmness and consistency, dignity and effect. They never appear other than pious Christians, intrepid warriors, and skilful commanders. In the field of battle they acquit themselves as becomes those whom their country has thought proper to honour and trust. In the composition of their characters, however, we discover but little to distinguish them from other chiefs who are vigilant, bold, and experienced in war. On the head of Pelayo the crown sits as easy as the helmet, and the sceptre suits his hand as well as the sword.

The character of count Eudon is well delineated. He appears to be, what he really is, a weak, pusillanimous, deceitful, irresolute, time-serving coward; the scorn of the brave, trusted by no one, and despised by all.

In the perusal of this poem the reader will meet with a variety of incidents and subnarratives in which he will feel a peculiar interest: among these we shall mention, although they may not, perhaps, be thought pre-eminent over many others, the adventure of Roderick and Romano, Roderick's first return to the society of man after his temporary residence in solitude, his first interview with Adosinda while engaged in the pious act of entombing her family that had been recently slaughtered, his first interview with Pelayo, with Florinda, with Siverian, and with his mother. To these may be added, the return of Pelayo to his family after his captivity by the Moors, with the fine descriptions connected with that event, the fatal ambuscade of Deva, the death of count Julian, the meeting between Roderick and the renegade Orpas, and the last battle where the Moors were overthrown.

That our readers may possess some knowledge of "Roderick, the last of the Goths," besides what they derive from the

foregoing hasty and imperfect analysis, we shall now lay before them a few extracts from it.

In canto xxiii, the ambuscade of Deva is described in a style of great magnificence:

“ In the fated straits
Of Deva had the king dispos'd the rest:
Amid the hanging woods, and on the cliffs,
A long mile's length on either side its bed
They lay. The lever, and the axe and saw
Had skilfully been plied; and trees and stones,
A dread artillery, ranged on crag, and shelf,
And steep descent, were ready at the word
Precipitate to roll resistless down.
The faithful maiden not more wistfully
Looks for the day that brings her lover home—
Scarce more impatiently the horse endures
The rein, when loud and shrill the hunter's horn
Rings in his joyous ears, than at their post
The mountaineers await their certain prey.
Yet mindful of their prince's order, oft
And solemnly enforced, with eagerness
Subdued by minds well-master'd, they expect
The appointed signal.

Hand must not be raised,
Foot stirr'd, nor voice be utter'd, said the chief,
Till the word pass: impatience would mar all.
God hath delivered over to your hands
His enemies and ours, so we but use
The occasion wisely. Not till the word pass
From man to man transmitted, “In the name
Of God, for Spain and Vengeance,” let a hand
Be lifted; on obedience all depends.
Their march below with noise of horse and foot,
And haply with the clang of instruments,
Might drown all other signal; this is sure.
But wait it calmly; it will not be given
Till the whole line hath enter'd in the toils.
Comrades, be patient, so shall none escape
Who once set foot within these straits of death.
Thus had Pelayo on the mountaineers
With frequent and impressive charge enforced
The needful exhortation. This alone

He doubted, that the musslemen might see
 The perils of the vale, and warily
 Forbear to enter. But they thought to find,
 As Guisla told, the main Asturian force
 Seeking concealment there, no other aid
 Soliciting from these their native hills;
 And that the babes and women having fallen
 In thralldom, they would lay their weapons down,
 And supplicate forgiveness for their sake.
 Nor did the Moors perceive in what a strait
 They enter'd; for the morn had risen o'ercast,
 And when the sun had reach'd the height of heaven,
 Dimly his pale and beamless orb was seen
 Moving through mist. A soft and gentle rain,
 Scarce heavier than the summer's evening dew,
 Descended,—through so still an atmosphere,
 That every leaf upon the moveless trees
 Was studded o'er with rain drops, bright and full,
 None falling till from its own weight o'ersworn
 The motion came.

Low on the mountain side
 The fleecy vapour hung, and in its veil
 With all their dreadful preparations wrapt
 The mountaineers: In breathless hope they lay,
 Some blessing God in silence for the power
 This day vouchsafed; others with fervency
 Of prayer and vow invoked the mother-maid,
 Beseeching her that in this favouring hour
 She would be strongly with them. From below
 Meantime, distinct they heard the passing tramp
 Of horse and foot, continuous as the sound
 Of Deva's stream, and barbarous tongues, commixt
 With laughter, and with frequent shouts—for all
 Exultant came, expecting sure success;
 Blind wretches, over whom the ruin hung!
 They say, quoth one, that though the prophet's soul
 Doth with the black-eyed Houris bathe in bliss,
 Life hath not left his body, which bears up
 By its miraculous power the holy tomb,
 And holds it at Medina in the air,
 Buoyant between the temple's floor and roof:
 And there the angels fly to him with news
 From east, west, north, and south, of what befalls

His faithful people. If, when he shall hear
 'The tale of this day's work, he should for joy
 Forget that he is dead, and walk abroad,—
 It were as good a miracle as when
 He sliced the moon! Sir angel hear me now,
 Whoe'er thou bee'st who art about to speed
 From Spain to Araby! when thou hast got
 The prophet's ear, be sure thou tellest him
 How bravely Gauleb did his part to-day,
 And with what special reverence he alone
 Desired thee to commend him to his grace!
 Fie on thee, scoffer, that thou art, replied
 His comrade; thou wilt never leave these gibes
 Till some commission'd arrow through the teeth
 Shall nail the offending tongue. Hast thou not heard
 How when our clay is leaven'd first with life,
 The ministering angel brings it from that spot
 Whereon 'tis written in the eternal book
 That soul and body must their parting take
 And earth to earth return? How knowest thou
 But that the spirit who compounded thee,
 To distant Syria from this very vale
 Bore thy component dust, and Azrael here
 Awaits thee at this hour?—Little thought he
 Who spake, that in that valley at that hour
 One death awaited both!

Thus they pursued
 Toward the cave their inauspicious way.
 Weak childhood there and ineffective age
 In the chambers of the rock were placed secure;
 But of the women, all whom with the babes
 Maternal care detain'd not, were aloft
 To aid in the destruction: by the side
 Of fathers, brethren, husbands, station'd there
 They watch and pray. Pelayo in the cave
 With the venerable primate took his post.
 Ranged on the rising cliffs on either hand,
 Vigilant centinels with eye intent
 Observe his movements, when to take the word
 And pass it forward. He in arms complete
 Stands in the portal: a stern majesty
 Reign'd in his countenance severe that hour,
 And in his eye a deep and dreadful joy

Shone, as advancing up the vale he saw
 The Moorish banners. God hath blinded them!
 He cried; the measure of their crimes is full!
 O vale of Deva, famous shalt thou be
 From this day forth forever; and to these
 Thy springs shall unborn generations come
 In pilgrimage, and hallow with their prayers
 The cradle of their native monarchy!

There was a stirring in the air, the sun
 Prevail'd, and gradually the brightening mist
 Began to rise and melt. A jutting crag
 Upon the right projected o'er the stream,
 Not farther from the cave than a strong hand
 Expert, with deadly aim might cast the spear;
 Or a strong voice, pitch'd to full compass, make
 Its clear articulation heard distinct.
 A venturesome dalesman, once ascending there
 To rob the eagle's nest, had fallen, and hung
 Among the heather, wonderously preserved:
 Therefore had he with pious gratitude
 Placed on that overhanging brow a cross,
 Tall as the mast of some light fisher's skiff,
 And from the vale conspicuous. As the Moors
 Advanced, the chieftain in the van was seen
 Known by his arms, and from the crag a voice
 Pronounced his name,—Alcahman, ho! look up,
 Alcahman! As the floating mist drew up
 It had divided there, and opened round
 The cross; part clinging to the rock beneath,
 Hovering and waving part in fleecy folds,
 A canopy of silver light condensed
 To shape and substance. In the midst there stood
 A female form, one hand upon the cross,
 The other raised in menacing act: below
 Loose flow'd her raiment; but her breast was arm'd,
 And helmeted her head. The Moor turn'd pale,
 For on the walls of Auria he had seen
 The well-known figure, and had well believed
 She rested with the dead. What, ho! she cried,
 Alcahman! In the name of all who fell
 At Auria in the massacre, this hour
 I summon thee before the throne of God

To answer for the innocent blood! This hour,
 Moor, miscreant, murderer, child of hell, this hour
 I summon thee to judgment!—In the name
 Of God! for Spain and Vengeance!

Thus she closed

Her speech; for taking from the primate's hand
 That oaken cross, which at the sacring rites
 Had served for crozier, at the cavern's mouth
 Pelayo lifted it and gave the word.
 From voice to voice on either side it passed
 With rapid repetition—In the name
 Of God! for Spain and Vengeance! and forthwith
 On either side along the whole defile
 The Asturians, shouting in the name of God,
 Set the whole ruin loose; huge trunks and stones,
 And loosen'd crags, down down they roll'd with rush,
 And bound, and thundering force. Such was the fall
 As when some city by the labouring earth
 Heav'd from its strong foundations is cast down,
 And all its dwellings, towers, and palaces,
 In one wide desolation prostrated.
 From end to end of that long strait, the crash
 Was heard continuous, and commixt with sounds
 More dreadful, shrieks of horror and despair,
 And death,—the wild and agonizing cry
 Of that whole host in one destruction whelm'd.
 Vain was all valour there, all martial skill;
 The valiant arm is helpless now; the feet
 Swift in the race avail not now to save;
 They perish, all their thousands perish there,—
 Horsemen and infantry they perish all—
 The outward armour and the bones within
 Broken, and bruised, and crushed. Echo prolong'd
 The long uproar; a silence then ensued,
 Through which the sound of Deva's stream was heard,
 A lonely voice of waters, wild and sweet:
 The lingering groan, the faintly-uttered prayer,
 The louder curses of despairing death
 Ascended not so high. Down from the cave
 Pelayo hastes, the Asturians hasten down,—
 Fierce and immitigable down they speed
 On all sides, and along the vale of blood
 The avenging sword did mercy's work that hour.

Canto xxiv contains an animated and picturesque representation of count Julian's death, penitence, and reconciliation with Roderick:

When passing through the troop a Moor came up
On errand from the chief to Julian sent;
A fatal errand, fatally perform'd
For Julian, for the chief, and for himself,
And all that host of muslemen he brought;
For while with well-dissembled words he lured
The warrior's ear, the dexterous ruffian mark'd
The favouring moment and unguarded place,
And plung'd a javelin in his side. The count
Fell, but in falling call'd to Cottila,
Treachery! the Moor! the Moor!—He too on whom
He call'd had seen the blow from whence it came,
And seized the murderer. Miscreant! he exclaim'd,
Who set thee on? The musleman who saw
His secret purpose baffled, undismay'd
Replies, What I have done is authorized;
To punish treachery and prevent worse ill
Orpas and Abulcacer sent me here;
The service of the caliph and the faith
Required the blow.

The prophet and the fiend
Reward thee then! cried Cottila; meantime
Take thou from me thy proper earthly meed,
Villain!—and lifting, as he spake, the sword,
He smote him on the neck: the trenchant blade
Through vein and artery past and yielding bone,
And on the shoulder, as the assassin dropt,
His head half-severed fell. The curse of God
Fall on the caliph and the faith and thee!
Stamping for anguish, Cottila pursued:
African dogs! thus is it ye requite
Our services?—But dearly shall ye pay
For this day's work!—O fellow-soldiers, here,
Stretching his hand toward the host, he cried,
Behold your noble leader basely slain!
He who for twenty years hath led us forth
To war, and brought us home with victory,
Here he lies foully murder'd,—by the Moors!
Those whom he trusted, whom he served so well!

Our turn is next! but neither will we wait
Idly, nor tamely fall!

Amid the grief,
Tumult and rage, of those who gather'd round,
When Julian could be heard, I have yet life,
He said, for vengeance. Visimar, speed thou
To yonder mountaineers, and tell their chiefs
That Julian's veteran army joins this day
Pelayo's standard! The command devolves
On Gundarick. Fellow-soldiers, who so well
Redress'd the wrongs of your old general,
Ye will not let his death go unrevenged!—
Tears then were seen on many an iron cheek,
And groans were heard from many a resolute heart,
And vows with imprecations mixt went forth,
And curses check'd by sobs. Bear me apart,
Said Julian, with a faint and painful voice,
And let me see my daughter ere I die.

Scarce had he spoken when the pitying throng
Divide before her. Eagerly she came;
A deep and fearful lustre in her eye,
A look of settled wo,—pale, deadly pale,
Yet to no lamentations giving way,
Nor tears nor groans—within her breaking heart
She bore the grief, and kneeling solemnly
Beside him, raised her awful hands to heaven,
And cried, Lord God! be with him in this hour!—
Two things have I to think of, O my child,
Vengeance and thee! said Julian. For the first
I have provided: what remains of life
As best may comfort thee may so be best
Employ'd; let me be borne within the church,
And thou, with that good man who follows thee,
Attend me there.

Thus when Florinda heard
Her father speak, a gleam of heavenly joy
Shone through the anguish of her countenance:
O gracious God, she cried, my prayers are heard!
Now let me die!—They raised him from the earth;
He, knitting as they lifted him his brow,
Drew in, through open lips and teeth firm-closed,
His painful breath, and on the lance laid hand,

Lest its long shaft should shake the mortal wound.
Gently his men, with slow and steady step,
Their suffering burthen bore, and in the church
Before the altar laid him down, his head
Upon Florinda's knees.—Now, friends, said he,
Farewell. I ever hoped to meet my death
Among ye, like a soldier,—but not thus!
Go join the Asturians; and in after years,
When of your old commander ye shall talk,
How well he loved his followers, what he was
In battle, and how basely he was slain,
Let not the tale its fit completion lack,
But say how bravely was his death revenged.
Vengeance! in that good word doth Julian make
His testament; your faithful swords must give
The will its full performance. Leave me now,
I have done with worldly things. Comrades, farewell,
And love my memory.

They with copious tears
Of burning anger, grief exasperating
Their rage, and fury giving force to grief,
Hasten'd to form their ranks against the Moors.
Julian meantime toward the altar turn'd
His languid eyes; That image, is it not
St. Peter, he inquired, he who denied
His Lord and was forgiven?—Roderick rejoin'd
It is the apostle; and may that same Lord,
O Julian, to thy soul's salvation bless
The seasonable thought.

The dying count
Then fix'd upon the Goth his earnest eyes.
No time, said he, is this for bravery,
As little for dissemblance. I would fain
Die in the faith wherein my fathers died,
Whereto they pledged me in mine infancy—
A soldier's habits, he pursued, have steel'd
My spirit, and perhaps I do not fear
This passage as I ought. But if to feel
That I have sinn'd, and from my soul renounce
The impostor's faith, which never in that soul
Obtain'd a place,—If at the Saviour's feet,
Laden with guilt, to cast myself and cry,
Lord I believe! help thou my unbelief!—

If this in the sincerity of death
 Sufficeth,—father, let me from thy lips
 Receive the assurances with which the church
 Doth bless the dying Christian.

Roderick raised

His eyes to Heaven, and crossing on his breast
 His open palms, Mysterious are thy ways
 And merciful, O gracious Lord! he cried,
 Who to this end hast thus been pleased to lead
 My wandering steps! O Father, this thy son
 Hath sinn'd and gone astray; but hast not Thou
 Said, when the sinner from his evil ways
 Turneth, that he shall save his soul alive,
 And angels at the sight rejoice in heaven!
 Therefore do I, in Thy most holy name,
 Into thy family receive again
 Him who was lost, and in that name absolve
 The penitent.—So saying, on the head
 Of Julian solemnly he laid his hands.
 Then to the altar tremblingly he turn'd,
 And took the bread, and breaking it, pursued,—
 Julian! receive from me the Bread of Life!
 In silence reverently the count partook
 The reconciling rite, and to his lips
 Roderick then held the consecrated cup.

Me too! exclaim'd Florinda, who till then
 Had listen'd speechlessly: thou man of God,
 I also must partake! The Lord hath heard
 My prayers! one sacrament,—one hour,—one grave,—
 One resurrection!

That dread office done,
 Count Julian with amazement saw the priest
 Kneel down before him. By the sacrament
 Which we have here partaken, Roderick cried,
 In this most awful moment; by that hope,—
 That holy faith which comforts thee in death,
 Grant thy forgiveness, Julian, ere thou diest!
 Behold the man who most hath injur'd thee!
 Roderick, the wretched Goth, the guilty cause
 Of all thy guilt,—the unworthy instrument
 Of thy redemption,—kneels before thee here,
 And prays to be forgiven!

Roderick! exclaim'd

The dying count—Roderick!—and from the floor
 With violent effort half he raised himself;
 The spear hung heavy in his side, and pain
 And weakness overcame him, that he fell
 Back on his daughter's lap. O Death, cried he,—
 Passing his hand across his cold damp brow,—
 Thou tamest the strong limb, and conquerest
 The stubborn heart! But yesterday I said
 One heaven could not contain mine enemy
 And me; and now I lift my dying voice
 To say, Forgive me, Lord, as I forgive,
 Him who hath done the wrong!—He closed his eyes
 A moment; then with sudden impulse cried,—
 Roderick, thy wife is dead,—the church hath power
 To free thee from thy vows,—the broken heart
 Might yet be heal'd, the wrong redress'd, the throne
 Rebuilt by that same hand which pull'd it down,
 And these curs'd Africans—Oh for a month
 Of that waste life which millions misbestow!—
 His voice was passionate, and in his eye
 With glowing animation while he spake
 The vehement spirit shone: its effort soon
 Was past, and painfully with feeble breath
 In slow and difficult utterance he pursued,—
 Vain hope, if all the evil was ordain'd,
 And this wide wreck the will and work of Heaven,
 We but the poor occasion! Death will make
 All clear, and joining us in better worlds,
 Complete our union there! Do for me now
 One friendly office more: draw forth the spear
 And free me from this pain!—Receive his soul,
 Saviour! exclaim'd the Goth, as he perform'd
 The fatal service. Julian cried, O friend!—
 True friend!—and gave to him his dying hand.
 Then said he to Florinda, I go first,
 Thou followest!—kiss me, child!—and now good night!

In canto xxv Roderick's recovery of his war-horse Orello, and the subsequent battle scene, are described in a manner that brings every thing home to the eye and the heart. Although the passage is long, we cannot consent to mar it by any mutilation. We doubt if we can more highly gratify our readers than by giving it to them entire.

The Goth,

Breaking with scornful voice his speech, exclaim'd,
 What, could no steed but Roderick's serve thy turn?
 I should have thought some sleek and sober mule,
 Long train'd in shackles to procession pace,
 More suited to my lord of Seville's use,
 Than this good war-horse,—he who never bore
 A villain, until Orpas crost his back!—
 Wretch! cried the astonish'd renegade; and stoopt,
 Foaming with anger, from the saddle-bow
 To reach his weapon. Ere the hasty hand
 Trembling in passion could perform its will,
 Roderick had seized the reins. How now, he cried,
 Orelío! old companion,—my good horse,—
 Off with this recreant burthen!—And with that
 He raised his hand, and rear'd, and back'd the steed,
 To that remembered voice and arm of power
 Obedient. Down the helpless traitor fell
 Violently thrown, and Roderick over him
 Thrice led, with just and unrelenting hand,
 The trampling hoofs. Go join Witiza now,
 Where he lies howling, the avenger cried,
 And tell him Roderick sent thee!

At that sight,

Count Julian's soldiers and the Asturian host
 Set up a shout, a joyful shout, which rung
 Wide through the welkin. Their exulting cry
 With louder acclamation was renew'd,
 When from the expiring miscreant's neck they saw
 That Roderick took the shield, and round his own
 Hung it, and vaulted in the seat. My horse,
 My noble horse! he cried, with flattering hand
 Patting his high arch'd neck; the renegade,
 I thank him for't, hath kept thee daintily!
 Orelío, thou art in thy beauty still,
 Thy pride and strength! Orelío, my good horse,
 Once more thou bearest to the field thy lord,
 He who so oft hath fed and cherish'd thee,—
 He for whose sake, wherever thou wert seen,
 Thou wert by all men honour'd. Once again
 'Thou hast thy proper master! Do thy part
 As thou wert wont; and bear him gloriously,
 My beautiful Orelío,—to the last,—

The happiest of his fields!—Then he drew forth
The scymitar, and waving it aloft,
Rode toward the troops: its unaccustom'd shape
Disliked him; Renegade in all things! cried
The Goth, and cast it from him. To the chiefs
Then said, If I have done ye service here,
Help me, I pray you, to a Spanish sword!
The trustiest blade that e'er in Bilbilis
Was dipt, would not to-day be misbestow'd
On this right hand!—Go some one, Gunderick cried,
And bring count Julian's sword. Whoe'er thou art,
The worth which thou hast shown avenging him
Entitles thee to wear it. But thou goest
For battle unequipp'd: haste there and strip
Yon villain of his armour!

Late he spake,
So fast the Moors came on. It matters not,
Replied the Goth: there's many a mountaineer,
Who in no better armour cased this day
Than his wonted leathern gipion, will be found
In the hottest battle, yet bring off untouch'd
The unguarded life he ventures—Taking then
Count Julian's sword, he fitted round his wrist
The chain, and eyeing the elaborate steel
With stern regard of joy, The African
Under unhappy stars was born, he cried,
Who tastes thy edge!—Make ready for the charge!
They come—they come!—On, brethren, to the field—
The word is Vengeance!

Vengeance was the word;
From man to man, and rank to rank it past,
By every heart enforced, by every voice
Sent forth in loud defiance of the foe.
The enemy in shriller sounds return'd
Their Akbar and the prophet's trusted name.
The horsemen lower'd their spears, the infantry
Deliberately with slow and steady step
Advanced; the bow-strings twang'd, and arrows hiss'd,
And javelins hurtled by. Anon the hosts
Met in the shock of battle, horse and man
Conflicting: shield struck shield, and sword and mace
And curtle-axe on helm and buckler rung;
Armour was riven, and wounds were interchanged,

And many a spirit from its mortal hold
Hurried to bliss or bale. Well did the chiefs
Of Julian's army in that hour support
Their old esteem; and well count Pedro there
Enhanced his former praise; and by his side,
Rejoicing like a bridegroom in the strife,
Alphonso through the host of infidels
Bore on his bloody lance dismay and death.
But there was worst confusion and uproar,
There widest slaughter and dismay, where, proud
Of his recover'd lord, Orelío plunged
Through thickest ranks, trampling beneath his feet
The living and the dead. Where'er he turns
The Moors divide and fly. What man is this,
Appall'd they say, who to the front of war
Bareheaded offers thus his naked life?
Replete with power he is, and terrible,
Like some destroying angel! Sure his lips
Have drank of Kaf's dark fountain, and he comes
Strong; in his immortality! Fly! fly!
They said, this is no human foe!—Nor less
Of wonder fill'd the Spaniards when they saw
How flight and terror went before his way,
And slaughter in his path. Behold, cries one,
With what command and knightly ease he sits
The intrepid steed, and deals from side to side
His dreadful blows! Not Roderick in his power
Bestrode with such command and majesty
That noble war-horse. His loose robe this day
Is death's black banner, shaking from its folds
Dismay and ruin. Of no mortal mould
Is he who in that garb of peace affronts
Whole hosts, and sees them scatter where he turns!
Auspicious Heaven beholds us, and some saint
Revisits earth!

Aye, cries another, Heaven
Hath ever with especial bounty blest
Above all other lands its favour'd Spain;
Choosing her children forth from all mankind
For its peculiar people, as of yore
Abraham's ungrateful race beneath the law.
Who knows not how on that most holy night
When peace on earth by angels was proclaim'd,

The light which o'er the fields of Bethlehem shone,
 Irradiated whole Spain? Not just display'd,
 As to the Shepherds, and again withdrawn;
 All the long winter hours, from eve till morn,
 Her forests, and her mountains, and her plains,
 Her hills and vallies were embathed in light,
 A light which came not from the sun or moon
 Or stars, by secondary powers dispensed,
 But from the fountain-springs, the light of Light
 Effluent. And wherefore should we not believe
 That this may be some saint or angel, charged
 To lead us to miraculous victory?
 Hath not the Virgin Mother oftentimes
 Descending, clothed in glory, sanctified
 With feet adorable our happy soil?—
 Mark'd ye not, said another, how he cast
 In wrath the unhallow'd scymitar away,
 And call'd for Christian weapon? Oh be sure
 This is the aid of Heaven! On, comrades on!
 A miracle to-day is wrought for Spain!
 Victory and Vengeance! Hew the miscreants down,
 And spare not! hew them down in sacrifice!
 God is with us! his saints are in the field!
 Victory! miraculous victory!

Thus they
 Inflam'd with wild belief the keen desire
 Of vengeance on their enemies abhorr'd.
 The Moorish chief, meantime, o'erlook'd the fight
 From an eminence, and cursed the renegade
 Whose counsels sorting to such ill effect
 Had brought this danger on. Lo, from the east
 Comes fresh alarm! a few poor fugitives
 Well nigh with fear exanimate came up,
 From Covadonga flying, and the rear
 Of that destruction, scarce with breath, to tell
 Their dreadful tale. When Abulcacem heard,
 Stricken with horror, like a man bereft
 Of sense, he stood. O prophet, he exclaim'd,
 A hard and cruel fortune hast thou brought
 This day upon thy servant! Must I then
 Here with disgrace and ruin close a life
 Of glorious deeds? But how should man resist
 Fate's irreverable decrees, or why

Murmur at what must be! They who survive
 May mourn the evil which this day begins:
 My part will soon be done!—Grief then gave way
 To rage, and, cursing Guisla, he pursued,
 Oh that that treacherous woman were but here!
 It were a consolation to give her
 The evil death she merits!

That reward

She hath had, a Moor replied. For when we reach'd
 The entrance of the vale, it was her choice
 There in the farthest dwellings to be left,
 Lest she should see her brother's face; but thence
 We found her flying at the overthrow,
 And, visiting the treason on her head,
 Pierced her with wounds.—Poor vengeance for a host
 Destroy'd! said Abulcacem in his soul.
 Howbeit, resolving to the last to do
 His office, he roused up his spirit. Go,
 Strike off count Euden's head! he cried; the fear
 Which brought him to our camp will bring him else
 In arms against us now! For Sisibert
 And Ebba, he continued thus in thought,
 Their uncle's fate forever bars all plots
 Of treason on their part; no hope have they
 Of safety but with us. He call'd them then
 With chosen troops to join him in the front
 Of battle, that by bravely making head,
 Retreat might now be won. Then fiercer raged
 The conflict, and more frequent cries of death,
 Mingling with imprecations and with prayers,
 Rose through the din of war.

By this the blood
 Which Deva down her fatal channel pour'd,
 Purpling Pionia's course, had reach'd and stain'd
 The wider stream of Sella. Soon far off
 The frequent glance of spears and gleam of arms
 Were seen, which sparkled to the westering orb,
 Where down the vale, impatient to complete
 The glorious work so well that day begun,
 Pelayo led his troops. On foot they came,
 Chieftains and men alike; the oaken cross
 Triumphant borne on high precedes their march,
 And broad and bright the argent banner shone.

Roderick, who, dealing death from side to side,
 Had through the Moorish army now made way,
 Beheld it flash, and judging well what aid
 Approach'd, with sudden impulse that way rode,
 To tell of what had past,—lest in the strife
 They should engage with Julian's men, and mar
 The mighty consummation. One ran on
 To meet him fleet of foot, and having given
 His tale to this swift messenger, the Goth
 Halted awhile to let Orelío breathe.
 Siverian, quoth Pelayo, if mine eyes
 Deceive me not, yon horse, whose reeking sides
 Are red with slaughter, is the same on whom
 The apostate Orpas in his vauntury
 Wont to parade the streets of Cordoba.
 But thou should'st know him best; regard him well:
 Is't not Orelío?

Either it is he,
 The old man replied, or one so like to him,
 Whom all thought matchless, that similitude
 Would be the greater wonder. But behold,
 What man is he who in that disarray
 Doth with such power and majesty bestride
 The noble steed, as if he felt himself
 In his own proper seat? Look how he leans
 To cherish him; and how the gallant horse
 Curves up his stately neck, and bends his head,
 As if again to court that gentle touch,
 And answer to the voice which praises him.
 Can it be Maccabee? rejoin'd the king,
 Or are the secret wishes of my soul
 Indeed fulfilled, and hath the grave given up
 Its dead!—So saying, on the old man he turn'd
 Eyes full of wide astonishment, which told
 The incipient thought that for incredible
 He spake no farther. But enough had past,
 For old Siverian started at the words
 Like one who sees a spectre, and exclaim'd,
 Blind that I was to know him not till now!
 My master, O my master!

He meantime
 With easy pace moved on to meet their march.
 King, to Pelayo he began, this day

By means scarce less than miracle, thy throne
Is establish'd, and the wrongs of Spain revenged.
Orpas the accursed, upon yonder field
Lies ready for the ravens. By the Moors
Treacherously slain, count Julian will be found
Before Saint Peter's altar; unto him
Grace was vouchsafed; and by that holy power
Which at Visonia by the primate's hand
Of his own proper act to me was given,
Unworthy as I am,—yet sure I think
Not without mystery, as the event hath shown,—
Did I accept count Julian's penitence,
And reconcile the dying man to heaven.
Beside him hath his daughter gone to rest.
Deal honourably with his remains, and let
One grave with Christian rites receive them both.
Is it not written that as the tree falls
So it shall lie!

In this and all things else,
Pelayo answer'd, looking wistfully
Upon the Goth, thy pleasure shall be done.
Then Roderick saw that he was known, and turn'd
His head away in silence. But the old man
Laid hold upon his bridle, and look'd up
In his master's face, weeping and silently.
Thereat the Goth with fervent pressure took
His hand, and bending down toward him, said,
My good Siverian, go not thou this day
To war! I charge thee keep thyself from harm!
Thou art past the age for combats, and with whom
Hereafter should thy mistress talk of me
If thou wert gone? Thou see'st I am unarm'd:
Thus disarray'd as thou beholdest me,
Clean through yon miscreant army have I cut
My way unhurt; but being once by Heaven
Preserved, I would not perish with the guilt
Of having wilfully provoked my death.
Give me thy helmet and thy cuirass!—nay,—
Thou wert not wont to let me ask in vain,
Nor to oppose me when my will was known!
To thee, methinks, I should be still the king.
Thus saying, they withdrew a little way
Within the trees. Roderick alighted there,

And in the old man's armour dight himself.
 Dost thou not marvel by what wonderful chance,
 Said he, Orelion to his master's hand
 Hath been restored? I found the renegade
 Of Seville on his back, and hurl'd him down
 Headlong to the earth. The noble animal
 Rejoicingly obey'd my hand to shake
 His recreant burthen off, and trample out
 The life which once I spared in evil hour.
 Now let me meet Witiza's viperous sons
 In yonder field, and then I may go rest
 In peace,—my work is done!

And nobly done!

Exclaim'd the old man. Oh! thou art greater now
 Than in that glorious hour of victory
 When grovelling in the dust Witiza lay,
 The prisoner of thy hand!—Roderick replied,
 O good Siverian, happier victory
 Thy son hath now achieved,—the victory
 Over the world, his sins and his despair.
 If on the field my body should be found,
 See it, I charge thee, laid in Julian's grave,
 And let no idle ear be told for whom
 Thou mournest. Thou wilt use Orelion,
 As doth beseem the steed which hath so oft
 Carried a king to battle: He hath done
 Good service for his rightful lord to-day,
 And better yet must do. Siverian, now
 Farewell! I think we shall not meet again
 Till it be in that world where never change
 Is known, and they who love shall part no more.
 Commend me to my mother's prayers, and say
 That never man enjoyed a heavenlier peace
 Than Roderick at this hour. O faithful friend,
 How dear thou art to me these tears may tell!

With that he fell upon the old man's neck;
 Then vaulted in the saddle, gave the reins,
 And soon rejoin'd the host. On, comrades, on!
 Victory and vengeance! he exclaim'd, and took
 The lead on that good charger, he alone
 Horsed for the onset. They with one consent
 Gave all their voices to the inspiring cry,

Victory and vengeance! and the hills and rocks
Caught the prophetic shout and roll'd it round.
Count Pedro's people heard amid the heat
Of battle, and return'd the glad acclaim.
The astonish'd muslemen, on all sides charged,
Hear that tremendous cry; yet manfully
They stood, and every where with gallant front
Opposed in fair array the shock of war.
Desperately they fought, like men expert in arms,
And knowing that no safety could be found
Save from their own right hands. No former day
Of all his long career had seen their chief
Approved so well; nor had Witiza's sons
Ever before this hour achieved in fight
Such feats of resolute valour. Sisibert
Beheld Pelayo in the field afoot,
And twice essay'd beneath his horse's feet
To thrust him down. Twice did the prince evade
The shock, and twice upon his shield received
The fratricidal sword. Tempt me no more,
Son of Witiza, cried the indignant chief,
Lest I forget what mother gave thee birth!
Go meet thy death from any hand but mine!
He said, and turn'd aside. Fitiest from me!
Exclaim'd a dreadful voice, as through the throng
Orelia forced his way; fittest from me
Receive the rightful death too long withheld!
'Tis Roderick strikes the blow! And as he spake,
Upon the traitor's shoulder fierce he drove
The weapon, well bestow'd. He in the seat
Totter'd, and fell. The avenger hasten'd on
In search of Ebba; and in the heat of fight
Rejoicing and forgetful of all else,
Set up his cry as he was wont in youth,
Roderick the Goth!—his war-cry, known so well.
Pelayo eagerly took up the word,
And shouted out his kinsman's name beloved,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and victory!
Roderick and vengeance! Odoar gave it forth;
Urban repeated it, and through his ranks
Count Pedro sent the cry. Not from the field
Of his great victory, when Witiza fell,
With louder acclamations had that name

Been borne abroad upon the winds of heaven.
 The unreflecting throng, who yesterday,
 If it had past their lips, would with a curse
 Have clogg'd it, echoed it as if it came
 From some celestial voice in the air, reveal'd
 To be the certain pledge of all their hopes.
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and victory!
 Roderick and vengeance! O'er the field it spread,
 All hearts and tongues uniting in the cry;
 Mountains and rocks and vales reechoed round;
 And he rejoicing in his strength rode on,
 Laying on the Moors with that good sword, and smote,
 And overthrew, and scattered, and destroyed,
 And trampled down; and still at every blow
 Exultingly he sent the war-cry forth,
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and victory!
 Roderick and vengeance!

Thus he made his way,
 Smiting and slaying through the astonish'd ranks,
 Till he beheld where, on a fiery barb,
 Ebba, performing well a soldier's part,
 Dealt to the right and left his deadly blows.
 With mutual rage they met. The renegade
 Displays a scymitar, the splendid gift
 Of Walid from Damascus sent; its hilt
 Emboss'd with gems, its blade of perfect steel,
 Which, like a mirror sparkling to the sun,
 With dazzling splendour flash'd. The Goth objects
 His shield, and on its rim received the edge
 Driven from its aim aside, and of its force
 Diminish'd. Many a frustrate stroke was dealt
 On either part, and many a foin and thrust
 Aim'd and rebated; many a deadly blow
 Straight, or reverse, deliver'd and repell'd.
 Roderick at length with better speed hath reach'd
 The apostate's turban, and through all its folds
 The true Cantabrian weapon making way
 Attain'd his forehead. Wretch! the avenger cried,
 It comes from Roderick's hand! Roderick the Goth,
 Who spared, who trusted thee, and was betray'd!
 Go tell thy father now how thou hast sped
 With all thy treasons! Saying thus, he seized
 The miserable, who, blinded now with blood,

Reel'd in the saddle; and with sidelong step
Backing Orelia, drew him to the ground.
He shrieking, as beneath the horse's feet
He fell, forgot his late-learn't creed, and call'd
On Mary's name. The dreadful Goth pass'd on,
Still plunging through the thickest war, and still
Scattering, where'er he turn'd, the affrighted ranks.

Oh who could tell what deeds were wrought that day;
Or who endure to hear the tale of rage,
Hatred and madness, and despair and fear,
Horror, and wounds, and agony, and death,
The cries, the blasphemies, the shrieks, and groans,
And prayers, which mingled with the din of arms
In one wild uproar of terrific sounds;
While over all predominant was heard
Reiterate from the conquerors o'er the field,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and victory;
Roderick and vengeance!—Wo for Africa!
Wo for the circumcised! Wo for the faith
Of the lying Ishmaelite that hour! The chiefs
Have fallen; the Moors, confused and captainless,
And panic-stricken, vainly seek to escape
The inevitable fate. Turn where they will,
Strong in his cause, rejoicing in success,
Insatiate at the banquet of revenge,
The enemy is there; look where they will,
Death hath environed their devoted ranks;
Fly where they will, the avenger and the sword
Await them,—wretches! whom the righteous arm
Hath overtaken!—Join'd in bonds of faith
Accurst, the most flagitious of mankind
From all parts met are here; the apostate Greek,
The vicious Syrian, and the sullen Copt,
The Persian, cruel and corrupt of soul,
The Arabian robber, and the prowling sons
Of Africa, who from their thirsty sands
Pray that the locusts on the peopled plain
May settle and prepare their way. Conjoin'd
Beneath an impious faith, which sanctifies
To them all deeds of wickedness and blood,—
Yea, and halloos them on,—here are they met
To be conjoin'd in punishment this hour.

For plunder, violation, massacre,
All hideous, all unutterable things,
The righteous, the immitigable sword
Exacts due vengeance now! the cry of blood
Is heard—the measure of their crimes is full:
Such mercy as the Moor at Auria gave,
Such mercy hath he found this dreadful hour!

The evening darken'd, but the avenging sword
Turn'd not away its edge till night had closed
Upon the field of blood. The chieftains then
Blew the recall, and from their perfect work
Return'd rejoicing; all but he for whom
All look'd with most expectance. He full sure
Had thought upon that field to find his end
Desired, and with Florinda in the grave
Rest, in indissoluble union join'd.
But still where through the press of war he went
Half arm'd, and like a lover seeking death,
The arrows past him by to right and left,
The spear-point pierced him not, the scymitar
Glanced from his helmet: he, when he beheld
The rout complete, saw that the shield of Heaven
Had been extended over him once more,
And bow'd before its will. Upon the banks
Of Sella was Orelia found, his legs
And flanks incarnadined, his poitral smear'd
With froth and foam and gore, his silver mane
Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,
Aspersed like dew drops: trembling there he stood
From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth
His tremulous voice, far-echoing loud and shrill,
A frequent anxious cry, with which he seem'd
To call the master whom he lov'd so well,
And who had thus again forsaken him.
Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass
Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt and chain
Clotted with blood; but where was he whose hand
Had wielded it so well that glorious day?—
Days, months, and years, and generations past,
And centuries held their course, before, far off
Within an hermitage near Visen's walls,
A humble tomb was found, which bore inscribed
In ancient characters king Roderick's name.

We have no doubt but the preceding extracts will be sufficient to induce our readers to concur with us in opinion, that the poem we have been examining is entitled to a very respectable rank among the productions of this era of rhyming history and metrical romance. Although we are compelled to regard the extensive circulation of such works, in preference to those of higher qualities, as conclusive evidence of the vitiated state of the prevailing taste, we cannot but consider Mr. Southey's Roderick entitled to as liberal a share of admiration and patronage as some of the productions of Scott and Byron, on which they have been bestowed in such unlimited measure. C.

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Delaplaine's picture of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie, painted by Birch and engraved by Lawson.

THE scene of naval combat which this picture is intended to commemorate, although comparatively inconsiderable in point of contending numbers and physical grandeur, is not surpassed in moral sublimity by any thing recorded in the annals of war. In its leading feature it is original and unique, resembling more the fabled deeds of former ages, wherein the boldness of a single heart, or the prowess of a single arm, overthrew whole armies and secured victory, than any other achievement of modern times. Being altogether singular, therefore, in its character, and presenting an aspect peculiar to itself, it would be not only fruitless but absurd in an artist, to attempt to portray it by any trite or common effort of the pencil or the graver. To represent it justly to his cotemporaries, and to transmit to posterity an adequate idea of it, he must make his picture like his original, and nothing else. Whatever of common resemblance it may possess, is a departure from truth, and argues an imperfection of talent or judgment, invention or taste. These observations may be considered as maxims in the art of designing, which the artist should never venture to violate, and which are realized in every well executed graphical performance. The battle of La Hogue, for example, a perfect master-piece of naval portraiture, is *itself alone*, and resembles nothing but itself, the original being an affair marked with an entire distinctness of character.

Delaplaine's picture of Perry's Victory possesses the excellence of singleness and peculiarity. As far as we are informed on the subject, there is nothing like it in all preceding delineations of naval conflict. Nor ought there to be, for reasons which we have already endeavoured to set forth. The only questions, then, requiring a solution are, does the picture correspond in its characteristic feature to the peculiarity of the battle it is intended to represent? and is it, in boldness of conception, and strength of expression, in any tolerable degree, worthy of so glorious a display of heroism and skill? Does it tell its story correctly, fully, and nervously? and will posterity perceive in it a clear, distinct, and forcible delineation of an affair that has shed such lustre on our naval arms?

To answer these questions it will be requisite briefly to analyze the picture and the scene of warfare it is designed to represent.

On the mere engraving, although a point of primary importance in forming a judgment as to the general merit of the print, we deem it altogether superfluous to dwell. Respecting that process of art, as herein manifested, we have heard but one opinion expressed; and that is decidedly and strongly in its favour. It is allowed, by universal consent, to possess unusual excellence—such as would be creditable to any artist in any country. The touches of the style, although by no means delicate, are free, flowing, and skillfully placed: where the picture requires it, they communicate bold relief, vigorous expression, and animated action; while, in other parts, strong as they appear, they give nothing but softness, mellowness and harmony. They produce throughout that felicitous variety of character and effect which the nature of the representation essentially requires.

On the manual execution of the piece depends in a particular manner the character of the water, which is acknowledged by judges to be but little, if at all, inferior to that in Woollett's celebrated picture of the battle of La Hogue. Its colour is correct, its appearance perfectly liquid, its motion free and natural, and the waves precisely of that description—long, sweeping and slow—which are said to mark the surface of our lakes when acted on by a moderate sailing-breeze; such as actually prevailed when the

battle was fought. The well known effect, too, produced by the motion of vessels through the water, is exceedingly well represented.

But it is touching the composition of the picture that most discussion has taken place, and that the only diversity of opinion prevails. By composition we understand the arrangement and grouping, combination and expression of all the objects presented to the eye. Are these such in the print we are considering, as to exhibit a correct, forcible, and characteristic view of the scene of heroism and victory to which they relate?

Under Providence the victory was achieved by a single act of the American commander—the shifting of his flag from the *Lawrence* to the *Niagara*. Without that noble and daring attempt, or in case of its failure, the day would have been against us, and our squadron must have fallen into the hands of the enemy. When compared to it, therefore, every thing that occurred, whether before or after it, was of secondary importance. Hence the artist has, with great judgment, seized on the critical and momentous conjuncture, when that act was performing, for the delineation of the conflict. In doing this, he secures the key to all that is worthy of representation, and excludes from sight whatever is unnecessary. He catches the master feature of the achievement,—that wherein it differs from every thing else—and thereby makes sure of a faithful likeness. Rejecting, as utterly unsuitable to the occasion, the stale practice of portraying two lines of hostile ships enveloped in smoke, and fiercely spouting fire at each other, he has aspired to the nobler design of picturing forth the soul and spirit of the combat in a single effort.

In the back ground of the picture, yet not very distant, appears the British squadron, their batteries in full and vigorous play, partly against the *Lawrence*, which had hitherto borne the brunt of the action, but principally against the boat which is bearing Perry to the *Niagara* and to glory. On the right of the British line, a little in advance of it, is seen the *Lawrence*, reduced almost to a wreck, yet maintaining the contest with what feeble resistance she is able to make. To the left, and moving forward as if to close with the enemy, appears the bow of the *Niagara*, of apparently large dimensions, because near at hand, and constitu-

ting the very front object of the picture. Immediately in the vicinity of this ship, advancing towards her, and, therefore, also at a short distance, is Perry's boat, bearing himself, accompanied by eight of his hardy crew. This, with smoke and sky, which are well represented, and the spray thrown up by a shower of balls striking the water around the American commander, constitutes the whole of the delineation we are considering.

In looking on this picture, the first object that strikes the eye, and which, indeed, absorbs the attention from every other, is Perry, standing erect in the boat, his right arm extended in the act of pointing with his sword, and his left encircled by the flag he is defending. His boat's crew and himself constitute a noble and interesting group. His countenance and attitude are firm and graceful, dignified and commanding. Regardless of the hundred deaths that are around him, he is alone intent on gaining the ship which is to bear him to victory. The countenances and conduct of his intrepid crew are precisely such as the occasion demands; and such as are characteristic of American seamen. There is among them no idle gazing at the enemy's ships, nor a single glance of timidity or surprise thrown at the dashing of the balls in the water: every man is performing his appropriate duty with an unruffled calmness and manly intrepidity; and that is all that gallantry requires or discipline can exact. To have done aught beyond his duty at such a conjuncture, a man must have been something more than mortal.

It has been remarked, that the crew of Perry's boat is too supine and inactive; a charge which we think utterly without foundation. There is, indeed, in this group of heroic tars neither bustle, confusion, nor unmeaning exertion: nor ought there to be, for the very best of reasons: it would be unbecoming and untrue, American seamen being always calm and collected, whatever may be the danger of storm or of battle, by which they are threatened; but, most of all, it would frustrate entirely the important service in which they are engaged. Their object, at present, is neither to fight nor to exhibit to their companions the pantomimicry of sensibility: it is to place their gallant commander on the deck of the Niagara, or to die in the attempt; and they show themselves prepared for either alternative.

Perry's boat is just rounding to, to be laid aboard the Niagara, both vessels being in easy motion. This is an important and critical moment, which, as every waterman well knows, requires in the boat's crew a particular service; and this service is accurately and steadily performed. One sailor is hailing for a rope, which another from the bow of the Niagara is preparing to throw. Two oars are still in the water, to retard and regulate the way of the boat. In the bow of the boat stand two sailors, prepared with boat-hooks to hold on or fend off, or secure the rope, as the occasion might require; while the helmsman is keeping a keen and steady look-out, and so directing his helm as to bring the vessels together without a shock. Another noble-hearted tar, who can feel for his comrade and forget himself, having a moment of leisure, and seeing his much loved commander standing erect exposed at full length to the enemy's fire, is earnestly importuning him to sit down in order to diminish the danger. Such is the employment of the boat's crew, marked with firmness and calm intrepidity, each man's countenance befitting his occupation; and we believe it will be difficult for the most experienced seaman to show wherein they could be better employed. Were they acting otherwise than they are they would be acting amiss.

Had Perry's boat been placed in a midway station on her passage from the Lawrence to the Niagara, the crew could have been represented engaged only in the simple act of rowing and steering, which must have given to the scene, comparatively speaking, a monotonous uniformity. The artist has, therefore, manifested perfect judgment, and augmented not a little the interest of his picture, in selecting for his boat that position which requires from her crew the greatest variety and extent of action; and which affords them, at the same time, the fairest opportunity of exhibiting themselves, as American seamen always are, as steady and collected as a "piece of the ship."

Fault has been found with the size of the Niagara. That ship is said to be too large in proportion to the other objects embraced in the print.

This remark is hasty and unfounded. If the size of the Niagara be examined according to the principles and rules of perspective, it will be found to be, by measurement, scrupulously

correct. This remark extends to every rope and spar which the bow of that vessel presents to view. In fact, the Niagara, as represented by Mr. Birch, is an accurate portrait of a fine ship that lay in the port of Philadelphia when the picture was designed. If we were not assured of this from other sources, we would be convinced of it from a view of the picture itself. The Niagara, as there delineated, has all the appearance of an original drawing from an actual model. It has neither the aspect of a fancy piece, nor of a humble copy from another picture. It has the character, so to speak, of a true likeness taken from the life. The only reason why it appears too large is the boldness and entire novelty of the representation. We are not prepared to apply to it the principles and rules of just perspective, because we are not accustomed to the view of such scenes. To our *eye* it appears, at first sight, too large, although our *reason* convinces us that it is of the proper size. Nor is it long till the eye also becomes perfectly reconciled to it.

But why, it is asked, should the Niagara be brought so near to us in the picture, seeing that proximity necessarily swells her to such an unseemly bulk? The answer is obvious, and, we hope, satisfactory.

The artist had judiciously determined, as a fundamental point in the picture, that the representation of Perry should be a real likeness of that distinguished commander. It was requisite, therefore, that the figure should be near at hand, inasmuch as distance confounds all distinctness of feature, and prevents entirely the recognition of identity. He further determined, with equal judgment, to bring Perry's boat near to the Niagara, in order, as already stated, that each one of the crew might be represented in the cool performance of a separate duty. Hence it follows, as a matter of necessity, that the Niagara must be placed in the front of the picture. In no other position could she be so placed as to enable the artist to compass his ends.

This picture is further blamed for leaving the smaller vessels of the American squadron out of sight, giving thus but a partial view of the action.

For two reasons this charge is without weight. At the point of time in which the action is represented by Mr. Birch, the small

American vessels were either not at all, or but very distantly and slightly engaged; and, at no period, did they contribute materially to the discomfiture of the enemy. Their commanders and crews did all that was practicable for gallantry to achieve. But in a combat between ships, the efficacy of boats is never considerable. It was not only unnecessary, therefore, but would have been a departure from historical truth, to encumber the picture with fancied smoke and fire from those vessels. Besides, considering the distance and position of the Niagara from the spectator, conjointly with those of the smaller craft, she must necessarily cover them, according to the well known principles of perspective.

The faultiest object in the print is the large human figure that is looking down from the bow of the Niagara. We do not concur in opinion with those who pronounce that figure out of just proportion in point of size; but we do conceive that it is not a little out of character. It exhibits too much spruceness of dress, and too much of a holiday face, for the occasion. It wears on its countenance not only an unmeaning, but, in our estimation, an unbecoming smirk. Nor is it sufficiently hardy, firm, and weather-beaten. The life of Perry is still in jeopardy. This figure, being the only idle spectator represented, should be full of deep solicitude for his fate: and such is the fact in the original painting. But in the engraving, this expression is entirely lost, and a simpler substituted in its stead, such as would become a fair-weather sailor, in a situation where he had nothing to do but be merry. But on the deck of the Niagara, at a moment when a single ball might decide the fate of Perry, of victory, and of the existing campaign, a smile so misplaced argues a want of true sensibility. Let a seaman smile at personal danger, but not at that which threatens his comrade, his commander, or his country.

In this attempt to analyze Delaplaine's picture of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie, which, if not the actual La Hogue of the United States, must, at least, be pronounced creditable in a high degree to the present state of the fine arts in our country, we have brought to the task no well selected stock of technical knowledge, because we candidly acknowledge that we possess none. We have honestly endeavoured to direct our analysis by the simple rules of common sense; and by that standard we are willing that our judgment should be rigidly tested. C.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THOUGHTS OF A HERMIT, NO. 10.

ON RHYME.

THERE has been a palpable contradiction between our precepts and practice on the subject of blank verse. While all our reasoning has been in its favour, all our tastes have been in favour of rhyme; and nine-tenths of those who seek fame through the medium of poetry, continue to adopt the latter, as that species of verse which is most likely to please the generality of their readers. Dryden, who always wrote in rhyme, calls it “at best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity,” and speaks of debasing “the majesty of verse to rhymes.” So much had this theoretical preference for blank verse obtained the sanction of time and authority, that those who conformed to the general predilection for rhyme, advanced nothing in support of their practice; but, content with enjoying the public favour, they left the advocates of blank verse in quiet possession of the triumphs of argument.

Is then this general task of the moderns really at war with nature and propriety? I think not. Dr. Johnson, who was the first open defender of rhyme, has sought to justify his preference by the peculiarities of the English language. But he seems to have taken too limited and partial a view of the subject, and his explanation is far from being satisfactory. He considers the advantage of rhyme to consist rather in giving effect to the harmony of long and short syllables, than in being a source of original gratification.* To me, however, it appears to perform a higher function; and to produce an immediate pleasure *per se*, which may be traced to the nature of our sensual perceptions. Metaphysical writers have long since remarked that the recurrence of

* The explanation alluded to is to be found near the end of his life of Milton, in these words: “the music of the English heroic line strikes the ear so forcibly that it is easily lost, unless all the syllables of every line co-operate together: this co-operation can be only obtained by the preservation of every verse unmingled with another as a distinct system of sounds; and this distinctness is obtained and preserved by the artifice of rhyme. The variety of pauses, so much boasted by the lovers of blank verse, changes the measures of an English poet to the periods of a declaimer; and there are only a few happy readers of Milton, who enable their audience to perceive where the lines end or begin.

the same sound is grateful to the human ear. This effect is perceived in the repetition of the same notes in music—of the same sound in the beginning of different words, or alliteration—as well as of the same sound in their termination, or rhyme. Philosophy has merely observed the fact; it pretends not to explore the cause; no more than it does why a rose has fragrance or a rainbow beauty. As soon then as this invention of rhyme took place, (in a cloister as it is said) its agreeable effects were recognised by the popular taste, which commonly suffers itself to be pleased without inquiring into the *why* or the *how*, and it thenceforward became almost an invariable and attendant and auxiliary to poetry. The modern ear thus accustomed to this melody of sound, finds it necessary to fill up the sum of its pleasure; precisely as the palate, accustomed to a particular degree of sweetness, feels a distaste or unpleasant craving without it. Rhyme, in short, is a superadded pleasure which those who have once tasted, cannot readily forego.

It is true that a few of the most popular productions in our language have been written in blank verse: but in a long work, if the poem be so framed as either to amuse the fancy, to touch the feelings, or even to enlighten the understanding, it may afford us so much interest and delight, as to leave little room to regret the want of extraordinary sweetness of diction; and it must not be forgotten that there is always much to admire in language exclusive of its melody, and much of melody that is exclusive of rhyme. Indeed the story, if the poem be epic, as the *Paradise Lost*; or the closeness and fulness of the resemblance, if it be descriptive, as the *Seasons*; or the development of the author's theory and arguments, if it be didactic, as the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, contribute very largely to our pleasure, independent of the beauties that strictly appertain to poetry. In small poems, however, in which the reader is detained too short a time to be much amused or excited, and derives a faint and transient pleasure from the sprightliness, or delicacy, or vividness of the thought or expression, the gratification afforded by the mere sound, has a greater proportionate weight; and the want of it is readily felt by the disappointed ear. So in a small piece of marble sculpture we look for a delicacy and polish that we dispense with in a church or a palace, since these produce their pleasing effect partly by their

just proportions—their magnificence, and their adaptation to useful purposes; though they too would be the more pleasing for the same minute and finished elegance we admire in the statue. In a long poem, melody of diction is merely an auxiliary: in a small one it rises to the dignity of a principal ornament.

Nor does it furnish any argument against the existence of this substantive, direct pleasure of rhyme, that the poets of antiquity, who seemed to have kindled raptures at least equal to our own, were unaided by rhyme. For, in the first place, they used greater variety of modulation than we do. Their poetry, probably, united the melody of musical and of articulate sounds, and was recited in an artificial measure and tone, which plainly marked the different combinations of long and short syllables, known by the name of feet, and produced the utmost effect of which metrical harmony is susceptible. Besides, as rhyme was unknown to the ancients, they could not feel the want of it, and would derive more pleasure from the other species of melody which their language afforded; in the same way as they probably had a livelier relish for the taste of honey, from being unacquainted with the more delicious and unmingled sweetness of sugar. If it be asked why the lyric and other minor poems of antiquity give us so much pleasure even now, in their original form, the answer is, that the gratification afforded by what is written in a foreign language is always of a compound sort. We unconsciously convert it into the language in which we are accustomed to speak and think, and the exercise this operation necessarily affords the mind, is itself a source of pleasure. It is in a great measure owing to this superior excitement and activity, that we are more pleased with reading the ancient authors themselves, *in prose as well as verse*, than any translation however faithful and elegant. Nor has habit rendered our ears fastidious and made them *desiderate* the sweetness of rhyme in Greek and Latin poetry, as it does in that of our own language. Thus it is that the odes of Horace or Anacron, which are so beautiful in the original, would be insipid if translated into modern blank verse, and that the epigrams of Martial would scarcely rank with the ordinary *bon mots* of conversation. But while this advantage is admitted by all those who have not been rendered blind to the perceptions of sense by the artifices of reason, it has been

commonly urged that the pleasure of rhyme is more than counter-balanced by its inconveniencies—that it imposes injurious fetters on the genius of the writer, by making him sometimes say what he does not wish, and by still oftener compelling him to omit what he fain would express. This objection is rather plausible than just. The peculiar duty imposed upon the writer of rhyme is to find, at short intervals, two words where final syllables are of similar sound. To accomplish this he has the following circumstances in his favour. There are many different words expressive of the same meaning, or if not perfectly synonymous, so nearly alike in meaning, that any one may be used without a perceptible diminution of beauty or strength. He can likewise by transposition, alter the final words of a line, and thus change the sound without changing the sense. He may further, by modifying the thought he would express, obtain a new set of words, which he may subdue to his purpose by a like recourse to transposition and synonymes. And lastly, when all these resources fail, he may often substitute another thought that is nowise inferior to the first.

That the language, under all the trammels of metre and rhyme, is not very inflexible to the purposes of the composer, sufficiently appears from the vast stock of modern poetry that exists, and to which every day brings new additions, upon every subject which can interest human affections, or exercise human intellect. It also appears from the ease with which translations are made in rhyme from one language into another, and from the various translations that have been made from the same original, when it happened to possess extraordinary merit. In those instances, in Pope's translation of Homer, in which he has most departed from the sense of his author, it has, perhaps, in no instance proceeded from the difficulty of the execution, but because he wished to adapt the grossness, or tautology, or naked simplicity of Homer, to the refinement of modern taste; or because he gave into that relaxation of diligence which it was impossible always to avoid in so long a work. In the multitude of variations which he made of particular passages, he is evidently less influenced by a regard to the sense than to some minute beauty of his own poetry, since they all adhere with equal closeness to the original.

The facility with which *bouts rimez* are filled up by those who have exercised themselves much in that perversion of literary labour, affords us a further proof that the difficulties of rhyme will yield to patient industry. For it must be far easier to fill up a *single line* to some one of several final syllables that rhyme together, than to fill up *two lines*, where the precise final words are given: especially too, when in the first case the given final syllable may be so greatly varied by means of transposition and synonymes.

Nor can the difficulties of the modern rhymers much exceed those of the ancient poet, who if he was exempted from the necessity of rhyme, was tied down to a degree of regularity in the combination of long and short syllables, which is unknown to modern poetry: and it may be doubted, whether the obligation he was under, in the hexameter verse for example, of making the fifth foot in each line a dactyle and the sixth a spondee, was not as troublesome as it is to find two final syllables of the same sound. The fact is, that the fabrication of metre and rhyme, is like those combined operations of mental promptness and mechanical skill exhibited in writing, playing on musical instruments, and the like, which, though difficult and embarrassing at first, gradually yield to diligence and perseverance, until they are finally effected without an effort. And it has been because the earlier English poets did not bestow enough of the preparatory labour necessary to acquire this practical adroitness, or *knack*, that they were so inferior in the art of rhyming to their successors, whom time has taught that an easy flow and musical cadence are indispensable to success in poetry. Shakspeare, whose blank verse can boast of passages so exquisitely beautiful and poetical, was always a wretched rhymers.

It may, however, be urged with considerable force, that if rhyme commonly increases the labour of the modern poet, it also often invites him to indolence; and that when a suitable line or couplet readily presents itself, he is too apt to disregard its meaning and spirit. By being so much engrossed by the mechanism he attends less to the materials. In this way, rhyme serves to conceal much common-place thought and frigid sentiment, and to lull many a writer by its music into a persuasion of his merit, who would not have been tolerable even to himself in blank verse.

But to counterbalance this disadvantage, it must be recollected that although rhyme sometimes produces a relaxation of the poet's diligence, and, notwithstanding the various resources that have been mentioned, he is sometimes under the necessity of modifying the thought for the worse; yet it also happens that the process of elaborating rhyme by its very difficulty, often suggests, as every composer knows, happier thoughts and more pleasing images. As some of the most valuable discoveries in chemistry have been made in the vain search after the philosopher's stone, so without doubt, some of the most felicitious beauties of poetry have been called forth by that unceasing and excursive diligence to which rhyme gives occasion. And when success has crowned the poet's efforts, the exultation and self-complacency he feels at difficulties subdued, frequently calls forth that ardour which is so propitious to poetical excellence, and which is the real æstrum of his heavenly frenzy. So that upon the whole, we must consider rhyme as a valuable improvement, since without impairing the substantial merit of poetry, it is a superadded beauty to the language, and affords a new pleasure to the ear in a species of writing where pleasure is the principal object.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ESSAY ON PASTORAL POETRY.

Translated from the French of Florian.

PASTORAL poetry is generally condemned as dull and tiresome; faults which never obtain forgiveness, particularly in France. And though we dare not refuse our admiration to the eclogues of Theocritus and Virgil, and find some fine verses in Fontenelle, yet we read them only once, and as soon as a work is announced whose heroes are *shepherds*, that word alone seems sufficient to invite drowsiness.

Our vast distance from the pastoral age, and the prodigious difference between our manners and those of shepherds, appeared to me at first view sufficient to account for this dislike; but though

these circumstances undoubtedly have their influence, it is probably in part owing to the manner in which the pastoral style of poetry has been pursued. There must be some reason for its being tiresome since it sets every reader to yawning.

Heaven forbid that I should wish to deny or detract from the merit of the eclogues of Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, or, above all, Virgil. Those master-pieces, admired by twenty successive ages will live while fine poetry, nature, and simplicity retain their attractions for the mind of taste. The idylls of Petrarch, Sannazarius, Garcilasso and Pope display beauties worthy of the ancients. The pastorals of Racan justify at times, the praises of Despreaux. Segrais and madame Deshoulières have infused infinite grace and nature into their eclogues; those of Fontenelle and Lamotte are enriched with fine ideas, delicate touches, and charming versification. Many other and more modern poets have drawn from the pastoral reed the most affecting and harmonious sounds. Gessner, in particular, excels, in my opinion, even the ancients. His is not, perhaps, that enchanting style of poetry which in Virgil gives dignity to the most trifling details; he does not always charm the ear, like the Roman bard; but to the heart he speaks more eloquently, and excites in it more noble sentiments. You form your taste in studying Virgil; in reading Gessner you improve your heart. The one excites your love and pity for Melibæus, the other teaches you to respect and cherish virtue.

It is certain that no work of amusement, if void of interest can have durable success, and is it easy to give interest to a dialogue, whose speakers talk always of the same subject, and enter and depart without apparent motive? Yet an eclogue is no more than this.

In the best comedies the first scene is almost always dull, because we are not yet acquainted with the characters, and the dialogue is then only calculated to explain what is to follow, and prepare us for the interest of the plot. We listen in hopes that our attention will be compensated by subsequent pleasure; but if the pleasure we had anticipated does not come, we regret our attention thrown away, for it is among all things that of which men are most avaricious.

A pastoral has limits so narrow, that it scarcely can prepare us to be interested; just when the interest is excited the piece concludes, and it is necessary to begin another. A collection of eclogues resembles a collection of the first scenes of plays; it is not surprising, therefore, that the reader throws away the book and remains prejudiced against this species of poetry.

Guarini and Tasso perceived this difficulty, and were the first to form, instead of eclogues, a kind of pastoral drama, in which all the scenes succeed each other as in a comedy, and present a continued plan, conducted by degrees, to its conclusion.

Seduced by the false taste of the age, they scattered through the *Pastor-fido* and the *Aminta* lively and delicate ornaments, sometimes too refined, and so profusely abundant as to fatigue a reader that loves to see nature unadorned, and thus they disfigured two works, which, if more simple, would have been faultless.

This kind of pastoral is better, I think, than detached idylls; but still it retains a degree of dulness, because the stage must always be inconsistent with pastoral life. Among shepherds, every thing is soft and calm; Grief weeps and relates its wo without the loud cries of Despair; Happiness rejoices without speaking of it, or only gently confides its pleasures to the ear of Friendship. In the drama, on the contrary, passions must be in the extreme to produce effect; we are not touched but struck. The rage of tragedy has nothing in common with the sorrows of the idyll; the laugh of comedy does not at all resemble the gayety of shepherds. They have a language among themselves never heard beyond their own valley, and when carried on the stage they appear as ill at ease and out of place as a clown in a palace.

The best means, undoubtedly, of rendering a pastoral interesting, is to introduce it in a poem where it might preserve its proper attributes without losing its accordance with the other parts of the work. Thus, in *The Seasons*, the beautiful descriptions of the revival of nature in Spring, the rich landscapes of Summer, the pleasures and abundance of Autumn, and the episodes of Lavinia, and of Celadon and Amelia, rise to the most sublime tones of poetry, and fall, without the reader's perceiving it, without the poet's charging his lyre, to the lowest, simplest accents of the eclogue. But it requires a rare genius to attempt such a poem,

the story of which, independent of the poetry, may be read with interest.

This manner of using the pastoral style would preserve the advantages of the drama without its inconveniencies. The necessity of interposing intermediate dialogues between the interesting scenes of the drama often produces tediousness. In narrative a few words are enough; we pass from incident to incident with a lively and rapid progress, pausing only where interest is excited; dialogue, description, and narration are mingled together and relieve each other. It is a gay landscape diversified with rivers, woods, and hills; the reader travels long without fatigue. But conduct him through a less varied plain, however beautiful, he will admire it, and soon seek for rest.

The delightful tale of *Daphnis and Chloe* proves my assertion. That inimitable model of grace and sprightliness has always pleased me more than Theocritus or Guarini. It would be still more admirable, were it not for some rather licentious figures, which ought to be banished from every composition of this nature. The love of shepherds should be pure as the chrystal of their fountains; and as the chief attraction of the fairest shepherdess is her modesty, so the highest merit of pastoral poetry should be that it inspires virtue.

Sannazarius is, I believe, the first of the moderns that united romance with a pastoral. The golden days of Italy were then commencing; literature afterwards shone forth for a moment in Spain; Montesnejo, Gil-Paolo, Lope de Vega, Figueroa, Cervantes copied Sannazarius. After them Sidney in England, and d'Urfé in France, pursued the same path.

All these have been greatly celebrated in their time; they are now almost forgotten. This oblivion is not deserved by some, above all by Astre, who was so long the delight of France. Astre is admirable for invention; many episodes full of interest, of nature, and of sentiment, and, above all, the beautiful characters of *Diana and Sylvander*, will preserve his work from perishing. But it is in ten volumes; and length, a fault in all kinds of writing, is unpardonable in a pastoral. Immoderate length, which proceeds generally from too great a number of episodes, has the twofold ill effect of tiring the attention, and withdrawing it from the

principal interest. Every hero or shepherd that relates his own story, makes us forget those for whom we felt before, and by embarrassing the reader's mind, soon render him indifferent. Besides which, their episodes are too far-fetched. In a pastoral every thing should accord. Shepherds communicate only with their neighbours; they do not leave their valley, their groves, and the borders of their streams; their world extends only a league beyond their village.

It is therefore necessary to proportion the length of a pastoral to the dignity of the scene, to suit the drama to the stage, and so arrange the episodes that they shall, (as an English author has ingeniously observed) resemble the short excursions of bees, who never leave their hive but to search for something to enrich it, and never wander so far as to lose sight of home.

It remains for me only to mention the great advantages of a pastoral romance, which is a mixture of prose with poetry, a mixture that pleases without tiring the attention, and may be made a fruitful source of beauties.

You have to describe a hapless shepherd reclining in the shade of a sycamore, his head leaning on his hand, his pipe fallen at his feet, his dog sitting by and watching him with a sad and tender earnestness. To render your picture faithful your words should be the most simple, the most perspicuous, the most expressive. But if you write in verse, the embarrassments of rhyme and the unavoidable diffuseness of poetry will force you, whatever may be your talents, often to use other expressions and to employ superfluous adjectives or epithets. Prose would allow you to reject them, and to condense your story, which is, perhaps, the true secret of avoiding tediousness.

When you have shown to your reader the object on which you wish to fix his attention; when by means of perspicuity, conciseness, and nature, you have raised a lively image, then is the time for verses; let them be good ones, they will suggest themselves. It is understood that every shepherd in sorrow sings his pains; let yours complain in soft and melodious voices; forget the precision and conciseness that you had observed in narrative; unfold your store of sentiment; pause and dwell upon an idea of tenderness, a melancholy reflection, or a hope of future happiness;

you will be read, perhaps you will be read more than once. The same verses in an eclogue or in a pastoral drama preceded and followed by other verses would not give so much pleasure as in the midst of the prose.

VARIETY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A GENTLEMAN, formerly of New-Jersey, once contemplated writing a history of that state. He issued a circular letter, requesting the friendly aid of all, who might feel any interest in his undertaking, in furnishing such documents as might be of importance. In one of the original manuscript communications kindly forwarded to him from a gentleman of nice observation and strict veracity, was the following

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF A PIDGEON AND A CAT.

——“ Natural history falls within your plan, but whether the following anecdote will be worthy of your notice or not, I am not able to determine. Such as it is, you will make what use of it you may judge proper.

“ In the summer of 1803 a friend of ours gave us a pair of young pidgeons. They were not yet fledged, and we put them into a small cage, which we kept in the kitchen, where they were fed and nursed till they were able to fly. By this time, they had, by their innocence and seeming great sagacity, so attached themselves to the whole family, that we were unwilling to put them out in the pidgeon box, and allowed them to come and go to any part of the house they chose, and eat and drink any thing they would, even the most delicious dainties the house could afford. They consequently soon became very gentle, and would hardly move out of the way when they were in it. They would fly around where the family were sitting, light on the shoulder or arm, there sit and coo, and seem to be much pleased for some time. They had no fear of the cats, several of which were about the house; nor had the cats any seeming inclination to injure them. We called them Tom and Kate. Kate in flying about the cellar fell into the soap-tub, and, unable to extricate herself, there died

before she was found. Tom manifested every possible symptom of sorrow and grief. He would not, for some days, take any notice of any one in the family; was mopish and often flew into the cellar, where he would perch on the edge of the soap-tub, and coo in a most pitiful tone.

“One of our cats was white; Kate also had been nearly of the same colour. Tom now attached himself to the white cat and took no notice of any of the others. At first the cat was rather shy of him, though he discovered a great fondness for her. When the cat went into the field, he would fly after and around her, light upon her, coo and gently stroke her with his shining silver coloured plumage. She soon became very fond of him also: she would lie down, roll over, jump up, then, putting herself in a rampant posture, leap upon him as though she was about to devour him. He, in the meantime, would act his part equally as well and much to the amusement of the spectators.

“This cat died, and he, after a short time, became as fond of another, though not of the same colour. About this time, some of the young people of my family procured four other pigeons and put them into the pigeon box. They frequently flew about the door, but of them Tom took no other notice, than to manifest his displeasure and try to drive them away. For him the cat was company enough; and between two animals, whose natures were entirely congenial, I have never seen so much seeming sympathy. It is true, the attachment was much greater with him than with her. She, however, was remarkably fond of him. When the doors were shut and Tom was without, he would fly to the sitting room window to get in, and the cat, seeing him, would leap up into the window, mew and seem to wish that he might be let in. When the cat was about to have kittens, Tom seemed to have some knowledge of it. At that time when the family were dining, Tom with the cat would, as usual, come into the room, and he would evidently invite her to a bed, by coming to her, stroking her, and then going under the desk and flapping his wings, and cooing. Thus he did for several days in succession, repeating the same things several times while we were at dinner; but, finding he could not succeed in persuading her to take a bed under the desk, he went to work to make her one in the kitchen chamber. There he actually, in his own bill, carried

straw, hay, &c. with which he made her a bed, on which she lay and had her kittens. He seemed to be as fond of them as he had been of the cat, and when any of the family went to look at them, would rear up, fly at them, and fight with great fury.

“As long as Tom lived, he retained his fondness for the cat; but, when he died, as he did by an accident, she, ungrateful wretch! cat-like, seemed to know nothing of friendship, only as it was purchased by continued favours and constant caresses.”

LOVE OF FAME.

If love of fame be, as it is asserted by Young and illustrated in his satires, the universal passion of mankind, all that is to be hoped for, is, that we may have a worthy object, and not be hurried too far in the pursuit. Thus, if the present rage for military glory, shall only lead us to qualify ourselves for the defence and assertion of the just rights of our country, there is no question that it ought to be tolerated; perhaps cherished and applauded. But, if exceeding these bounds, it create a passion for war, an addiction to national quarrels, equally regardless of the cause and the consequence, it deserves the frown rather than the countenance of the virtuous part of the community.

Without inquiring, however, into its motive or probable result, I shall content myself with observing, that the ardour with which it is embraced, is scarcely to be accounted for by the ordinary exciting causes on similar occasions. If we look into the circumstances which confer distinction in human occupations, we shall find them not so much to depend upon cleverness in the abstract, as to consist in singularity of excellence; in having performed, or in being able to perform, that to which none or but few others are competent. For there can be no foundation for celebrity in a faculty or knack common to a whole kind. Where, for instance, would be the merit of the rope-dancer if every one were an equal master of the balance, and capable of the same feats of agility; of the juggler, if every one had the same slight of hand; and of the tumbler, if all other men could throw a summerset, and possessed bodies equally flexible and susceptible of contortion? Where would be the glory of a Cribb or a Moli-

nieux, if every other lump of clay moulded after the image of its Maker, were capable of inflicting and enduring the same measure of pugilistic castigation as themselves.

Exclusiveness then, or rarity in achievement, is the ground of fame in every pursuit; and being so, it is really somewhat wonderful that so much of "this fancied life in other's breath" should be attached to the quality of bravery. Can it with any propriety be called a rare virtue, seeing that the French have constantly from the beginning of their revolution to the present day, with the exception perhaps of the single, inglorious, pacific year of Louis XVIII, been covering themselves with glory? That the English, from what took place in Egypt and the peninsula, have not been very far behind them; that the Austrians have sometimes coped with them to their own advantage; and that the Russians and Prussians have alternately harassed them like furies under the auspices of the *vieux diables* Kutusoff, Platoff, and Blucher?—That the late battle of Waterloo, in which myriads were mingled in bloody fray, and all did their duty, has made heroism even more cheap than poltrony—That even we, the degenerate, climate-shrunk sons of Albion-bred sires, have proved ourselves a full match for our fathers; and in some instances, evinced ourselves, if the climax is not too violent, to be the conquerors of the conquerors of the conquerors of the world, that is, of the English who conquered the French, "who all things but themselves subdued," like Alexander the great, and are therefore unable to submit to the humdrum rule of a Bourbon, sacrilegiously considering jacobin virtues as crimes, and thence depriving his new subjects of the gratification of feasting their ethereal souls on the immense harvest of glory acquired by the revolution?† If such masses then of the human species as have been engaged in these sanguinary conflicts, have all braved death and fought gallantly, as we are assured both by themselves and their commanders they have; who, I would ask, are the cowards? And have we not a right to conclude, that courage is but a vulgar virtue, where adequate causes for its production exist; and where these are present, are we not authorized from what has passed and been recognized in

* Prince Blucher is said to have been called a *vieux diable* by Buonaparte.

† See Carnot's celebrated Memoire, *passim*.

this discussion to say—Show me a man, and I'll show you a hero? Why then should I plume myself on having done what countless millions of my fellow creatures have done before me, what numbers are every where and every day performing, and which, *ceteris paribus*, not to be capable of, is at most the exception of one in a hundred. All these things considered, it is truly astonishing to me, that military glory has not long since run itself down by means of its universality, as stuffs, however handsome and becoming, go out of fashion with the fastidious, as soon as they become articles of vulgar apparel.

It must indeed be admitted, that there is something extremely fascinating in this career; and I, who in my quondam reveries, have not unfrequently surrounded myself with the trophies of a great commander, need not wonder, except for the cause already adverted to, that so many candidates for terrestrial immortality, betake themselves to it. Nevertheless, my sober reason prompts me to prefer the path which leads to the "less noisy and less guilty fame," arising from superiority in the milder social virtues and accomplishments, even to the comparatively harmless strife of those who contend for precedence in the various little walks of tranquil life, for popularity and distinction in their respective spheres, in their street, ward, village or neighbourhood. Less egregious too is the folly of these, than in ninety-nine in a hundred of those who extend their pretensions to distant climes and future ages. But when the aspirations are for fame in the peaceful arts, or that arising from the lustre of station, instead of deprecating the effects of warlike ambition, we may merely amuse ourselves with the vanity of the candidate, as erst did the wits of France with the ludicrously immortalized Le Franc de Pompignan. This gentleman, who is particularly characterized in the Memoirs of Marmontel, was of some consideration in his province, both as a literary man and a magistrate. Still he was but a provincial of small account, in the eyes of the Parisians, and was once refused admittance into the French academy: but succeeding a few years after, he published a memoir ridiculously inflated with his imaginary self-importance. "The whole universe," says he, "must know, that their majesties are occupied with my discourse. The king will be eager to see it; the whole court will be eager to see

it." And in another place, he says, "that his birth is even more exalted than his discourse."*

This intolerable arrogance prompted Voltaire to lampoon without mercy monsieur Le Franc; and in a poem entitled *La Vanité*, exclusively dedicated to his service, he concludes with these animated, philosophical lines; mingling with their poignant sarcasm, a trait of the most sublime morality.

Piron seul eut raison, quand dans un goût nouveau,
Il fit ce vers heureux, digne de son tombeau,
"Ci gît qui ne fut rien." Quoique l'orgueil en dise,
Humains, faibles humaines, voila votre devise.
Combien de rois, grands Dieux! jadis si révéés,
Dans l'éternel oubli sont en foule enterreés!
La terre a vu passer leur empire et leur trône.
On ne sait en quel lieu florissait Babylone.
Le tombeau d'Alexandre, aujourd'hui renversé,
Avec sa ville altière a péri dispersé.
César n'a point asile où son ombre repose;
Et l'ami Pompignan pense être quelque chose.

As I would fain give the English reader some idea of its spirit, I throw myself upon his benignity for this humble endeavour.

Piron, in a taste at once moral and new,
Makes his tomb speak a language impressive and true;
"Here lies one who was *nothing*, to human pride a sad fall,
And yet feeble, vain mortals, it embraces you all.
What troops of dead kings, once by flattery fed,
Now swell the dumb mass of forgetfulness dread!
Their empires and thrones have alike pass'd away;
Nor knew we where Babylon held her high sway.
Alexander's proud tomb and trophies august,
With his city superb, are all sunk into dust.
No asylum to Caesar's great ashes is given:
Yet friend Pompignan still hopes to be *something*, good heaven!

INCOLA MUNDI.

"* Il faut que tout l'univers sache que leurs majesties se sont occupées de mon discours. Le roi l'a voulu voir; toute la cour l'a voulu voir." See note to the poem *La Vanité*.

ANECDOTES.

THE famous Hannibal CARACCI the painter, had a brother named Augustino, a poet of some celebrity, and a man eminent in literature. Augustino having delivered a long and animated discourse in praise of that admirable group of statuary, the Laocoon and his sons, it was observed to Hannibal that it was extraordinary he did not add his share of eulogium on that wonderful performance. Hannibal took up a crayon, and immediately drew the group with as much exactness as if he had the statues before him. This simple action was a panegyric that exceeded in felicity all that the most brilliant figures of speech or the most energetic expressions could have produced.—Turning round to his brother, Hannibal observed to him, “poets paint with words, and painters speak with their pencil. It was a principle of that extraordinary painter, that pictures were always good exactly in proportion to the nearness of the approximation to nature, and he related that he was decided in his opinion respecting the merits of the two celebrated rival pictures of the Martyrdom of Saint Andrew, the one painted by Dominichino, and the other by Francisco Albani, by observing, that an old woman and her daughter had stood a long time talking about and surveying the picture of Dominichino, and then passed by that of Albani without taking any particular notice of it.

Martin Luther, who naturally overlooked no fair occasion of rendering the Catholic priesthood contemptible, used to relate the following singular story of a mendicant friar: One of those pests of society in the Catholic countries had contrived to introduce himself to the bedside of a dying nobleman, who was at the time in a state of insensibility, and continued incessantly to cry out, “my lord will you make the grant of such and such a thing to our monastery?”—The sick man, unable to speak, nodded his head. The monk turned round to the nobleman’s son who was in the room, “you see, sir,” said he, “that my lord, your father, gives his consent to my requests.”—Upon which the son, approaching the bed exclaimed, “father, is it your will that I should kick this monk down stairs?” The usual nod was given, and the young man instantly rewarded the assiduities of the monk, by sending him with great precipitation out of the house.

Every one who has dipped into the history of British literature of the last century, has heard of the imposition practised by a Scotchman of the name of Lauder, respecting the originality of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Whether it was, as Mr. Murphy asserts in his *Life of Johnson*, that the unfortunate man had "conceived a mortal antipathy to the name and character of Milton," because that great poet had inserted the prayer of Pamela from sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* in an edition of the *EIKON BASILIKE*, in order to fix an imputation of impiety on the memory of Charles the first, or that he was at a loss to know how to procure support, and was regardless of the means by which he attempted it, certain it is that he accused Milton of borrowing from several modern writers, and to establish the charge, collected from certain Latin poets, such as Masenius, Staphorstius, Bega, Grotius, and others, a number of passages, bearing resemblance to different parts of the *Paradise Lost*. These he published from time to time in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, mingled with lines which he himself, ingeniously enough, translated from Milton. The analogy between the passages was so strong that multitudes who never suspected the authenticity of the quotations were duped, and the Ivy-lane club itself, of which Johnson was a member, were so deceived, as to become innocent accomplices in the fraud.

All this is sufficiently known by every man of letters, but few have had the means of examining the whole, or of determining the extent of Lauder's imposition. When all the passages, which were scattered through the magazines came, in consequence of the success of the imposition, to be collected into one volume, dedicated to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the charge was universally believed. Johnson for a time encouraged it, believing the writer, as he expressed it, "too frantic to be fraudulent," and Lauder was in a fair way to raise his fame at the expense of a poet, whose eminence, the greater it was, would, in the same proportion, elevate the man who could make good such charges against him.

Conscious of the general prepossession in Milton's favour, Lauder set out with declaring that he had no intention to derogate from the merits of the author of *Paradise Lost*, "to whom," said he, "great praise is due for so beautiful a structure, even if it

should be proved that a good part of his materials were borrowed from his neighbours; but it cannot be denied that he is considerably indebted to the following productions:—*Sarcotidos Libri Quinque*, published by Masenius—*Adamus Exul*, a Latin drama, written by Grotius; and lastly, to a volume of poems, published in Edinburgh, in the same language, by Andrew Ramsay.”

The imposition, and the author of it, have both met the fate they deserved. Milton had several defenders of great ability—at the head of them the Rev. John Douglas, a clergyman, to whom Goldsmith happily alludes in his poem of *Retaliation*, and who, fortunately for himself, choosing the popular side, not only showed his ingenuity, and added to his reputation at once, but put himself into the ultimate possession of the bishopric of Salisbury.

The argument of Douglas, however, does not go the full length of entirely clearing Milton from the imputation of borrowing. “A work,” says he, “may be original without invention, and an imitation without plagiarism;—a great genius exercises the right of profiting from the labour of others, in such a manner as to satisfy the world of his own abilities: it is not a proof of the sterility of his fancy, but the solidity of his judgment.”

There is a great deal of sophistry in this, and much of it seems to me to be altogether paradoxical. However, Douglas admits that “Milton took many hints from Masenius, John Fox, Grotius, Ramsay, and Taubman.” Lauder, however, by the persuasion of Dr. Johnson, made a confession and recantation of his guilt; yet some of the passages he produced to prove his charge, are worthy of attention, on account of the very strong resemblance to the parallel passages in Milton. For instance:

“Gravior Orcus sub pedibus tremuit.”—GROTIUS.

Hell trembled as he trod.—MILTON.

Adsit ambitio nova, nam me iudice
Regnare dignum est; etsi in Tartaro
Alto præesse juvat
Cœlis quam in ipsis servire.—GROTIUS.

And in my choice

To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell.

Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.—MILTON.

Lauder says that Satan's address to Eve, which begins,

"Sovereign of creatures, universal dame,"

is borrowed from the following words of Andrew Ramsay:

—————Poli sceptra capessere digna,
Quid terras humiles habitas?
—————Cur terræ excludere fructu?
—————Et pomum invidet ille?
Quod dabit et secum ætheriis ad cumbere mensis.

The following words were the means of convicting Milton's accuser of forgery, as no such passage can be found in *Paradise Lost*:

"*Lacusque vivi sulphuris semper fluunt.*"—GROTIUS.

And lakes of living sulphur always flow.—MILTON.

This line was evidently the production of Lauder himself.

There is a remarkable simile introduced by Milton, in which he describes a vessel working into port against the wind to illustrate the serpent's insinuating method of addressing our first mother. This, Lauder insists, is clearly an imitation of the following lines of Andrew Ramsay:

—————Ut vento portum qui forte reflante
Non potis est capere—————Vela
Carbaseosque sinus obliquat tendere recta
Qua nequit, incurvo radit vada cœrula cursu,
Sic gnarus versare dolis et imagine falsa
Ludere Tartareus coluber—————Cursum
Mutat, et ad Palmarum converso tramine tendit.—RAMSAY.

—————At first, sidelong he works his way;
As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought,
Near rivers' mouths, or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers and shifts her sails;
So varied he, and of his tortuous train,
Curled many a wanton wreath, in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye.

To these charges of imitation by Lauder upon Milton I shall add one, and only one more. He insists that these lines of Grotius furnished Milton with the beautiful passage which follows them:

Ne me relinquas, nunc tuo auxilio est opus,

Cum versa sors est unicum lapæ mihi

Firmamen—

Te mihi reserva dum licet—

—Relicta quo vadam, aut ævum exigam.—GROTIUS.

—Forsake me not. Thy suppliant

I beg and clasp thy knees; bereave me not

Of that on which I live, thy gentle looks,

Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,

My only strength and stay! Forlorn of thee,

Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?

Lauder, says the writer to whom we are indebted for the greater part of the above observations, was a man of respectable literary attainments, but soured in his temper by early misfortune and repeated disappointment. In consequence of a blow, he had been under the necessity of submitting to an amputation of his leg. In two attempts to succeed to a professor's chair, and afterwards to the office of library keeper to the university of Edinburgh, he failed, and a work which cost him much labour and money, dropped still-born from the press, and exhausted the little means he had possessed. Under these circumstances he was tempted and he fell.

MOUNTEBANKS.

In this country, as in all others, there are quacks in abundance, and of various kinds and qualities; but I rather believe we have no mountebanks:—nay, I very much doubt whether there are many people in the union who have a very clear conception of the singular character and conduct of that particular sort of personage; or whether an adequate idea of them could be acquired but by personal observations on one or more of the craft while employed in the discharge of his public business. A single instance, taken from a late British publication, though insufficient to unfold the arcana of the trade in all its varieties, will afford our readers a glimpse that will at least amuse them:

One of these adventurers having, in a small country town in England, collected an audience about him, addressed them in the following terms from his stage:

" Being originally a native of this place, I have for a long time been considering in what manner I can best show my regard for my townsmen; and after maturely weighing the subject, I am come to a resolution of making a present of five shillings to every inhabitant of the parish. It will, I confess, be a very heavy expense to me, and I hope no one will be ungenerous enough to profit by my liberality who is not really and truly a parishioner."

At these words the multitude pressed forward with open eyes, as well as mouths, casting earnest looks on a green velvet bag of ample dimensions, which hung upon the arm of this generous man. He then continued:

" I know you are not so sordid, and so mercenary, as to value my bounty merely because it would put a few shillings into your pockets; the pleasure I see sparkling in your eyes, cannot be produced by the thoughts of dirty pelf, which to-day is in your hands, and to-morrow may be in the gripe of a miser, a highway-man, or a pawnbroker!

" I perceive what it is that delights you; it is your discovering in one, whom you considered as a stranger, the warmest and most disinterested friend you ever had in your lives. Money, my good people, too often tempts the young and the indiscreet to indulge in liquor and other excesses, to the entire destruction of their health and understanding.

" In order, therefore, to prevent what I meant for a benefit, from being converted into an injury, I freely present to every brother townsman (dipping his hand into the green velvet bag) this inestimable packet, which contains a box of pills, a paper of powder, and a plaster which has not its fellow in Europe, for violent bruises and green wounds, whether by knife, sword, or pistol.

" If applied on the patient's going to bed, I pledge my reputation that the ball, if there is one, shall be extracted, and the flesh be as sound as the palm of my hand, before morning.

" But for those who dislike the pain and smart of such things as plasters and ointment, and who are not fond of trouble, let me recommend the powder: it acts, ladies and gentlemen, by sympathy, and was the joint invention of three of the greatest men that

ever existed, Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus. If you have a few grains only of this powder in your possession, you may, without fear, rush into the thickest battle and defy broadsword, pike, or bayonet.

“ All I say is, get wounded, get crippled, get mangled and hacked, like a crimped cod:—the longer, the deeper, the more numerous the cuts are, the better shall I be pleased, the more decisive is the proof it will afford of the merits of my invaluable powder.

“ Give yourself no sort of uneasiness; only wrap the part affected in a clean white handkerchief: then get to bed and to sleep *as soon as you can*; in the meantime let the weapon which did the injury be rubbed nine times with a small quantity of the powder, and take my word for it you may follow your usual occupations the next day.

“ Of the pills I need say nothing; they have long pronounced their own panegyric, and there are full directions sealed up with them. But as you live rather out of the way of the great world, it is but fair to tell you that they procure husbands for single women, and children for those who are married; they are great sweeteners of the blood, and wonderful improvers of the complexion.

“ The selling price of these matchless remedies has been six shillings *for time immemorial*, but as I am resolved to stand to my word, and as I do not practise physic for the love of dirty lucre, if you will throw up your handkerchiefs with the small sum of one shilling tied in each, merely to pay my travelling charges and servant's wages, I freely make you a present of the rest of the money according to my original promise.

“ Besides medicines, which no master of a family, nor indeed any one who values his life and limbs, ought to be without; the favourite of fortune will be intitled to a superb and elegant piece of massy plate.”

This attractive article was immediately brought forward and displayed.

A small number of the crowd, who were so absurd as to doubt any thing the doctor said, beginning to smell a rat, marched off in silence; but the mass was not formed of materials capable of resisting so formidable an attack on their feelings and understanding; the present of a crown to each man, at first so confidently pro-

mised, had dissipated all fear of imposition; for how could one who acted so much like a gentleman be supposed to want to *take them in*?

His ostentatious palaver had diffused a magic ray over his *powder of post*, his rosin and his jalap; for the passive infatuation of being cheated is not without its pleasures; and the superb piece of plate glittering in their eyes, and dazzling their reason, completed the conquest of the impostor.

He was proceeding in his address, but a shower of shillings interrupted his harangue, and two hours were fully occupied in easing his *brother townsmen* of their silver, and emptying the green velvet bag of the six-shilling packets, while his assistants diverted the anxieties and allayed the impatience of the people by music and tumbling.

Handkerchiefs from all quarters dropped round the cunning knave; inhabitants of Brentford or Kensington, Chelsea, Turnham, or any other green, were *permitted* to contribute their shilling without any ill-natured questions being asked, concerning the place of their residence.

The business of the day concluded with general satisfaction, as those who did not get the rich prize, possessed that which was nearly equal in value; and the artist acknowledged, at an inn in the evening, as he sat over a duck and green peas, that the real profit of his day's work was five-and-twenty guineas.

PATRONAGE.

IN the reign of George the first, an article appeared in the London Gazette, specifying that Miles Wharton, esquire, was created a baron by the style and title of lord Wharton.

From conscious personal worth, from habits of retirement, or other motives not handed down, this object of desire to so many was, in the present instance, *not accepted*, and in the next Gazette the following advertisement was inserted:

"His majesty having graciously deigned to confer the honour of the peerage on Mr. Wharton, that gentleman is duly sensible of his sovereign's goodness and favour, but humbly begs leave to decline the high honour intended him."

The gentlemen ushers and pages shrugged up their shoulders at so unprecedented a refusal, and independent of losing their fees, considered it as a contempt of court.

Yet the circumstance proves that the minister had chosen a proper person to recommend to his majesty as a peer of the realm: I cannot but consider him as the fittest man for an elevated station, who, from diffidence, innate worth, or from the nature of the services expected, has the spirit, the independence, or the modesty to decline it.

Those industrious levee-hunters, those assiduous attendants at the drawing-room and bed chamber, so often successful in court intrigue, are frequently, and indeed generally, from frivolous manners, the least qualified of all men on earth, for the posts or employments they solicit; while the unhappy individual, formed by nature and education for a due performance of any duties he may undertake, but untaught to smile, to flatter and betray, is perishing by inches in some subaltern situation, or worn down with sedentary drudgery; the miserable substitute of a superficial principal who riots on national wealth.

At a certain period of the American war, when the political horizon of Britain was clouded on every side, no one would believe that the nation was to be indebted for its extrication from impending ruin, to a naval veteran, pining, at the moment, in penurious obscurity at Paris. The feelings of the English would have been violently agitated by such a declaration. How great then would have been the general emotion, had the thousands, afterwards assembled to celebrate his splendid victory, by illumination, song, and dance, been told that the conqueror of De Grasse and the saviour of the West-India islands was superseded at the very moment he was destroying the French fleets, and recalled from a decisive victory.

It ought not to be forgotten that on that occasion the gallant Rodney was enabled to return to his native country by the generous interposition and prompt liberality of a French nobleman.

But for the fortunate application of the first Mr. Pitt, when secretary of state, to lord Northington, the chancellor, the venerable and excellent lord Camden might have lived and died up three pair of stairs in the Temple.—“Can you procure for me a

young man of sound knowledge in the law, of not very extensive practice, and I will make his occasional attendance at the office worth his while?" said Mr. Pitt, "for I want a person of legal knowledge about me, that we may ACT CONSTITUTIONALLY!"

Mr. Pratt was recommended, found useful, and a friendship commenced, which conducted him to the highest honours of the state, and still continues unabated between their descendants.

ATHEISM CURED BY IRRESISTIBLE EVIDENCE.

A RESPECTABLE writer of the present day relates, that a young gentleman of his acquaintance who, at a certain period of his life, professed himself an unbeliever, once informed him that the various and admirable mechanism displayed in the human wrist, at a public lecture, excited his admiration and dispelled all his doubts.

The same author adds, that he knew a similar effect produced by the discourse of a late divine, on the wonderful sympathies of the human mind, which impel, as it were, in spite of themselves, the most selfish, and often the most timid creatures, to defend and protect that offspring, which, without such superintendence, must inevitably perish. The power that could establish an influence at once so absolutely necessary, and so irresistible, must be omnipotent, superintending, and benevolent.

ON a trial at Derby, in Old England, an attempt was made to establish the lunacy of a female, and to deduce it from certain irregularities in her conduct. On that occasion the following conversation took place:

"I saw her," said a witness, "sweep a large quantity of gallipots, phials, potions, pills, and powders, into the street"

"I doubt if throwing physic into the street be any proof of madness," interposed the judge.

"True, my lord," replied a barrister, "but people in their senses seldom throw away gallipots and phials."

GREY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

WE were greatly pleased with the following lines, which were written by a gentleman of acknowledged talents and litera-

ture, to be inserted in Grey's celebrated elegy. Mr. Edwards, the author of "The Canons of Criticism," who, though a bachelor, was more attentive to the fair sex than the pindaric Mr. Grey, thought there was a defect in the elegy which might be advantageously supplied, and for that purpose wrote the following stanzas, which he intended to introduce immediately after "Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood:"

"Some lovely fair, whose unaffected charms
Shone forth, attraction in herself unknown,
Whose beauty might have blest a monarch's arms,
And virtue cast a lustre on a throne.

"That humble beauty warm'd an honest heart,
And cheer'd the labours of a faithful spouse:
That virtue form'd for every decent part,
The healthful offspring that adorn'd their house."

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

WE have never been able, without laughing heartily, to think of the reason given by the celebrated doctor Radcliffe for curing the wife of lord chief-justice Holt. The doctor had attended her ladyship with a degree of diligence very remarkable for a man in his situation, and being asked by one of his intimate friends the cause of bestowing such unusual attention upon a person who had no particular claim upon his care, he answered, "Why, to be sure, I have brought the woman through a very obstinate disorder, though I have no regard for her: but I know her husband hates her, and I cured her on purpose to plague him!"

TASSO.

IN a conversation held before Charles the great, by several learned men, it was disputed what condition in life was the most unfortunate. "In my opinion," said Tasso, "the most unfortunate condition is that of an impatient old man depressed with poverty; for," added he, "the state of that person is doubtless very deplorable, who has neither the gifts of fortune to preserve him from want, nor the principles of philosophy to support him under affliction.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The New Pantheon: or, an Introduction to the Mythology of the Ancients, designed chiefly for the use of young ladies. To which are added, an accented Index, and poetical illustration of Grecian Mythology, from Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. By Mrs. Bazeley.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulce.—HORACE.

THIS appears to be the fourth volume of a large work, which is to consist of six volumes, entitled, The Academy of Science and Art, or Ladies' New Preceptor: containing a complete system of useful and polite education, as well as general knowledge. Intended for the use of schools and private students. By C. W. Bazeley.

As far as we have had leisure to look into this volume, it appears to be a judicious and well managed compilation. While it is calculated to impart a degree of knowledge on the leading points of ancient mythology, fully competent, perhaps, to the purpose for which it is intended, we have perceived in it nothing offensive either to the eye or the ear of modesty—a recommendation peculiarly important in a work of the kind: for if the purity of the female mind be in the slightest degree sullied by any branch of study, there is nothing in the nature or amount of the knowledge acquired, that can make amends for so serious and radical an evil. The engravings are, as they ought to be, light and airy, designed with taste, and neatly executed. The accented index is particularly useful in teaching the correct pronunciation of proper names, without which all knowledge, however extensive, appears low and vulgar.

In the volume we are considering are also contained "The elements of elocution," said to be upon "an entire new plan." A want of leisure has not permitted us so far to compare this with other similar compilations as to be enabled to say wherein it differs from them, or what, if any, are its superior merits. We have looked into it, however, sufficiently to convince ourselves, that, besides a variety of useful directions for the improvement of pupils in reading and recitation, it contains a choice and valuable selection of pieces suitable for the same purpose, and well calculated to form the youthful taste, and store the mind with elegant

knowledge. We cannot do less than recommend this volume to the attention of those young ladies who are pursuing an education designed to render them what nature intended they should be, valuable friends, pleasing and instructive companions, and an ornament to society.

Should the other volumes of the "Academy of Science and Art" possess, in the different branches to which they may relate, equal merit with that which now lies before us, the work will constitute, as we feel persuaded, a valuable addition to the literature intended for the use of our schools.—EDITOR.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

It must be particularly gratifying to every American to learn, that the literature, like the valour of his country, is beginning to receive, in the estimation, and, what is still more satisfactory, the acknowledgment of Europe, that rank and consideration to which it is entitled.

In confirmation of this, we quote the following extract of a letter from Dr. Chisholm, a physician of the first standing in England, to his friend and correspondent Dr. Hosack, of New-York.

"Your paper on Contagion," (a paper lately published by Dr. Hosack) "is very satisfactory. It contains every thing that can be said on the subject, and is in a more especial manner interesting by the view it gives of the division and arrangement of the subject, hitherto so imperfectly understood and so confusedly distinguished."

Again, the same gentleman in the same letter says, "I shall anxiously look out for your History on Yellow Fever" (a work in which Dr. Hosack is understood to be engaged.) "In such hands, and with such opportunities as you have possessed, it must indeed be a valuable, and I trust a standard work—a beacon to future generations."

Although, personally speaking, we are much pleased with every well deserved compliment and mark of distinction, whether abroad or at home, which our worthy and accomplished friend Dr. Hosack may receive, we are desirous that nothing we have here said may be construed into a renunciation, on our part,

of the views we have long entertained on the subject of contagion; nor into a concurrence with the learned professor in the opinions he maintains. The paper of Dr. Hosack, to which reference is herein made, is, throughout, able and ingenious, and the case of contagion is argued in it with great pertinency and force: but we, notwithstanding, think, and, when leisure shall serve, purpose, in the proper place, to endeavour to show, that some of the sentiments it advances are heterodox and untenable.—EDITOR.

A Dissertation on the Influence of Climate in Curing Diseases; by professor Gregory, of Edinburgh. Translated from the original Latin, and enlarged with occasional notes, by William P. C. Barton, M. D

THIS volume, although, strictly speaking, of a professional character, treats of a subject of such general interest and so accessible and familiar to common observation, and is, at the same time, so little encumbered with technical language, that, while it holds out to all an invitation to become acquainted with its contents, there are few who will find any material difficulty in understanding them.

Like every thing from the pen of the celebrated Dr. Gregory, it bears the marks of sound sense, judicious observation, extensive knowledge, and classical scholarship—marks of a masculine mind, expanded and enriched by varied reading and patient inquiry.

To the medical student and the young physician this work will be a source of useful and necessary information, and to such as are more liberally versed in their profession, a very pleasing remembrancer of what they have already learnt. Nor will those who, without any view to professional attainments, read only for general knowledge, find themselves unrewarded by a careful perusal of it.

As far as we have had leisure to compare the English with the Latin, the translation appears to be well executed; and, although we cannot concur with the translator in the correctness of all his notes, we think them, on the whole, highly creditable to him as a man of judgment and a scholar. En.

Views of Louisiana; together with a journal of a voyage up the Missouri river in 1811. By H. M. Breckenridge, esqr.

PURSUANT to our promise in the last number of the Port Folio, it is our intention in the present to make our readers acquainted in part with the contents of this work. We must assure them, however, that without an examination of the volume itself, they can form but a very defective idea of the gratification and instruction it is capable of affording them. It is characterized throughout by good sense, correct observation and solid reflection, and contains a large amount of matter in proportion to its size.

By the curious inquirer the following extract will be read with interest. It will suggest to him, if he has not already thought of it, the entire reverse of sentiment which has taken place in relation to the character and standing of the different divisions of this country: that the western division was once considered the *old* and the eastern the *new* settlement; the valley of the Mississippi the seat of empire, arts, and refinement, and the regions bordering on the Atlantic nothing but the *back woods*.

After a few judicious remarks on the utter improbability of the existence of a people of Welch origin in the wilds of Louisiana, our author proceeds in his account of the monuments of ancient population and power which the territory affords.

" Besides the fortifications, there are other remains scattered throughout the western country, much more difficult to account for, and to which the Welsh can lay no claim. It is worthy of observation, that all these vestiges invariably occupy the most eligible situations for towns or settlements; and on the Ohio and Mississippi, they are most numerous and considerable—There is not a rising town or a farm of an eligible situation, in whose vicinity some of them may not be found. I have heard a surveyor of the public lands observe, that wherever any of these remains were met with, he was sure to find an extensive body of fertile land. An immense population has once been supported in this country. These vestiges may be classed under three different heads—1, the walled towns or fortifications, of which I have already spoken; 2, barrows, or places of interment; 3, mounds or pyramids

" 2. Barrows, such as described by Mr. Jefferson, are extremely numerous in every part of the western country. The

traces of a village may be always found near them, and they have been used exclusively, as places of interment, at least of deposit for the dead. The height is usually eight or ten feet above the surrounding ground, the shape manifesting little or no design.—These accumulations may be attributed to the custom prevalent among the American tribes, of collecting the bones of such as expired at a distance from their homes, in battle, or otherwise, and at stated periods placing them in some common tomb. The barrows were not the only receptacles; caverns were also used, and places, which, from being extraordinary, were considered the residence of Manatoos or spirits.

“ 3. The mounds or pyramids appear to me to belong to a period different from the others. They are much more ancient, and are easily distinguished from the barrows, by their size and the design which they manifest. Remains of palisaded towns are found in their vicinity, which may be accounted for from the circumstance of the mounds occupying the most eligible situations for villages, or from the veneration of the Indians, for whatever appears extraordinary. From the growth of trees on some of them, they show an antiquity of at least several hundred years. The Indians have no tradition as to the founders of them, though there is no doubt but that when we first became acquainted with those people, they were used as places of defence. The old chief of the Kaskaskia Indians, told Mr. Rice Jones, that in the wars of his nation with the Iroquois, the mounds in the American bottom were used as forts. In one of the plates of Lapiteau’s work, there is a representation of an attack on an Indian fort, which is evidently constructed upon one of the mounds; its form is circular, the enclosure of large pickets, and heavy beams on the outside, extending to the ground on which the mound stands. Those inside defend themselves with stones, arrows, &c. while the assailants are either aiming their arrows at such as appear above the wall, or endeavouring to set fire to the fort. Until I saw this engraving, I had frequently doubted whether these elevations of earth were intended for any other purpose than places of interment for their great chiefs, or as sites for temples. These were probably the first objects, but experience, at the same time, taught them that they might also answer as forts; perhaps the veneration for these

sacred places might induce the Indians, when invaded, to make their final stand in their temples, which therefore became strong holds.—This is conformable to the history of most nations of the world.

“ The mounds at Grave creek and Marietta have been minutely described, but in point of magnitude they fall far short of others which I have seen.

“ To form a more correct idea of these, it will be necessary to give the reader some view of the tract of country in which they are situated. The *American bottom*, is a tract of rich alluvion land, extending on the Mississippi, from the Kaskaskia to the Cahokia river, about eighty miles in length, and five in breadth; several handsome streams meander through it; the soil of the richest kind, and but little subject to the effects of the Mississippi floods. A number of lakes are interspersed through it, with high and fine banks; these abound in fish, and in the autumn are visited by millions of wild fowl. There is, perhaps, no spot in the western country, capable of being more highly cultivated, or of giving support to a more numerous population than this valley. If any vestige of ancient population were to be found, this would be the place to search for it—accordingly, this tract, as also the bank of the river on the western side,* exhibits proofs of an immense population. If the city of Philadelphia and its environs, were deserted, there would not be more numerous traces of human existence. The great number of mounds, and the astonishing quantity of human bones, every where dug up, or found on the surface of the ground, with a thousand other appearances, announce that this valley was at one period, filled with habitations and villages. The whole face of the bluff, or hill which bounds it to the east, appears to have been a continued burial-ground.

“ But the most remarkable appearances, are two groups of mounds or pyramids, the one about ten miles above Cahokia, the other nearly the same distance below it, which in all, exceed one hundred and fifty, of various sizes. The western side, also, contains a considerable number.

* The Saline, below St. Genevieve, cleared out some time ago, and deepened, was found to contain wagon loads of earthen ware, some fragments bespeaking vessels as large as a barrel, and proving that the salines had been worked before they were known to the whites.

"A more minute description of those above Cahokia, which I visited in the fall of 1811, will give a tolerable idea of them all.

"I crossed the Mississippi at St. Louis, and after passing through the wood which borders the river, about half a mile in width, entered an extensive open plain. In fifteen minutes I found myself in the midst of a group of mounds, mostly of a circular shape, and at a distance, resembling enormous haystacks, scattered through a meadow. One of the largest which I ascended, was about two hundred paces in circumference at the bottom, the form nearly square, though it had evidently undergone considerable alteration from the washing of the rains. The top was level, with an area sufficient to contain several hundred men.

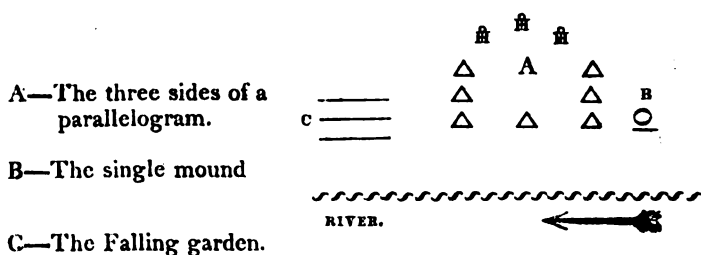
"The prospect from this mound is very beautiful; looking towards the bluffs, which are dimly seen at the distance of six or eight miles, the bottom at this place being very wide, I had a level plain before me, varied by *islets* of wood, and a few solitary trees; to the right, the prairie is bounded by the horizon, to the left, the course of the Cahokia may be distinguished by the margin of wood upon its banks, and crossing the valley diagonally, S. S. W. Around me, I counted forty-five mounds, or pyramids, besides a great number of small artificial elevations; these mounds form something more than a semicircle, about a mile in extent, the open space on the river.

"Pursuing my walk along the bank of the Cahokia I passed eight others in the distance of three miles, before I arrived at the largest assemblage. When I reached the foot of the principal mound, I was struck with a degree of astonishment, not unlike that which is experienced in contemplating the Egyptian pyramids. What a stupendous pile of earth! To heap up such a mass must have required years, and the labors of thousands. It stands immediately on the bank of the Cahokia, and on the side next it, is covered with lofty trees. Were it not for the regularity and design which it manifests, the circumstances of its being on alluvial ground, and the other mounds scattered around it, we could scarcely believe it the work of human hands. The shape is that of a parallelogram, standing from north to south; on the south side there is a broad apron or step, about half way down, and from this, another projection into the plain about fifteen feet wide, which was

probably intended as an ascent to the mound. By stepping round the base I computed the circumference to be at least eight hundred yards, and the height of the mound about ninety feet. The step, or apron, has been used as a kitchen garden, by the monks of La Trappe, settled near this, and the top is sowed with wheat. Nearly west there is another of a smaller size, and forty others scattered through the plain. Two are also seen on the bluff at the distance of three miles. Several of these mounds are almost conical. As the sward had been burnt, the earth was perfectly naked, and I could trace with ease, any unevenness of surface, so as to discover whether it was artificial or accidental. I every where observed a great number of small elevations of earth, to the height of a few feet, at regular distances from each other, and which appeared to observe some order; near them I also observed pieces of flint, and fragments of earthen vessels. I concluded, that a very populous town had once existed here, similar to those of Mexico, described by the first conquerors. The mounds were sites of temples, or monuments to the great men. It is evident this could never have been the work of thinly scattered tribes. If the human species had at any time been permitted in this country to have increased freely, and there is every probability of the fact, it must, as in Mexico, have become astonishingly numerous. The same space of ground would have sufficed to maintain fifty times the number of the present inhabitants, with ease; their agriculture having no other object than mere sustenance. Amongst a numerous population, the power of the chief must necessarily be more absolute, and where there are no laws, degenerates into despotism. This was the case in Mexico, and in the nations of South America; a great number of individuals were at the disposal of the chief, who treated them little better than slaves. The smaller the society, the greater the consequence of each individual. Hence, there would not be wanting a sufficient number of hands to erect mounds or pyramids.

“ Hunter and Dunbar describe a mound at the junction of the Catahoula, Washita and Tensa rivers, very similar in shape to the large one on the Cahokia. I saw it last summer: it has a step or apron, and is surrounded by a group of ten or twelve other mounds of a smaller size. In the vicinity of New Madrid, there are a num-

ber; one on the bank of a lake, is at least four hundred yards in circumference, and surrounded by a ditch at least ten feet wide, and at present, five feet deep; it is about forty feet in height, and level on the top. I have frequently examined the mounds at St. Louis: they are situated on the second bank just above the town, and disposed in a singular manner; there are nine in all, and form three sides of a parallelogram, the open side, towards the country, being protected, however, by three smaller mounds, placed in a circular manner. The space enclosed is about four hundred yards in length, and two hundred in breadth. About six hundred yards above there is a single mound, with a broad stage on the river side; it is thirty feet in height, and one hundred and fifty in length; the top is a mere ridge of five or six feet wide. Below the first mounds there is a curious work, called the Falling Garden. Advantage is taken of the second bank, nearly fifty feet in height at this place, and three regular stages or steps, are formed by earth brought from a distance. This work is much admired—it suggests the idea of a place of assembly for the purpose of counselling, on public occasions. The following diagram may convey a more precise idea.



“ In tracing the origin of institutions or inventions amongst men, we are apt to forget, that nations, however diversified by manners and languages, are yet of the same species, and that the same institutions may originate amongst twenty different people. Adair takes great pains to prove a similarity of customs between the American tribes and the Jews; Lapiteau shows the existence of a still greater number common to the Greeks and Romans; the result to the philosophic mind is no more than this, that the Ameri-

can tribes belong to the human race, and that men, without any intercourse with each other, will, in innumerable instances, fall upon the same mode of acting. The wonder would be, that they should not show a resemblance. Man is every where found in societies, under governments addicted to war, hunting, or agriculture, and fond of dances, shows and distinction. Perhaps the first employment of a numerous population when not engaged in war, would be in heaping up piles of earth, the rudest and most common species of human labour. We find these mounds in every part of the globe; in the north of Europe, and in Great Britain, they are numerous; and much resemble ours, but less considerable. The pyramids of Egypt are perhaps the oldest monuments of human labour in that country, so favourable to the production of a numerous population. The pyramids of Mexico, which are but little known, and yet scarcely less considerable, like those of Egypt, have their origin hid in the night of oblivion. Humboldt is of opinion, that "these edifices must be classed with the pyramidal monuments of Asia, of which traces were found even in Arcadia; for the conical mausoleum of Calistus was a true tumulus, covered with fruit trees, and served for a base to a small temple consecrated to Diana." The Greeks, who were successful in the chariot races at the Olympic games, to show their gratitude to their horses, gave them an honourable burial, and even erected pyramids over their graves. The great altar of Jupiter, at Olympia, was nothing more than a huge mound of earth, with stone steps to ascend. Humboldt remarks with astonishment, the striking similarity of the Asiatic and Egyptian pyramids to those of Mexico. The similarity of those which he describes, to the mounds or pyramids on the Mississippi, is still more striking, but not a matter of so much wonder. The only difference is, that a few of the Mexican pyramids are larger, and some appear to have been faced with stone or brick. Like those of Mexico, wherever there has been a considerable town, we find two large pyramids, supposed to represent the sun and moon, and a number of smaller ones, to represent the stars. There is very little doubt but that they originated with the same people, for they may be considered as existing in the same country. What is the distance between Red river and the northern part of the intendency of Vera Cruz, in which the pyramid of Pa-

pantla is situated? little more than ten or fifteen days' journey. Even supposing there were no mounds in the intermediate space, the distance is not such, as to preclude the probability of intercourse. There is no obstruction in the way; a coach and four has been driven from Mexico to Nacogdoches.

"The Mexican histories give uncertain accounts of the origin of those works, nor are the antiquarians able to form any satisfactory hypothesis. They are attributed by some to the Toultec nation, as far back as the ninth century, who emigrated to Mexico from the north, perhaps from the banks of the Mississippi; and by others, to the Olmec nation, still more ancient, who came to Mexico from the east. A curious discovery, made a few years ago in the state of Tennessee, proves beyond a doubt, that at some remote period the valley of the Mississippi had been inhabited by a much more civilized people, than when first known to us. Two human bodies were found in a copperas cave, in a surprising state of preservation. They were first wrapped up in a kind of blanket, supposed to have been manufactured of the lint of nettles, afterwards with dressed skins, and then a mat of nearly sixty yards in length. They were clad in a beautiful cloth, interwoven with feathers, such as was manufactured by the Mexicans. The flesh had become hard, but the features were well preserved. They had been here, perhaps, for centuries, and certainly were of a different race from the modern Indians. They might have belonged to the Olmec, who overran Mexico about the seventh century, to the Toultec, who came centuries afterwards, or to the Aztecs, who founded the great city of Mexico, in the thirteenth century.

"These subjects can only bewilder; every nation, in tracing back its history, must finally lose itself in fable. The Aztec (Mexican) mode of preserving their chronicles, must necessarily have been defective; the Egyptians could lay but little better claim to authenticity. The simple fact of the emigration to the country of the Olmecs, or Toultecs, may be relied on, but as to the time and circumstances, we must look for very slender accounts. It is only since the invention of letters that we can form a well grounded hope of the permanency of human institutions, of the certainty of history, and of the uninterrupted progress of improvements. Had this noble invention been unknown, how many of our most useful

arts would have been lost during that night of barbarism, called the dark ages!

“A French writer has fancifully observed, that civilization arises, *de la fermentation d'une nombreuse peuplade*, and that it would be as idle to expect this result without a numerous population, as to think of making wine by the fermentation of a single grape. Experience shows, that a numerous population will always be attended with some degree of improvement, because, as Mr. Jefferson observes, the chances of improvement are multiplied. It is not without reason, that the Creator gave his command to increase and multiply, since many of the intellectual faculties would not otherwise be completely unfolded. It is not every country, however, which can of itself attain the full extent of the population of which it may be rendered susceptible. In unfriendly soils and climates, nature must be forced by the arts and labours of agriculture, to afford sustenance for a numerous population. The inhabitants of such have therefore been usually found in wandering tribes, engaged in constant wars, and probably unable ever to *originate* their own civilization. A mighty warrior, at the head of his own tribe, might subdue the tribes around him, and form a little empire, and peace being secured to a great proportion of his subjects, their numbers would increase, but it would fall into fragments, long before the useful arts could be invented. It has ever been in the mildest climates, gifted by nature with plenty, that civilization has had its origin. Egypt and fruitful Asia, first became possessed of a numerous population, and first cultivated the arts and sciences. In America civilization first appeared, in similar climates, where nature, with little help from man, produces abundance of food. In both the old and the new world, the celestial spark kindled in those happy climes, would be carried to less favoured regions. But the human race has every where experienced terrible revolutions. Pestilence, war, and the convulsions of the globe, have annihilated the proudest works, and rendered vain the noblest efforts. Ask not the sage, by whom, and when, were erected those lingering ruins, the “frail memorials” of ages which have long since been swallowed up in the ocean of time; ask not the wild Arab where may be found the owner of the superb palace, within whose broken walls he casts his tent; ask not the poor fisherman, as he spreads his nets, or the ploughman, who

whistles over the ground, where is Carthage, where is Troy, of whose splendour, historians and poets have so much boasted! Alas! "they have vanished from the things that be," and have left but the melancholy lesson, of the instability of the most stupendous labours, and the vanity of immortality on earth!

"In the wanderings of fancy, I have sometimes conceived this hemisphere, like the other, to have experienced the genial ray of civilization, and to have been inhabited by a numerous, polite and enlightened people.* Why may not great revolutions have been experienced in America? Is it certain, that Mexico, Peru, and Chili, when first visited by Europeans, exhibited only the dawn of civilization? Perhaps it was the fiftieth approach doomed to suffer a relapse, before the sacred flame could be extended to other portions of the continent: perhaps at some distant period the flame had been widely spread, and again extinguished by the common enemies of the human race. But I am asked, if this had been the case, should we not see indubitable proofs, in the remains of antiquity, edifices of stone, mines, and laborious works of human hands. I answer, that nature is ever labouring to restore herself, she is ever engaged in replacing in its primitive state, whatever changes the hand of man may effect in her appearance. Excavations of the

* Even this idea, strange and novel as it may seem, might by an ingenious theorist, have an air of importance given to it, by bringing into view, some vague passages of ancient authors. Plato, in one of his dialogues, speaks of a people, who had come from the Atlantic in great numbers, and overran the greater part of Europe and Asia. Many circumstances related of the island of the Atlantic, correspond with America. This occurrence, to which Plato alludes, was considered of great antiquity, and preserved by obscure tradition. The island was said to have been sunk by an earthquake. The fact is certain, that amongst the Greeks, there prevailed a belief of the existence of another continent, in the Atlantic ocean, and inhabited by a powerful people, who, in remote antiquity, had invaded the old world. Amongst the Romans who borrowed the greater part of their learning from the Greeks, the same belief prevailed, Seneca has this remarkable passage; "In ages to come, the seas will be traversed, and in spite of the wind and waves, avarice and pride will discover a New World, and Thule shall be no longer considered the extreme part of the globe." Mons. Peyroux has in a very ingenious essay, rendered it even probable, that the ancients had been acquainted with America in very remote antiquity. Plato places the destruction of the Atlantides, at nine thousand years before his time.

earth would be filled up by the hand of time, and piles of stone when separated from the living rock, would crumble into dust. America may have been less fortunate than Europe in those happy inventions which serve in some measure to perpetuate improvements, and yet, in some of the arts she may have attained a greater excellence. The character of her civilization may have been different from any of which we have a knowledge, and her relapse produced by causes of which we can form no conjecture.

“Who will assign, as the age of America, a period of years different from that allowed to, what has been denominated, the old world? A multiplicity of proofs contradict the recency of her origin; deeply imbedded stores of carbonated wood, the traces of ancient volcanoes! I could appeal on this subject to her time-worn cataracts, and channels of mighty rivers, and to her venerable mountains, which rose when the Creator laid the foundations of the earth! When the eye of Europe first beheld her, did she appear but lately to have sprung from the deep? No, she contained innumerable and peculiar plants and animals; she was inhabited by thousands of Indians, possessing different languages, manners, and appearances. Grant then that America may have existed a few thousand years; the same causes prevailing, like effects will be produced; the same revolutions as have been known in the old world may have taken place here.

“Before the invention of letters, there would be a constant succession of advances to civilization, and of relapses to barbarism. The Chaldeans, through the glimmer of ancient history, are represented to us as the first inventors of the arts; but may not those people have been preceded by the same revolutions as have succeeded them. In long and arduous advances, they might attain to a great height in civilization, and wars, pestilence, or other calamities, precipitate them to the state of the barbarian or the savage. It is true the traces of art would long remain undefaced; but they would not remain *forever*: Time would obliterate them.

“He grasp'd a hero's antique bust,
The marble crumbled into dust,
And sunk beneath the shade.”—SELLECK OSBORN.

EDUCATION.

As it is the knowledge of letters that gives to the human mind its highest dignity, and to nations their fairest lustre, and that constitutes the principal difference between savage and civilized man, whatever tends to facilitate its attainment and promote its progress, is worthy of public attention and patronage. It is therefore that we make no apology for laying before the readers of *The Port Folio* the following curious and interesting article, extracted from "*The Boston Daily Advertiser*."

Of the merits of Mr. Brown's grammatical machine we pretend not to speak from personal knowledge. We have been informed, however, through sundry channels, that it is considered by able judges as an invention of great ingenuity and high promise, calculated to answer, in no common degree, the important end for which it is intended.

"We have recently, at the invitation of Mr. Brown, paid some attention to his mode of instructing in English grammar, by the assistance of a machine, so contrived as to assist in illustrating the relations which the different parts of speech bear to one another. This machine is quite complex, and contrived with great ingenuity, and it would be in vain for us to attempt so to describe it, that the mode of its operation should be understood. The machine is so contrived, as to represent almost every kind of relation, dependence, or connexion which occurs in speech, between the different parts of a sentence, by some analogous relation, dependence or connexion between the different parts of the machine.

"These relations are represented on this machine in a much greater variety, and with greater accuracy, than one who has not devoted much of his attention to the subject, would have thought practicable. The object and use of the machine will at once be imagined. By presenting to the eye, by the aid of visible objects, relations and dependencies, which have a strong analogy to those which exist between the different words and parts of speech in a sentence, these latter are not only more readily and clearly conceived by the learner, but when forgotten they are instantaneously recalled to his mind by a single glance upon the appropriate part of the machine.

“ The exact value of this species of illustration is best ascertained from actual experiment; and here we are satisfied that Mr. Brown has been successful far beyond what could have been reasonably expected.

“ We have seen the exhibition of some of his scholars who were very young, and who discovered a familiarity with the fundamental principles of grammar, which it seems impossible that at their age they should have acquired without the aid of this machine. This knowledge and readiness, they acquired in a very short space of time, during which, in the ordinary mode of instruction they could have made very little progress.

“ We do not wish to go into detail. Mr. Brown very readily exhibits to the curious his machine, and communicates his mode of instruction. We are glad to learn that he has received a considerable share of patronage. When the merits of his invention are better known, there can be little doubt that he will receive much more.”

GARRE AND SANDERSON'S SEMINARY, OR REMARKS ON CLASSICAL AND MORAL EDUCATION.

We have been favoured with the perusal of an able and well written paper, somewhat in the form of an address to the public, from the teachers of this institution, which has existed many years in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, but has been lately removed, for convenience, into the city.

Among a number of very sensible and pertinent observations on the instruction of youth, the relative utility and importance of the different branches of study, and the order in which the faculties of the mind are developed, we are particularly pleased with those on *classical and moral education*. These two branches of knowledge, so indispensable in the constitution of the scholar and the man of worth, are treated of, although briefly, yet in a manner indicating a clear and comprehensive view of the subject, and in a style forcible and chaste, animated and eloquent, highly creditable to the writer, and, if we mistake not, well calculated to command the assent and find their way to the heart of the reader.

In defence and commendation of the two branches of instruction to which they relate, we know not what we can do better than to give these observations a place in *The Port Folio*.

“It is in the study of the Latin language that the principles of general grammar, and the construction of language are best acquired; as well as the signification of words in modern languages, which are principally derived from it. Among the Latins and Greeks are the first poets, orators, and historians of the world; and these are the standards by which all modern excellence is measured. It is by reading these grand models of antiquity that a taste for the beauties of composition is acquired; and, it was by imitating them that the Popes, Miltons, Addisons, and all modern authors of celebrity have been formed—whose works are filled with allusions, quotations, and beauties unintelligible but to the Latin or Greek scholar.

But these languages, though they may add to the accomplishments and respectability of a man, are not deemed absolutely necessary for the accumulation of wealth; and many lawyers and physicians have “made a fortune without them.” They are consequently pretty generally proscribed in the United States. However luxurious Americans may be in external embellishments, it must be confessed, that pecuniary utility is generally their guide in intellectual improvements.

O CIVES, CIVES, *querenda pecunia primum est,*
VIRTUS *post nummos!*

The little mental advantages that many scholars have derived from the study of these languages is also very frequently urged as an argument unfavourable to their cultivation. This, however, it must be granted, is a very bad criterion to judge of their merits. Almost as justly might we measure the excellence of the religion we profess, by the little effect the preaching of its sacred doctrines has on the generality of mankind. There must be genius, and a heart predisposed to receive the impressions, to profit by any kind of instruction. He that cultivates a rock, or sows among briars and thorns cannot hope for a plentiful harvest. It frequently happens, also, that teachers, by enforcing too early an attention to the grammatical difficulties of the Latin, inspire an aversion for that study never after to be counteracted. And it is not extraordinary that those who have experienced only the difficulties of a study, without having proceeded far enough to enjoy the advantages of it, should unite with those who are entirely ignorant in its condemna-

tion. But, to pass condemnation presupposes a knowledge of the thing condemned; utter ignorance of the Latin cannot, therefore, be reasonably adduced as a proof of its inutility.

By those who have reflected on the subject of education, there cannot be imagined a more useful exercise for the improvement of the mind than the study of Latin. There is an absolute necessity of understanding the sense of the author that is read; a continual obligation on the student to search in his own language for the appropriate words and expressions; and an impossibility to proceed a single step but by close observation, and reasoning on the relations that one word has with another, in reducing the transpositions of this language to the natural construction. By these operations, the mind is kept in continual activity; and, in every lesson, the pupil, with the greatest abundance of useful ideas, acquires ingenuity and sagacity in reasoning; and a promptitude and facility of speech, never to be attained in the simple reading of his own language, where the mind often glides over pages without reflection, or fixity of attention.

Modern languages, it is true, are of more immediate advantage to men employed in the ordinary business of life; and were the Latin an obstacle to their attainment, it ought to be disproved with respect to that class of society. But universal experience determines the contrary. In all seminaries where students have united the Latin with their own and modern languages, they have terminated their course, with a better knowledge of them, than those who, with equal time and capacity, have devoted their attention to the latter alone.

The most strenuous opposition to the study of the dead languages exists in the commercial classes of society; and yet none are better situated to improve a generous and liberal education, and benefit by the advantages it confers. Their ordinary transactions place them in a continual intercourse with mankind. Their respectability, numbers, wealth, and influence, give them every title to aspire to the first offices of the state; and it is not the ordinary accomplishments of the counting-house that qualify a man to appear with becoming dignity in that exalted station. An American congress is, perhaps, the most august, and magnificent spectacle now exhibited to the world. It is an assembly of FREEMEN, the

guardians and protectors of that which is dearest to noble and generous hearts—LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE! And he who stands forth on this splendid and imposing theatre, in a character so sacred, should first have invoked the inspiration of those great actors of republicanism who have preceded him—those masters of eloquence before whose superior genius even the Burkes and Chatham have bowed with reverence and veneration. He who would denounce to public vengeance the villainies of a Verres or a Clodius—he who would raise his voice amidst the loud clamours of faction and treason, to expose the wiles and ambition of a Philip or an Antony, should reflect, that, though Cicero and Demosthenes are no more, their spirit still lives in their immortal works; and that it is not to be inspired through the *deteriorating* medium of a translation.

It will be willingly confessed by all who read those languages, that, even in history—in Xenophon, in Thucydides, in Livy, Sallust, or Tacitus—there is something that astonishes the fancy and elevates the soul, which is unfelt in a modern compilation. There is an analogy between a people and their language. The Roman is not to be discerned in the *costume* of an Englishman.

It was the study of the Latin and Greek that roused modern Europe from the degraded state of ignorance and barbarism in which it had been prostrated for ages—that bade the slavery of vandalism and feudal oppression disappear, and reason and liberty re-establish their long desolated empire on the earth; and, whilst these languages are made the study of youth, tyranny shall not altogether take possession of the world. Let the parent, therefore, who loves his country—and would inspire into the heart of his child an admiration for those virtues which adorn human nature—who would fortify his soul with that masculine energy—that high sense of honour, which may render it impregnable to the assaults of vice and depravation—who would teach him that manly and dignified eloquence that becomes the advocate of liberty and independence;—let him who would refine the taste and multiply the pleasures of his son, teach him, in his tenderest years, in the original language, the history of Sparta, of Athens, and of Rome. In no other governments of the world will be found such a series of illustrious men and glorious actions. These privileged people seem to have

been set apart by nature, to teach the rest of mortals to what degree of virtue and magnanimity the human character may be exalted. He who from his youth has learned to admire the inflexible fortitude of a Regulus, the incorruptible integrity of a Fabricius, the mild virtues of a Scipio, the stern and severe patriotism of a Brutus;—he who has trodden the plains of Marathon and Plataea, or followed the heroic Leonidas to the straits of Thermopylæ—who has contemplated the august and venerable Cincinnatus at his plough, or Mucius at the altar of Porsenna—Aristides in exile—the unconquered Cato at Utica—Phocion in chains, or Socrates as he raised the poisoned chalice to his lips;—he who, from his youth, has contracted an intimacy with these “Awful fathers of Mankind”—must have inhaled a portion of that celestial flame with which they were animated;—and must have acquired a nobility and generosity of soul, which cannot bend to a communion with that “vulgar vice and base-born profligacy”—those sordid and illiberal pursuits that so often degrade and vilify the character of man.

It is by reading the history of generous and noble actions, that sympathetic emotions are excited in the heart, and by continued reiteration of such feelings, that grandeur of sentiment, dignity and elevation of character, and habits of virtue are generated and confirmed. Lycurgus clothed in armour the statues of the gods of his country, that, even in their devotions, the children of Sparta might have the image of war before their eyes; observing well, that a disposition of the mind, like a limb of the body, was invigorated, and formed into activity and habit by repetition of exercise.—*Discenda virtus, ars est bonum fieri.*

In every course of instruction, the object of vital importance, and to which the first and most serious attention is due, is that *Moral Education*, by which the social virtues are improved; and the tender and unguarded age of infancy protected, and fortified against the allurements and fascinations of vice. To this, all scientific and metaphysical studies are of secondary consideration.

“The purpose of Milton (says Johnson) was to teach something more solid than the common literature of schools, by reading those authors that treat of physical subjects; such as the Georgick, and astronomical treatises of the ancients. This was a

scheme of improvement which seems to have busied many literary projectors of that age.

"But the truth is, that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and Justice are virtues and excellencies of all times and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence, that one may know another half his life, without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears. Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation; and these purposes are best served by *poets, orators and historians*.

"Let me not be censured for this opinion as pedantic or paradoxical; for, if I have Milton against me, I have Socrates on my side. It was his labour to turn philosophy from the study of nature to speculations upon life; but the innovators whom I oppose are turning off attention from life to nature. They seem to think, that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants, or the motions of the stars. Socrates was rather of opinion, that what we had to learn was, how to do good and avoid evil.

"Of institutions we may judge by their effects. From this wonder-working academy, I do not know that there ever proceeded any man very eminent for knowledge."

In our approach toward manhood, science may be cultivated with effect; but it is in the first spring of life, alone, that are to be acquired those habits and propensities on which our future happiness or misery depends. The plant must receive its direction when pliant and young; when hardened into resistance and inflexibility by

age, all the skill of the husbandman is vain in correcting its obliquity. This is, therefore, the most interesting period of life, not only to the parents or friends immediately concerned, but to every individual of the community; for, in this rank of society are the heads and the hearts that, in a few years, are to direct the national councils; to preside over the destinies of this republic, and conduct it to glory or to shame.

In all those illustrious governments which have been the admiration of the world, the first and most sacred duty of the magistrates was the moral education of youth. The child when born was considered the property of the republic and placed under its immediate superintendence. Around the walls of their academies and lyceums, among the statues of the gods, were the sainted images of their ancestors who had died for their country. Every lesson and every object conspired to rouse in their souls that holy enthusiasm for virtue, to stamp upon their minds that national character, patriotism and invincibility which made the breasts of their citizens the only rampart necessary for the defence of their rights and independence. In other countries, says Xenophon, punishment is inflicted for every transgression of the law; in Persia, the vigilance of the rulers anticipates the inclination to do wrong. Others seek remedies; the Persians, to prevent the disease. Elsewhere, to learn grammar, rhetoric, and logic, children are sent to school; here, to learn *justice, temperance, and moderation*.

The example of the world has determined that laws, however wise, unless placed under the safeguard of morality are vain and insignificant *verbiage*; and that the first policy and duty of a well governed state is the moral and virtuous education of youth.—

“ Quid leges sine moribus vanae proficiunt ? ”

But since our government does not interpose its wisdom, or interfere either with our moral or literary excellence—since there is no Mæcenas or Pollio to stretch forth to genius the hand of protection; no *National University*, where the children of the country may assemble, as in one family, to forget their local antipathies; where the temptation of honours—the crown of laurel in the hand of the chief magistrate of the republic—may excite to literary exertion and honest emulation;—since the important task of educa-

tion, is confided solely to the prudence and discretion of the parents and teachers, so much the more should their individual zeal and faculties co-operate in producing the happiest result.

It is scarcely necessary to observe how much depends on the parents in maintaining the ardour and emulation of study; and how necessary is their concurrence in the establishment of an uniform discipline, so essential to the happiness and improvement of their children. Their attendance on public examinations, and giving a dignity and importance to the labours and exertions of the pupils, is the only substitute for those incentives which may be afforded so effectually in seminaries under the control of the public authorities. Whilst this is left to the humble means of the tutor alone, (as is generally the case) education must dwindle into insignificance and *frivolity*; and every teacher of talents or spirit seek refuge from neglect, indifference, and contempt, in some more honoured and respected vocation."

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE TO SYMPATHY.

HAIL kinder nymph than e'er did dwell,
Midst fragrant Tempé's flowery meads;
Or in some lonely, hollow cell,
The mystic dance where Dian leads:
Descend, O goddess! from the skies,
Where injur'd Worth neglected dies;
Or where unpitied Grief and black Despair,
With tears that, never ceasing, flow,
And melting scenes of heartfelt woe
Fresh horror adds to the dark dungeon's air.

When pleasing scenes the heart expand,
When Friendship softens every care,
Then, goddess! wave thy gentle wand,
Let Mercy, Love, and Peace be there!
Thyself, too, at the blissful board,
With Mirth and modest Joy accord.

Not thy mask'd semblance base, where Fortune smiles,
Deceiving Flatt'ry artful wears,
Regardless of another's tears,
And unrelenting spreads his baneful wiles.

Where Virtue dwells, and sweet Content,
Nor fancied ills the mind corrode,
There, as by Heaven divinely sent,
Forever fix thy calm abode:
Or there, on swiftest pinions borne,
Where Melancholy's vot'ries mourn,
In silence wand'ring through the haunted grove,
Or sitting in some dreary dell,
Unto the rugged rocks they tell,
Of human malice, or ill-fated love.

The conquering tyrant throned on high,
With royal wreathes his temples bound,
(In dungeon deep while captives sigh)
In thee too oft, a friend has found.

When furious Anger wildly threatens,
And the quick heart diordered beats,
Relentless Vengeance, hellish, sure, and foul;
Then dost thou whisper to his mind,
And to his side the falchion bind,
Sharpen the deadly dagger's point, and mix the poison'd bowl:

Ah! rather let thy temper kind
In unison with transports glow,
While heavenly music melts the mind,
When the loud deep-toned organs blow,
And the full choir sublimely charms:
When the shrill trumpet sounds to arms,
And fires each soul with Glory's lasting praise;
Or some softer notes inspire
The enraptur'd soul with Cupid's fire,
Or add new vigour to the poet's lays.

O! goddess, gloomy is the soul
That coldly views the auspicious day,

When banish'd far Oppression foul,
 Fair Freedom rear'd her mildest sway,
 Along Columbia's happy shore,
 And wilds that now are waste no more:
 Nor sees with rising pride, or mournful sigh,
 Its country's bravest heroes low;
 Or the loud trump of triumph blow;
 See conquering PERRY living fam'd, and LAWRENCE nobly
 envied die! E. I.

—
SONG.

Air:—"Come take the Harp."
 SWEEP, sweep the breezy lyre again,
 Awake thy voice's melody,
 Oh when the heart is thrill'd with pain
 How doubly sweet is harmony.
 Now let thy fingers lightly move,
 Attune the blithsome roundelay:
 Now, now to dulcet tones of love,
 Breathe the soft soul-entrancing lay.
 Boldly strike the quivering lyre,
 Thy strain of mighty deeds in arms,
 Fill, fill my breast with martial fire,
 Arouse me to Ambition's charms.
 For oh my heart 's to grief a prey,
 Torn, torn by Frindship's perfidy—
 Chace its lethargic cares away
 With thy sweet varied melody.

SYDNEY.

—
CANZONET.

MAIDEN, by that look of anguish,
 And those sighs so full of wo,
 He for whom thy heart doth languish,
 Proves, poor maid, to thee untrue:
 Yet calm thy breast
 Thou soon shalt rest
 With one whose love is ever true.

Maiden, though the world desert thee,
 God will ever be thy friend,
 In His arms no wo can hurt thee,
 He will bless thee without end:
 In Him then trust,
 For he is just,
 And will thy broken spirit mend.

SYDNEY.

—
 THE MANIAC'S SONG.

" GENTLY flow, ye swelling billows,
 O'er my Edwin's ocean bed,
 Soft the azure wave that pillows
 On its breast my lover's head;
 The syren's songs
 His sleep prolongs,
 His bridal couch the sea-nymphs spread.
 Softly breathe ye sighing gales,
 Lightly o'er his death-bed sweep:
 Hark! the mermaid's song bewails,
 See around him Naiads weep:
 They've made his grave
 In ocean's cave,
 And there I'll to his bosom creep!
 " And see my Edwin spreads his arms
 And cries, ' my Ellen haste thee here;
 Here, sweet, shall cease fond love's alarms,
 Can Ellen ought with Edwin fear?
 Together blest
 We'll sweetly rest,
 Oh haste my bride, my Ellen dear."
 With wilder'd gaze, and throbbing breast
 She sigh'd, " my love, to thee I go,"
 Then eager to the wild cliff prest,
 And plung'd into the flood below.
 By Edwin's side
 Now sleeps his bride,
 Releas'd from every earthly wo.

SYDNEY.

CANZONET.

Fare-thee-well, when I am gone
 Wil't thou not, love, still think of me,
 Dwell on those fairy hours, now flown,
 Blest hours, winged with ecstasy;
 When Friendship smil'd
 And Hope beguil'd
 •The bodings of futurity.

Oh! fare-thee-well, this ling'ring heart
 In vain would break the magic spell,
 And from this blest Elysium part,
 Where all its hopes of pleasured dwell.
 Forbear! forbear!
 To wound my ear,
 For death sounds in that word farewell.

SYDNEY

A FABLE FROM THE FRENCH.

To Critics.

A LEARNED bard has given the precept well,
 "Let those teach others who, themselves, excel."
 But, sirs, to place it more distinct before ye,
 Allow me to relate a simple story.
 A parrot caged till he was old and gray,
 Neglected by his mistress, flew away;
 With joy betook him to the wood again,
 And sought to mingle with the feathered train.
 Behold him now assume the critic's part,
 And scream out lessons in the songster's art;
 His skill so fine, his critic taste so clear,
 His censures fall on all alike severe.
 The nightingale, he thought too harsh and shrill;
 The lark had talents, but he used them ill;
 In vain to please each warbler tried his throat,
 The critic hissed and silenced every note.
 At length the astonished birds around him throng,
 And beg the favour of one little song;

Since surely he that judged of them so well,
 In singing must all other birds excel.
 Our critic look'd abashed and scratched his head,
 Blushing (if birds can blush) a dingy red,
 Then stammered to the importuning ring,
 'Sirs, I can hiss, but never learned to sing.' V.

Lines in the Album at Passaic, in which travellers insert their names, and write, in prose or rhyme, whatever fancy dictates.

THIS faithful record of all travellers' names,
 A just epitome of their lives proclaims;
 They sojourn'd here and trifled for a day,
 Wrote they had been, and then were borne away.

In vain the moralist, with solemn rhyme,
 Forewarns his readers of the lapse of time,
 In vain Passaic's stream with ceaseless fall,
 Wave following wave, declares the lot of all.

Young beaus and belles too giddy to be wise,
 The voice of man and nature too despise;
 How few when trembling on the rocks' high brink,
 On the Creator of this wonder think.

How few, whilst gushing, foaming waters roar,
 In contemplation to their Author soar,
 And thus impress'd with a religious sense,
 In silent awe adore Omnipotence.

The following lines are offered as an humble tribute to the memory of the late Mrs. LOWRY JONES, daughter of Caleb Foulke, late of Montgomery county, Pennsylvania—a lady whose benevolent heart and refined understanding rendered her no less amiable than she was beneficent, and who, after having performed the relative duties of a wife, mother, daughter, sister and friend, died on the 3d day of June 1815, universally beloved and lamented.

"Oh human life, how mutable how vain,
 How wide thy sorrows, circumscribed thy joy;
 A sunny island in a stormy main,
 A spot of azure in a cloudy sky."—SCOTT.

FRIENDSHIP seest thou yon rising mound,
 With Nature's modest flowret crown'd,

Whose fragrance fills the air?
'Tis Laura's grave! and the pure joys
Which from thy magic power arise,
With her are buried there.

Departed Worth! how late thine eye
Mildly diffused its genial glow,
Thine heart, when Sorrow breath'd the sigh,
It gently throb'd to plaints of Wo!

How late each conjugal delight,
Inspir'd thy sympathetic breast!
When thy fair day, serenely bright,
Arose with gilded visions blest!

Now where is all thy smiling bliss,
Illusive dreams of happiness,
Which lately seem'd so fair?
Ah Laura! wither'd is their bloom
With thee, within the silent tomb,
They too are buried there!

Nor shall thy tuneful harp again
Repeat its soft harmonious strain
To charm the raptur'd ear,
Its grateful notes its golden string
Now sounds where bands of Seraphs sing
Above the starry sphere!

"Still o'er the grave that holds the dear remains
The mouldering veil thy spirit left below,
Fond fancy dwells and pours funereal strains
The soul dissolving melody of wo."

Methinks an angel's voice I hear,
And choral hymns to heaven arise,
'Tis *faith* with joy salutes the ear
And sings of bliss beyond the skies.

E. J.

Charleston, S. Carolina, Aug. 3, 1815.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE understand, and heartily congratulate our fellow citizens on the prospect, that we may shortly expect from the pencil of our distinguished young countryman, Mr. Leslie, now in the school of Mr. West, in London, a large historical painting of the late signal overthrow of the British at New Orleans. The subject is grand, and the undertaking weighty. But such is our opinion of the qualifications of Mr. Leslie, that we feel no apprehension touching the consequence. We believe he will bring to the task a competency of talent, taste, and discipline, to execute it in a style worthy of the achievement, honourable to his country, and calculated to give high and lasting celebrity to himself.

We hope that colonel Trumbull, who has lately returned from Europe, a perfect master in all that relates to historical painting, will turn his attention to some of our celebrated battle-scenes in the north. That of Niagara, and those of the defence and sortie of Fort Erie, are worthy to awaken his highest ambition. Never has his pencil been heretofore employed on superior subjects. The battles of Chippewa and Plattsburgh would also make an interesting appearance on canvass. We are happy in believing that the advantages which literature and the fine arts will derive from the events of the late war, are likely to make some amends for the numerous and necessary evils by which it was accompanied. These advantages are already apparent in sundry publications, both from the pen and the pencil, and we have no doubt they will increase with the progress of time, and the further accumulation of wealth in our country.

We understand that colonel Trumbull has made considerable progress in a large and splendid painting of the declaration of American independence. A nobler subject cannot engage the contemplation of mortals. In point of moral sublimity, it stands at the summit of all that is connected with man. A great many heads in the picture are said to be already finished, most of them real likenesses of those who took part in that glorious event.

These and sundry other instances of the improved state of literature and the arts amongst us, if liberally encouraged, promise to our country, at no distant period, an era of Grecian refinement and splendour. The time is approaching, when, instead of its being any longer imposed on Americans as an insulting task to show that they are *equal* in intellect to the people of Europe, it will be the business of the latter to endeavour to defend themselves against the appearance and charge of *inferiority*.

Views and analyses of all these productions of genius shall be laid before the readers of this journal as soon as they may be sufficiently advanced for the purpose.

A history of our late military operations under general Jackson, near New Orleans, is already prepared by a gentleman who bore a distinguished part in them, and will be immediately put to press in this city.

Now that the dog-day heats have subsided, and the Etesian winds have once more returned to brace the nerves and brush the mists and vapours from the brain, we earnestly call on our corps of auxiliaries to rally around us with all their forces. This summons is directed more particularly to our light-armed troops, the elite of our band, whose co-operation is at present much wanted.—Without a metaphor, and in solid earnest, we solicit from our correspondents communications on all suitable subjects, but especially in the lighter department of literature:—well written criticisms, odes and essays, bon-mots and anecdotes, with other productions calculated, at the same time, to amuse and instruct.



J. Wood sculp.

Gimbrete sc.

JAMES BIDDLE ESQ.

of the United States Navy.

Engraved for Port Folio Pub. by T. Desilver.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1815.

NO. V.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF CAPTAIN JAMES BIDDLE OF THE
UNITED STATES' NAVY.

THIS gallant and accomplished officer is the son of Charles Biddle, Esq. of Philadelphia, and was born on the 18th of February, 1783. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, where he made great progress in classical studies, and acquired a taste for literature, which, in the intervals of professional duty, he has since assiduously cultivated.

In the year 1800 the navy of the United States offered the most brilliant prospects to the aspiring youth of our country. It had acquired fame in the war with France, and under the favour of the government, was rapidly increasing. The success of captain Truxton in his actions with the French frigates *Insatiable* and *Vengeance*, had conferred glory upon himself and given new eclat to the navy. To this distinguished commander, Mr. Charles Biddle entrusted the care of his two sons, James and Edward. On quitting the University they obtained midshipmen's warrants; were attached to the frigate *President*, then fitting at New-York, and sailed for the West-Indies in the month of September 1800. In consequence of the cessation of hostilities with France, their

cruise was of short duration, nor did it afford any opportunity for an engagement. It was rendered fatally memorable, however, to the subject of this memoir and to his family, by the melancholy loss of Mr. Edward Biddle, who died at sea of a fever after a short illness. The extraordinary genius and acquirements of this young gentleman, had given him an exalted name among his cotemporaries. To his friends he was endeared by the possession of the most amiable and attractive qualities, the kindest feelings, and the warmest sensibility, united with the utmost fearlessness of character, and a disposition the most generous, frank, and high-minded.*

On the return of the President to the United States, 1801, the ~~Army~~ ~~was~~ was reduced to a small peace establishment, in which Mr. Biddle was retained ~~as~~ a midshipman. Early in 1802 he sailed ~~to the~~ Mediterranean ~~in~~ the frigate Constellation, captain Murray. The object of our ~~squadron~~ in that sea was to protect American vessels chiefly against Tripoline cruisers. In performing this

* The following Obituary Notice is taken from a Philadelphia gazette of December 30th, 1800.

"Extract of a letter from a gentleman on board the frigate President, to the professor of mathematics in the Philadelphia Academy, dated St. Pierres, November 20, 1800.

"On the 14th inst. to windward of Descada, at 8 o'clock, we had the misfortune of losing your friend and pupil, Mr. Edward Biddle, midshipman, aged sixteen years, who died of a fever after a few days illness, universally lamented. To form an estimate of the merit of this accomplished youth, would be, with a good disposition, to unite all those rare qualities of the head and heart, which when properly blended and matured, constitute the philosopher and the hero. Nature, which had so highly gifted his mind, had been equally profuse in forming his person, which was at once elegant and interesting; his stature near six feet, and his limbs finely proportioned."

"To the foregoing extract it may be added, that Mr. Biddle's education was liberal and finished; but he principally excelled in an extensive knowledge of the mathematics, for which his penetrating genius and solid judgment seemed particularly fitted. So great were his acquirements in these abstruse and difficult sciences that at the age of fifteen, when he quitted school, there was not a teacher in this city who could yield the least assistance, and perhaps he was the only person of that age (the celebrated Clairault excepted) who ever made himself a complete master of sir Isaac Newton's Principia without the help of a tutor."

service, the *Constellation* visited a great variety of places. The islands and shores of the Mediterranean present such interesting remains of antiquity, and so many places consecrated by great events, and the eloquence of classical writers, that a young man whose studies have rendered their names familiar to him, finds among them a rich fund of instruction and gratification. Mr. Biddle availed himself of all his opportunities, and was frequently enabled to indulge the enthusiasm of a scholar when he treads upon classic ground.

As the seamen in the United States service were at that time enlisted for one year only, the cruises of our public vessels were rarely protracted beyond that period. The *Constellation* therefore returned home in the spring of 1803, was dismantled and laid up at Washington. Mr. Biddle was transferred to the frigate *Philadelphia*, captain Bainbridge, and sailed again for the Mediterranean in July 1803. The fate of this unfortunate ship is well remembered. On the 31st October, 1803, off the coast of Tripoli, she struck upon a rock not laid down in any charts extant, and unknown to any of our vessels which had previously frequented that coast. After every effort to get her afloat had failed, and all resistance to the enemy's gun-boats had become unavailing, the colours of the *Philadelphia* were hauled down, and Mr. Porter, the first lieutenant, and midshipman Biddle were despatched to inform of their surrender. As they approached the Tripoline gun-boats they were hailed and ordered by each one to his own vessel. One of them fired a shot at the American boat, and lieutenant Porter inferring that he who fired was the commanding officer, rowed towards him, though his gun-boat was at a greater distance. The nearer gun-boats finding the American barge passing them, manned their boats to take possession of her. As they were coming along-side, lieutenant Porter and Mr. Biddle were prepared to deliver up their swords, but this ceremony was dispensed with. Nearly twenty men of ferocious appearance, armed with sabres, pistols and muskets jumped into the boat and at once commenced their work of insult and of plunder. Two of them snatched Mr. Biddle's sword, pulled off his coat, and began to fight for it, until at length, probably to decide their dispute, they returned it to him. His cravats were violently torn from his neck.

his waistcoat and shirt opened, and his breast exposed, for the purpose, as he very naturally inferred, of perpetrating their horrid vengeance, though their intention, it appeared, was only to search for valuables that might be concealed about his person. They searched all his pockets and took all his papers and money, except twenty dollars in gold which he had slipped into his boots and thereby secured. The officers and crew of the boat were then carried on shore, conducted amidst the shouts and acclamations of a barbarous rabble to the palace gates, and ushered into the presence of the bashaw, who, seated in state, and surrounded by his ministers and his guards, was ready to receive them in the audience chamber. He asked a variety of questions, principally about the ship and the American squadron. In this situation, ignorant of the fate of their companions, and doubtful of their own, they continued a considerable time, until at length the remaining officers and crew, after being plundered and stripped of almost all their clothes, were hurried in a tumultuous manner from the ship, and having been inspected by the bashaw were conducted to the place assigned for their safe-keeping.

There is scarcely any subject which the imagination can present to us more full of horror than that of slavery among the barbarians of Africa. Such was the impression of the prisoners themselves, as well as of their countrymen. It will readily be believed therefore, that no event ever excited more feeling in this country, than the loss of the frigate *Philadelphia*, and the captivity of her officers and crew. Their story has been frequently told, and although no violence was offered to their persons, yet a close and rigorous confinement, the want of air, of exercise, and of employment—perpetual uncertainty in regard to their fate, and occasional threats by the bashaw of his vengeance, were circumstances calculated to impair the health and break the spirits of the strongest and most resolute. Yet they preserved their health and their spirits unbroken. Happily the officers were confined together, and being strongly attached to their commander and to each other, they lived in the greatest harmony and mutual confidence. It was a point of honour to be firm and cheerful, to disregard the threats of the barbarians, and to sustain by an unconquerable fortitude the character of their country. The solicitude

of Mr. Biddle's family induced them to take some steps for his private ransom, but he discountenanced these attempts, and declared that until his country should wholly abandon them, he would share the fortunes of his fellow prisoners. His opinion uniformly was that their release might and ought to be obtained by a proper exertion of the force of the United States. Among the circumstances which alleviated the condition of the prisoners it would be unjust to omit the kind and unremitted attentions of the Danish consul, Mr. Nissen, rendered at all times, in every practicable way, and often at a very great personal hazard. To sir Alexander Ball, the British governor of Malta, Mr. Biddle had delivered letters of personal introduction, and during his confinement, that gallant officer and amiable man was very attentive to him. He maintained a friendly correspondence with Mr. Biddle, interested the British consul at Tripoli in his behalf, and furnished him with occasional supplies from Malta that were highly acceptable.

After a confinement of more than nineteen months, the prisoners obtained their liberation in consequence of the peace with Tripoli, and in the month of September 1805, captain Bainbridge and Mr. Biddle, who had not separated since the loss of the frigate, returned together to Philadelphia. They had arrived at Hampton Roads and travelled northward by land, and such was the public sympathy towards captain Bainbridge and his officers, united with the opinion entertained of their good conduct, that they were received every where on their route with the greatest marks of distinction.

A court of inquiry, which had been previously held in the Mediterranean completely justified the surrender of the ship; nor is indeed any thing further now necessary to satisfy the country that its flag was not weakly defended on that occasion, than to repeat the names of Bainbridge and Porter and Jones and Biddle, who were among the officers of the Philadelphia.

Upon his release from captivity Mr. Biddle was promoted to a lieutenantancy, and after remaining at home but a few weeks he was ordered to the command of one of the gun-boats, then lying at Charleston. He cruised for some time on the southern coast, which had been infested by privateers, in company with the fri-

gate Adams, and afterwards in company with the brig Hornet; he was also employed by order of the navy department in making a survey of the harbour of Beaufort, South Carolina. The principal rendezvous was the port of Charleston. Here lieutenant Biddle received, besides the usual hospitality of the place, the most distinguished civilities as the nephew of captain Nicholas Biddle, who had been extensively known and highly respected there during the Revolutionary war, and whose last expedition had been fitted out at that port.

He remained on this station during the winter of 1805-6, and until the month of June; when, finding the gun-boat service very inactive and irksome, he obtained a furlough and proceeded to Philadelphia. Here he continued until the following spring; when he made a voyage to China as first officer of a merchant ship. While absent on this voyage the embargo law was passed, and immediately on his return he was placed under the command of commodore Murray, in the Delaware flotilla, employed to enforce the embargo. The gun-boat service was almost the only one in which our officers could find employment at that period, the Chesapeake being the only frigate in commission. But in January 1809, congress authorized the equipment of several of the frigates, and captain Bainbridge being appointed to command the President, selected Mr. Biddle as his second lieutenant. When captain Bainbridge, in May 1810, obtained a furlough and relinquished the command of the President, lieutenant Biddle was directed to take charge of the Syren sloop of war, whose commander was sick on shore, and carry her from Philadelphia to Hampton Roads; he there quitted the Syren on the recovery of her captain, and joined the Constitution frigate, captain Hull. At this time the minds of our naval officers were strongly excited against the British, in consequence of the attack on the frigate Chesapeake and other subsequent events of an irritating nature. A British frigate had been cruising off the capes of Virginia, and as it was known that the President was about to put to sea, and the impression very generally among the officers was, that in case of meeting a British frigate a battle would take place, lieutenant Biddle applied to commodore Rodgers to be ordered to the President, which was then short of her complement of lieutenants.

He accordingly went on board that ship, which sailed in a day or two after, but did not meet any British cruiser. The President being laid up at New-London for the winter, lieutenant Biddle left her, and soon after made a voyage to Lisbon. In December 1811, he sailed as bearer of despatches from our government to the American minister in France, and remained in Paris nearly four months, during which he was presented to the emperor Napoleon and attended all the parties given at the Thuilleries.

In these active and diversified scenes, many opportunities occurred both on public duty and in private life to display a character of firmness and decision, jealous of personal honour and aspiring to deeds of enterprise and of fame.

Very soon after his return from France, the war took place between the United States and Great Britain. When the news of its declaration reached Philadelphia, lieutenant Biddle was not attached to any vessel, and being extremely anxious to avail himself of the first chance of service, he repaired immediately to New-York in order to volunteer his services to commodore Rodgers who then commanded the frigate President. On his arrival, he found, to his extreme disappointment, that the President had sailed but a few hours before, and in company with all the vessels of the squadron, except the frigate Essex, which was then not quite in readiness for sea. To captain Porter lieutenant Biddle next applied to be received on board the Essex, and this gallant officer readily accepted his services. But unfortunately for lieutenant Biddle, he was superior in rank to all the lieutenants of the Essex, who were very naturally unwilling to receive an officer by whom they would be outranked. To their representations on the subject, captain Porter could not, from motives of justice as well as delicacy towards his officers, be indifferent, and lieutenant Biddle saw the Essex put to sea without his being able to share in the dangers and glory of her cruise.

Disappointed in his most ardent wishes at the moment when he expected to realize them, he now hastened to the city of Washington and solicited employment. But there being no public vessels in commission within the United States, he then requested from the secretary an order to join one of the frigates on their return into port: but all of them had their full complement of of-

ficers. He therefore returned to Philadelphia, mortified at the failure of all his efforts to get to sea. From this despondency he was relieved by the arrival, in the Delaware, of the sloop of war Wasp, captain Jones, with despatches from France. This vessel had not her full complement of officers, and lieutenant Biddle immediately procured an order to join her as first lieutenant.

The Wasp went to sea on the 13th of October, 1812, and on the 18th fell in with six sail of British merchant vessels: four of them large ships, mounting from sixteen to eighteen guns, and having forty or fifty men each, under convoy of the Frolic sloop of war. An attack upon the sloop of war was determined on, and at thirty-two minutes past eleven o'clock the Wasp came down to windward on her larboard side within about sixty yards, and hailed. The enemy hoisted the British ensign, and opened a fire of cannon and musketry. This the Wasp quickly returned, and coming nearer, the action became close, and without intermission. The sea was so rough that the muzzles of the Wasp's guns were frequently in the water. The Wasp now shot ahead of the Frolic, raked her, and then took a position on her starboard side. Captain Jones did not wish to board the enemy, lest the roughness of the sea might endanger both vessels; but, in the course of a few minutes every brace of the Wasp was shot away, and her rigging so entirely cut up, that he was afraid, his masts being unsupported, would go by the board, and the enemy be enabled to escape; he determined, therefore, and accordingly gave orders to run the enemy on board. The two vessels struck each other with a tremendous crash, the Frolic's jib-boom coming in between the main and mizzen rigging of the Wasp, directly over the heads of captain Jones and lieutenant Biddle, who were at that moment standing together near the capstan. The enemy lay so fair for raking, that they decided not to board until they had given a closing broadside. Two of the Wasp's guns were fired through the bow-ports of the Frolic, sweeping the whole length of her deck. Lieutenant Biddle then mounted the hammock-cloth to board, but his feet getting entangled in the rigging of the enemy's bowsprit, and one of the midshipmen, who followed him, taking hold of his coat, he fell back on the Wasp's deck, and narrowly escaped being crushed to death between the two vessels. He instantly

sprang up, and as the next swell of the sea brought the enemy nearer, he got on the bowsprit, where two of the seamen already were. He passed them on the fore-castle, and was surprised to find that the only persons on deck, were the commander and two other officers, and a seaman at the wheel. Upon seeing lieutenant Biddle, these officers threw down their swords, making an inclination of their bodies, to denote that they had surrendered; and, as their colours were still flying, he hauled them down himself, and took possession of the Frolic in forty-three minutes after the first fire. Her decks were covered with the bodies of the dead, and exhibited a frightful scene; the birth-deck particularly, was crowded with the dead, the wounded, and the dying. Captain Jones immediately sent his surgeon's mate on board; lieutenant Biddle ordered all the public blankets and slops of the Frolic to be brought up for the use of the wounded, and every attention was paid to these unfortunate men, which a generous and humane enemy could bestow.

From lieutenant Biddle's own observation, and from the information given to him by the officers of the Frolic, he reported to captain Jones, that the number of the enemy killed, must have been about thirty, and that of the wounded about forty or fifty. The number, however, it appears was underrated; for captain Whinyates, in his official letter, states, that of all his officers and crew, there were not twenty persons remaining unhurt. The Wasp had five killed, and five wounded. She mounted sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, and two long twelves. The Frolic mounted sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, two long twelves, and two twelve pound carronades on the main-deck, and two twelve pound carronades upon the top-gallant fore-castle. She was, therefore, superior to the Wasp, by exactly four twelve pound carronades.

Soon after the action the two vessels separated, and in a few minutes more, the Frolic's mainmast and foremast went by the board; her bowsprit had been carried away by running foul. Lieutenant Biddle was ordered by captain Jones to rig jury-masts, and make his way, with the prize, to a southern port of the United States. Unfortunately, however, a large ship hove in sight, to windward, which proved to be the Poictiers, a British seventy-

four, and as the Frolic was totally dismasted, and the Wasp so disabled in her rigging, and in her sails, as to be incapable of escaping immediately, both vessels were taken by the Poictiers. Captain Jones and his officers were carried to Bermuda, and after a short detention there, were released upon their parole, and returned to the United States.

It is difficult to describe the exultation produced in this country, by a victory so decisive over a British vessel of superior force. Public honours were liberally, and most justly awarded to captain Jones. Of the part borne in this memorable action by lieutenant Biddle, it is only necessary to add the following extract from the official letter of captain Jones. "Lieutenant Biddle's active conduct contributed much to our success, by the exact attention paid to every department during the engagement, and the animating example he afforded the crew by his intrepidity."

The legislature of his native state, voted lieutenant Biddle a sword, and the thanks of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for his distinguished gallantry and skill. By a resolution of the legislature of Maryland, the governor of that state was requested to address letters to captain Jones and lieutenant Biddle, expressive of the very high sense entertained of their conduct and services, in the capture of the British sloop of war Frolic, of superior force. The Pennsylvania society of Cincinnati, elected lieutenant Biddle an honorary member of their body. A testimonial still more interesting to the feelings of lieutenant Biddle, was offered to him by a number of highly respectable gentlemen of Philadelphia. In a letter addressed to him by their committee, they observe,

"Whilst your country confers upon you those distinguished marks of approbation, which are ever due to merit and to valour, a number of the personal friends and companions of your youth, are desirous of attesting to you their esteem, and of perpetuating the remembrance of your private worth. With this view, they have directed us, as their committee, to present to you in their name, a silver urn, bearing upon it an appropriate inscription, and a representation of the action between the Wasp and the Frolic, in which you so conspicuously assisted to exalt the naval character of our country."

Congress voted a gold medal to captain Jones, and a silver medal to each of the commissioned officers of the Wasp, and gave twenty-five thousand dollars to the officers and crew, for the capture of the Frolic.

Upon his exchange, lieutenant Biddle was promoted to the rank of master-commandant, and received the command of the gun-boats, stationed to protect the bay of Delaware from the incursions of the British. But, before the whole flotilla was completed, an opportunity of a more active command was offered by the return into port of the Hornet sloop of war. Captain Lawrence, in consequence of his promotion, having quitted her to command a frigate, captain Biddle applied for, and obtained the command of the Hornet, then lying at New-York. His orders were to join the frigate Chesapeake, then at Boston, and nearly ready for a cruise. These vessels were to meet at sea, and cruise together for the purpose of intercepting the naval and military stores of the enemy, coming from England, and also their trade to the St. Lawrence. By the capture of the Chesapeake, the enemy became possessed of all the signals, and the instructions from the navy department, in consequence of which a frigate and several other vessels were despatched in pursuit of the Hornet. Previously to this, however, and as soon as the Hornet was ready for sea, captain Biddle sailed in company with the frigates United States and Macedonian from New-York, through the sound, there being a large British force then off Sandy Hook. On the first of June, they were met off the east end of Long Island by a superior force of the enemy, and chased into New-London. The Hornet being very deep was nearly overtaken, and was obliged to start her water, in order to lighten. Our ships proceeded up the river; were moored across it to defend themselves, and remained unmolested by the enemy. They continued, however, to blockade the mouth of the river, and a very long and tedious confinement of our little squadron was the consequence. This state of inactivity was peculiarly irksome and vexatious to captain Biddle, who being now, for the first time, in command of a ship, was extremely anxious to measure his strength with an enemy upon equal terms. Believing, that with his small vessel alone, he could elude the blockading squadron, he solicited permission to make

the attempt a very few weeks after being chased into New-London; but the views of the government for the employment of the ships, did not accord with his wishes.

It could not be expected that two hostile squadrons, should remain long in sight of each other, without some effort to produce an encounter, and although our officers do not always think themselves justifiable in sending challenges, yet there is no scruple in accepting them. Early in January, 1814, the British force off New-London, consisted of the *Ramilies*, seventy-four, commodore sir Thomas Hardy; the *Endymion*, frigate, captain Hope; and the *Statira*, frigate, captain Stackpole. A conversation took place among these officers, in presence of an American prisoner of war, who was about to be landed at New-London, which was considered as an overture to a meeting between the two British frigates and the American frigates. The conversation was communicated by the prisoner to our officers, who readily embraced the opportunity. Captain Biddle was the negotiator on the occasion, and had an interview with sir Thomas Hardy, on board the *Ramilies*. Sir Thomas, after taking a day to consider of it, declined the meeting; because the *Endymion's* force was inferior to that of the United States; but offered to permit the *Statira* to meet the *Macedonian*; which commodore Decatur, for reasons stated in his answer, would not allow. Captain Biddle had volunteered his services to commodore Decatur, to serve in either of the ships, and, in case of a meeting, would have been on board one of them.

In his first visit to sir Thomas Hardy, on the subject of the challenge, captain Biddle, being desirous that the *Hornet* might be brought into the combat, made many inquiries respecting the *Loup Cervier* sloop of war (formerly the United States' ship *Wasp*) which was daily expected to join the British squadron; when sir Thomas, at length, said to him, "I suppose you want a fight with the *Loup Cervier*." This remark gave captain Biddle the opportunity which he was seeking of expressing his wishes, and he urged very strongly the importance to the navy of both countries of having a fair, equal *challenge* fight between two such vessels. On the arrival of the *Loup Cervier* off New-London, captain Biddle received a communication from captain Mends, her commander, stating, that he also was desirous of meeting the

Hornet, provided the commanding officers of the two squadrons would permit it; and that if captain Biddle would inform him of the number of souls he commanded, captain Mends pledged his honour to limit his number to the same. Commodore Decatur would not permit captain Biddle to acquaint captain Mends with the number of his crew, and meet him on the terms stated, because it was understood, that in that case the *Loup Cervier* would have a picked crew from the British squadron, and commodore Decatur would not allow such a selection to be made from his ships; nor would he suffer captain Biddle to write to captain Mends, in order to ascertain the number of his men, and offer to reduce the crew of the *Hornet*, if larger, to that number; because the government having fixed the complement of men to be allowed to the *Hornet*, he would not be justified in permitting a reduction. Captain Biddle, in his answer, after assuring captain Mends, that in having expressed a wish to meet the ship under his command, he was not in the slightest degree influenced by any feeling of personal hostility towards him, then states, "I have submitted your communication to the perusal of commodore Decatur. Commodore Decatur feels unauthorized to permit that the crew of this ship should be strengthened, by a selection from any other ship under his command, since by so permitting he may be disabled from complying with the orders of his government. He is unwilling that an advantage denied to this ship, should be allowed to the *Loup Cervier*. I have the pleasure, however, to acquaint you, that I am authorized to communicate to you, that commodore Decatur has given his permission, that this ship shall meet the *Loup Cervier*, under a mutual and satisfactory pledge, that neither ship receive any additional officers or men, but shall go into action with their original crews respectively. This ship mounts twenty guns; the *Loup Cervier*, at the time of her capture, mounted eighteen guns: if the armament of the *Loup Cervier* is still the same, I will take off two guns, and thus place the two ships on an equality. These terms, I trust, will be acceptable to you." Captain Biddle and his officers of course expected a meeting; but the day after his letter was delivered to captain Mends, the *Loup Cervier* went to sea, and did not again return to her station before New-London.

The enemy continued throughout the winter, a close blockade of New-London, and always with a force superior to that of our squadron. When the blustering weather, and the season most favourable for escaping had passed away, the government ordered the two frigates to be moved as high up the river as practicable, and after being dismantled, their officers and crews were transferred to other stations, while captain Biddle was directed to continue at New-London for the protection of the frigates. Although this service was deemed important by the government, yet to captain Biddle it presented a dreary prospect; he had languished nineteen months in the prison of Tripoli, while his brother officers were acquiring fame, in the active service of their country, and his present inactive situation appeared equally hopeless and mortifying; he remonstrated, though in vain, against the arrangement. The demonstration of attacking New-London and the frigates up the river, which was made about this period, by a very formidable British force, rendered, it indeed, imprudent to withdraw the protection of the *Hornet*. No attempt, however, was made by the enemy, though such preparations were made to receive him as to give every hope of his discomfiture.

When the season which was favourable for the operations of the enemy against the ships in the river had passed, and as soon as captain Biddle thought that the protection of the *Hornet* was unnecessary to their safety, he again applied for permission to leave New-London and proceed to New-York. This was granted; he immediately placed the *Hornet* in the best trim for sailing, passed the British squadron in the night of the 18th of November, undiscovered, and arrived at New-York, after having continued in New-London river upwards of seventeen months.

On the arrival of the *Hornet* at New-York, she was attached to the command of commodore Decatur, destined for a cruise to the East Indies. The frigate *President*, commodore Decatur, went to sea on the 14th January 1815, leaving the sloops of war *Peacock* and *Hornet* behind to bring out the store vessel, which was not then in readiness. As soon as she was ready, they all went to sea in a gale of wind on the 23d January. Three days after the *Hornet* separated in chase of a vessel which proved to be a Portuguese brig, and then proceeded singly towards the island

of Tristan d'Acunha, which was the first place of rendezvous for the squadron. On the passage she chased and boarded every vessel that came in sight. They were only four in all, and all of them neutrals. On the morning of the 23d of March, when about to anchor off the north end of that island, a sail was descried to the southward and eastward. As she was steering to the westward with a fine breeze from the S. S. W. she in a few minutes could not be seen for the land. The Hornet made sail to the eastward immediately, and after clearing the island and again gaining sight of her, perceived her bear up before the wind. Captain Biddle shortened sail and hove to for her to come down. When she had come down and began to shorten sail, she took in her steering sails in a very clumsy manner, purposely, as it afterwards appeared, to deceive the Hornet. She also came down stem on as nearly as possible, lest, as the officers afterwards stated, the Hornet should perceive her broadside and run. In coming down in this manner, she seemed to steer rather towards the Hornet's stern, so that captain Biddle thought her intention was to pass under his stern, giving him a raking broadside, and, hauling her wind, engage him to leeward, to prevent which the Hornet wore ship three times. "At forty minutes past one, P. M." says captain Biddle's official letter, "being nearly within musket shot distance, she hauled her wind on the starboard tack, hoisted English colours, and fired a gun. We immediately luffed to, hoisted our ensign, and gave the enemy a broadside. The action being thus commenced, a quick and well-directed fire was kept up from this ship, the enemy gradually drifting nearer to us, when at fifty-five minutes past one he bore up apparently to run us on board. As soon as I perceived he would certainly fall on board, I called the boarders so as to be ready to repel any attempt to board us. At the instant every officer and man repaired to the quarter-deck where the two vessels were coming in contact, and eagerly pressed me to permit them to board the enemy; but this I would not permit, as it was evident from the commencement of the action that our fire was greatly superior both in quickness and in effect. The enemy's bowsprit came in between our main and mizzen rigging on our starboard side, affording him an opportunity to board us, if such was his design; but no attempt was

made. There was a considerable swell, and as the sea lifted us ahead, the enemy's bowsprit carried away our mizzen shrouds, stern-clavits, and spanker-boom, and he hung upon our larboard quarter. At this moment an officer, who was afterwards recognised to be Mr. M'Donald, the first lieutenant, and the then commanding officer, called out that they had surrendered. I directed the marines and musketry men to cease firing, and while on the taffrel, asking if they had surrendered, I received a wound in the neck. The enemy just then got clear of us, and his foremast and bowsprit being both gone, and perceiving us wearing to give him a fresh broadside, he again called out that he had surrendered. It was with difficulty I could restrain my crew from firing into him again, as he had certainly fired into us after having surrendered. From the firing of the first gun to the last time the enemy cried out he had surrendered, was exactly twenty-two minutes by the watch. She proved to be his Britannic majesty's brig Penguin, mounting sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, two long twelves, a twelve pound carronade on the top-gallant forecastle, with swivels on the capstern and in the tops. She had a spare port forward so as to fight both her long guns of a side. She sailed from England in September last. She was shorter upon deck than this ship by two feet, but she had a greater length of keel, greater breadth of beam, thicker sides, and higher bulwarks than this ship, and was in all respects a remarkably fine vessel of her class. The enemy acknowledge a complement of one hundred and thirty-two men, twelve of them supernumerary marines from the Medway seventy-four, received on board in consequence of their being ordered to cruise for the American privateer Young Wasp. They acknowledge also a loss of fourteen killed and twenty-eight wounded; but Mr. Mayo, who was in charge of the prize, assures me that the number of killed was certainly greater."

Among the killed of the Penguin was captain Dickenson, her commander, who is represented to have been a deserving and favourite officer. Not a single round-shot struck the hull of the Hornet, but her sides were filled with grape, and her sails and rigging much cut. The Hornet had but one man killed and eleven wounded. Among the wounded were captain Biddle severely, and Mr. Conner, the first lieutenant, dangerously.

It is always gratifying to notice the attachment of our brave tars to their commanders. Captain Biddle, in the early part of the action, had his face much disfigured by being struck twice with splinters, and, when he received the wound in the neck, from which the blood flowed profusely, the most anxious concern for him was evinced by the crew, two of whom took him in their arms to carry him below. He could scarcely disengage himself from them, and finding that he would not leave the deck, one of them stript off his shirt and tied it tightly about captain Biddle's neck, so as to prevent his bleeding. Captain Biddle would not have his own wound dressed until after all his men had their's dressed.

We cannot omit a circumstance which marks a striking and characteristic difference between the seamen of the two countries. In conversation with lieutenant Macdonald, the surviving officer of the *Penguin*, he mentioned that soon after the commencement of the action captain Dickenson remarked to him, "this fellow hits us every time, we can't stand his fire; we must run him on board;" at that instant captain Dickenson received a grape-shot in his breast, which terminated his life in a few minutes. The command devolving upon Mr. McDonald, he said he gave orders to board, but that his men would not follow him; while the seamen of the *Hornet* were anxious and eager to board the enemy, but were prevented by their commander.

It has been stated that captain Biddle was wounded after the enemy had surrendered. He was standing upon the taffrel, and had ordered the musketry not to fire; when one of his officers called out to him that there was a man taking aim at him. Captain Biddle did not hear this, as his back was towards the officer; but two of the marines perceiving the fellow taking aim at captain Biddle fired at him, and he fell dead the instant after he had discharged his piece. He was not more than ten or twelve yards from captain Biddle when he shot him; the ball struck the chin directly in front with much force, and passing along the neck, tearing the flesh, went off behind through his cravat, waistcoat and coat-collar.

The Penguin being completely riddled, her foremast and bowsprit gone, and her mainmast so crippled as to be incapable of being secured, and captain Biddle being unwilling to return into port with his prize, or to spare officers to man her, he resolved to destroy her, and she was accordingly scuttled. A few days after the action he was joined by the Peacock and the store-ship. The Hornet had sustained so little injury in the action, that captain Biddle, having bent a new set of sails, and knotted and secured his rigging, was completely ready for further service. Captains Warrington and Biddle having waited the time prescribed, without the arrival of commodore Decatur, the Tom Bowling, store-ship, was converted into a cartel to carry the British prisoners to St. Salvador, and the Peacock and Hornet sailed on the 12th April, bound round the Cape of Good Hope. On the 27th April, early in the morning, in latitude 38, 30, S. and longitude 33, E. they discovered a strange sail, to which they gave chase. As it was part of the time calm, and during the other part the wind was quite light, they did not approach the chase until the afternoon of the following day. "At forty-five minutes past two, P. M." says captain Biddle's official letter, "the Peacock was about six miles ahead of this ship, and observing that she appeared to be suspicious of the chase, I took in starboard steering-sails and hauled up for the Peacock. At twenty-two minutes past three, P. M. the Peacock made the signal, that the chase was a ship of the line and an enemy. I immediately took in all steering-sails and hauled upon a wind, the enemy then upon our lee quarter, distant about eight miles. At nine, P. M. as he was gaining upon us, and there was every appearance that he would be enabled to keep sight of us during the night, I considered it necessary to lighten the ship. I therefore threw overboard twelve tons of kentledge, part of our shot, and some of our heavy spars; cut away the sheet anchor and cable, and started the wedges of the masts. At two A. M. the enemy being rather before our lee beam, I tacked to the westward; he also tacked and continued in chase of us. At daylight on the twenty-ninth, he was within gunshot upon our lee quarter. At seven, A. M. having hoisted English colours, and a rear-admiral's flag, he commenced firing from his bow-guns. As his shot went over us, I cut away the re-

maining anchor and cable, threw overboard the lanch, six of our guns, more of our shot, and every heavy article that was at hand. The enemy fired about thirty shot, not one of which took effect, though most of them passed over us. While he was firing, I had the satisfaction to perceive that we slowly dropped him, and at nine, A. M. he ceased his fire. At eleven, A. M. the enemy was again coming up with us. I now, therefore, threw overboard all our remaining guns, but one long gun, nearly all our shot, all our spare spars, cut away the top-gallant forecastle, and cleared every thing off deck, as well as from below, to lighten as much as possible. At noon the enemy again commenced firing; he fired many shot, only three of which came on board, two striking the hull and one passing through the jib. It is, however, extraordinary that every shot did not take effect; for the enemy, the second time he commenced firing, was certainly within three quarters of a mile of this ship, and the sea quite smooth. I perceived from his sails that the effect of his fire was to deaden his wind, and at two, P. M. he again ceased firing. At thirty minutes past two, P. M. the wind, which had previously, and greatly to our disadvantage, backed to the southeast, haled to the westward, and freshened up. At sundown the enemy was about four miles astern; the wind was fresh, and we went at the rate of nine knots throughout the night, and at daylight on the 30th, he was about twelve miles astern, still in chase of us. At thirty minutes past nine, A. M. he took in steering-sails, reefed his topsails and haled to the eastward, and at eleven, A. M. he was entirely out of sight. During the chase the enemy appeared to be very crank, and I therefore concluded he must have lightened while in chase of us. I did not at any time fire our stern-chasers, because it was manifest that the enemy injured his sailing by firing."

During this long and anxious chase, captain Biddle, though still much indisposed and debilitated by his wound, preserved his accustomed fortitude and presence of mind. Though his situation, for many hours, under the guns of a line-of-battle ship, would have justified his surrender, yet he could not bring his mind to give up the ship, and his persevering and unyielding spirit was rewarded by the success which it merited, but could scarcely have expected. It is this gallant and heroic temper, which neve

spairs and is always master of itself, that gives its possessor a claim to much higher merit, than can be made by the ordinary efforts of courage. As their capture appeared to be almost inevitable, and the minds of the crew were depressed, captain Biddle called them together and addressed them: he told them that he was determined not to heave to, but to carry sail from the enemy as long as his spars were unhurt, and that if the enemy continued to fire, he had no doubt that they should escape; he told them if they were captured, he should expect them to behave properly; he encouraged them not to fear any ill usage from the enemy, and assured them, that he would continue with them and never abandon them. The effect of this address, was to reanimate the spirits of the crew, and to make them all pleased and proud to resign their fate, confidently and cheerfully, to the direction of their brave commander.

After escaping from the seventy-four, the loss of her armament and other equipments, rendered the *Hornet's* return into port indispensable; and as it would have been extremely hazardous to approach our coast, being without guns, boats or anchors, he concluded to go into St. Salvador, for the purpose of refitting and resuming his cruise. He arrived there on the 9th of June, and on his arrival heard of the peace with Great Britain. He returned to New-York on the 30th of July.

Agreeably to the request of captain Biddle, a court of inquiry was held on the 23d day of August, 1815, on board the *Hornet*, in the harbour of New-York, to investigate the causes of the return of that ship into port, and to inquire into the circumstances attending the loss of armament, stores, &c. The following opinion was pronounced by the court, of which captain Evans was president: "The court, after mature deliberation on the testimony adduced, are of opinion that no blame is imputable to captain Biddle, on account of the return of the *Hornet* into port with the loss of her armament, stores, &c. and that the greatest applause is due to him for his persevering gallantry, and nautical skill, evinced in escaping under the most disadvantageous circumstances, after a long and arduous chase by a British line-of-battle ship."

During his absence captain Biddle was promoted to the rank of post-captain.

On his return, a public dinner was given to him by the citizens of New-York; and a subscription has been made for a service of plate, to be presented to him by the citizens of Philadelphia. Other testimonials of respect, not less due to his private worth than to his merit, as an officer, have been bestowed upon him.

It has been the distinguishing character of this gentleman, to exert in the public service, an unwearied activity, and an ardent enterprise, which surmounted every obstacle and commanded the events of his life. Notwithstanding the difficulties and disappointments experienced by him at the commencement of the war, in procuring a station, and his confinement at New-London, almost as long, and as depressing as the captivity at Tripoli, yet his persevering spirit led him forward in spite of every untoward event in the path of glory, and crowned his exertions with success. He was a party to two of the most decisive actions of the war. The capture of the *Frolic* by the *Wasp*, not only broke the charm of British naval superiority, but showed a decided superiority in favour of America. The capture of the *Penguin* was not less decisive; and if, at the commencement of the war, the British navy was surprised, from habits of security and contempt for their enemies, they had long before the victory of the *Hornet* learned their error and corrected their conduct. In this instance, even the enemy was utterly unable to frame an apology for his defeat, since he had come out prepared, and with unusual means to pursue and capture an American ship of war.

The chase and escape of the *Hornet*, under the extraordinary circumstances which have been related, is considered, by competent judges, as one of the most honourable acts of which the navy can boast.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES, AND THE
PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THERE is nothing by which this country is so much distinguished as its political institutions. Familiarized to them, however, as we have now become, we seldom examine them with that deep attention, which their importance no less than their remarkable structure demands. The constitution of the United States, without a model or a precedent, neither federative nor national, but a complicated combination of both, is in fact a political prodigy. I have sometimes thought of attempting a thorough investigation of this extraordinary system. It has already, it is true, been scrutinized with great ability, by the learned and ingenious authors of the *Federalist*, by the illustrious Patrick Henry, by Mr. Monroe, judge Wilson, judge M'Kean, and other eminent constitutional jurists; but they have all discussed the subject, whatever side of the question they have taken, as professed advocates, rather than as impartial arbitrators: so that an inquiry concerning the nature of the American constitution, in the pure spirit of political philosophy, remains still a desideratum in American literature. Besides, the examination might now be undertaken with all the advantages of a long and eventful experience. Our government has been administered by statesmen of different, and, in some respects, opposite political opinions. It has passed through the ordeal of civil discord, and encountered the shock of foreign war. We are now, therefore, enabled to test its merits by its practical results, the best criterion by which any political establishment can be tried.

Some, indeed, have maintained, that a constitution may be excellent in theory, though generally the reverse in practice. It would be difficult, I apprehend, to express more absurdity in fewer words.

The sophistry of most theories which fail in practice, consists in founding them on erroneous definitions, or on misrepresentations of facts. In the mathematics, our reasonings, drawn from definitions clear and precise, conduct us to demonstrations of the

most perfect kind. But in political philosophy, our elementary principles are facts, which, from their immense number, variety and complication; the minuteness and indistinctness of many of them; and often from their very close resemblance to each other, are liable to be overlooked, mistaken or confounded; and thence it happens, that from the same premises, various and even contradictory conclusions are deduced. A perfect theory in this science, must be derived from just premises by correct reasoning. The fault of most of the mistaken theories which have obtained celebrity, lies in the foundation, not in the subsequent proceeding of the fabricators. The man for whom the system is formed, is not the man of nature, but a creature of the imagination. The plan of the fabric appears fair and beautiful, but materials fit for its construction are wanting. The design may be good, but it cannot be executed.

In every thing of this kind, intended for the use of human beings, we should consider two distinct objects—the ends, and the means of attaining them. It is not sufficient that the ends are good, unless practicable and effectual means are provided. The artificer of a machine must take into view, not only the properties of those things of which it is to be formed, but the faculties of those persons by whom it is to be put into operation, guided and repaired. If its magnitude be so stupendous, or its combinations so numerous and intricate, that no engineer can be found, capable of directing its movements, we account its framer an idle projector, whatever novelty or ingenuity may be displayed in his work. If a grand and splendid edifice should fall to pieces on the first gust of the tempest, because the bricks with which it is constructed are weak, misshapen, or badly cemented, we should not excuse the improvident builder, however skilfully or beautifully his elevations might have been designed. ‘The order of a building is something; but if it be wholly declined from its perpendicular; if the cement is loose and incoherent; if the stones are scaling with every change of the weather, and the whole toppling on our heads, what matter is it whether we are crushed by a Corinthian or a Doric ruin.’*

* Burke.

The political architect should proceed with the utmost caution and foresight. He should ever bear in mind that governments are formed for ordinary men, and that by such men they must in general be administered. If he expect to find his citizens always obedient, and his magistrates always wise, virtuous and moderate, he will certainly be disappointed. Nor let him be permitted to lay the blame of his failure upon the unreasonable discontent of the subject, or the ambition or intemperance of the ruler. These faults spring from the very passions which render government necessary, and without which no nation could become powerful or illustrious. We may allow something for unexpected concussions and collisions; but if a political system do not, *upon the whole*, fulfil the purposes of its institution, we may at once decide against it, without any reference to its substance or form, its proportions or embellishments. The welfare of the community being the end of every legitimate government, those governments which do not answer that end, must be either defective in themselves, or ill-adapted. The denial of this statement would involve an absurdity in terms.—The proposition that a full experience is the best criterion of every theory, founded on the conduct or concerns of men, seems to admit of no exception or modification.

It may be thought superfluous to use so many words to explain and illustrate what, at the first view, might appear self-evident. But let it be recollected, that it is from errors in first principles the most pernicious sophistries have arisen; and that it is upon the lowliest truths, that the loftiest superstructures of science are erected.

Before entering, however, upon the proposed trial of our constitution, there are some preliminary questions of moment to be discussed. What, for instance, is it that constitutes the welfare of communities? Is it identified with the happiness of the individuals composing them? Does it, in that case, consist merely of security for their lives, personal liberty, property and physical enjoyments, or does it include every thing requisite to improve their social nature, enlarge their intellectual powers, and exalt their moral dignity? To what extent is it possible for governments to promote these objects? How far are they justified in

directing or controlling the pursuits of their citizens? In what concerns will their interference be dangerous or inexpedient? Are there any general principles applicable to the structure of all political systems? Is there any one form of government preferable to all others, or are there various political constitutions suitable to the different stages of society, and to the various characters, conditions, habits and opinions of different nations?

To determine these important questions, the investigator is referred to the first principles of ethics; which form, in fact, the basis of every sound system of politics and jurisprudence; the foundation of the philosophy of universal law. He would consult, of course, the most celebrated writers upon these subjects, such as Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, Machiavel, Hobbes, Grotius,* Puffendorf,† Locke, Montesquieu, Burlamaqui, Vattel,‡ Mandeville, Hutcheson, Burke, Blackstone, Delolme,§ Payley,|| Godwin, Macintosh, Malthus,¶ Gillies and Bentham, together with the best jurists of our own country. Nor would he altogether neglect such speculators as Harrington,** sir Thomas More,†† and Rosseau; for

* Grotius, the first modern writer who reduced the law of nations to a system.

† Puffendorf, the author of a treatise on the law of nature and nations, more methodical and accurate, though less eloquent and learned than the work of Grotius.

‡ Vattel, the abridger of the voluminous Wolf. The abridgment has nearly superseded the original. Vattel is a clear and useful writer; though too fond of setting forth self-evident propositions with much parade of argument; and of dressing up common-place political morality in poor, threadbare, tawdry declamation.

§ Delolme, a citizen of Geneva; author of an excellent philosophic essay on the British constitution.

|| Payley, author of a well known work on the principles of moral and political philosophy; a perspicuous writer, a forcible reasoner, a philosopher without presumption, a rational and liberal christian minister.

¶ Malthus, author of the celebrated essay on the principle of population: a book which every political philosopher, as well as every political economist should peruse with deep attention.

** Harrington, the author of Oceana.

†† Sir Thomas More, author of Utopia; a curious little work, containing many strange and some pleasant imaginations. It has supplied a distinguishing epithet to all subsequent visionary political schemes.

in the dreams and reveries of men of genius, bright visions often appear.—Besides all these, there are the founders and supporters of what is called the Scotch school; men who certainly possess great, various and shining talents, but who are too fond of appealing in all difficult cases from the ordinary tribunal of philosophy, to certain arbitrary judges of their own appointment, styled MORAL SENSE, and COMMON SENSE, and of whose will they pronounce themselves the infallible interpreters.

Aristotle who stands at the head of our list, may be considered as the father and master of political philosophy. He is in that science almost what Homer is in poetry. His reasonings are founded on accurate and extensive observation of human nature, and of the various governments which were known when he wrote: and they are still and ever will be applicable, in every age and country, in which men may be found in circumstances such as he describes. His natural philosophy was imperfect or erroneous, (he had but few facts to build it upon,) his logic, though valuable as a whole, is in many parts tedious, and in a few others useless, or perhaps worse; but his treatises on ethics and politics will remain an everlasting monument of his wisdom and genius.* All who have acquired any permanent reputation by cultivating those branches of science, have followed in his steps. Cicero, in the political works of his which have escaped destruction, only expands the opinions of the Stagirite. Machiavel,† the profound-

* Cicero, with his usual justness, beauty, and magnificence of metaphor, calls the eloquence of Aristotle, *the river of flowing gold*.—(Illud flumen orationis aureum fundens Aristoteles.)

† Machiavel has been generally execrated for a work of his called "The Prince," in which he is charged with teaching princes how to enslave and oppress their subjects. He defends himself from the accusation as follows: "If any man will read over my book with impartiality and ordinary charity, he will easily perceive that it is not my intention to recommend that government or those men there described; much less to teach them to trample upon laws, religion, good faith, and all that is sacred and venerable upon earth. If I have been a little too exact in portraying these monsters, and drawn them to the life in all their lineaments and colours, I hope mankind will know them the better, and avoid them; my treatise being both a satire against them, and a true character of them."—Letter in vindication.—The discourses on the first Decade of Livy are the ablest of the works of this learned, eloquent, and powerful writer.

est political philosopher of the middle ages, adopts his mode of investigation: and if Montesquieu had never departed from the precepts of the same illustrious guide, he would have avoided the errors of which he is but too justly accused, of being sometimes obscure and indistinct in order to form antitheses and epigrammatical sentences; and what is much worse, of admitting the extravagant relations of ignorant or prejudiced travellers, and even garbling the testimony of history, to support his own assumed principles of government and laws.

There is another class of speculative inquirers, who have investigated these subjects with ability, but on a partial and limited plan. They examine only those states of society—those political specimens, if we may so call them—with which they happen to be acquainted. Concerning these, they often reason well; but they are led by an injudicious zeal to generalize their conclusions. This is the great fault of Blackstone, Delolme, Gillies and most of the English political writers. Having satisfied themselves that a certain constitution is suitable for their own country, they, without hesitation, conclude that it must be fit for every other. According to them, king, lords, and commons would make the best of all possible governments, all over the world. Mr. President Adams has fallen into a similar mistake. His work in defence of the constitutions of America comprises a great number of important facts, especially those relating to the Italian republics of the middle ages; but his inferences from these facts, though possibly correct as to those states, were by no means applicable to the American commonwealths. A government of orders, however expedient in Europe, cannot be formed in a country where no orders exist, and where it would require ages to create them. It would in fact be as difficult—perhaps we might say as impracticable—to establish a mixed government like that of England, in the United States, as the democracy of these states in Tuscany, Genoa, or Naples. If a king and a nobility, selected in the best possible manner, were to be established in Pennsylvania—yea, or in the grave, orderly commonwealth of Connecticut itself, I apprehend his majesty and their lordships would be laughed down the very first week of the first session of their first parliament. It is even questionable whether the British constitution could be

permanently established in any part of the world but Great Britain itself. In most other countries either the crown supported by the peerage, or the house of commons, would soon obtain the sovereignty, and convert the government into an absolute monarchy, or a democratic republic. An attempt to establish the British form of government in Sicily has failed. In France they tried to set up something like it, which fell, without resistance, on the first attack. In Germany, perhaps, the new political experiments may be more successful. There, the privileged orders are firmly established, and the natural dispositions of the people, and of their rulers, are congenial with that political moderation without which no mixed government can long subsist.

Erroneous inferences of a similar kind have been made by most of the popular writers on the American and French revolutions. They too are anxious for the extension of their favourite system of government into all nations, without any reference to the condition of society, the distribution of property, the distinctions of rank, race or colour; or the diversities of religion, usages, sentiments, and opinions. According to these liberal but inconsiderate zealots, the only good government in the world is representative democracy. Their error has prevailed widely, and produced fatal effects. It has contributed to afflict France for upwards of twenty years past with every variety of political evil. It has been one of the principal causes of the failure of freedom in Spain, and has greatly injured the most flourishing of her settlements in America. The constitution adopted by the Spanish Cortes was, with but little modification, the royal democracy formed by the national assembly of France in 1790 and 91, and subverted the following year. This form of government was still less suitable for Spain than for France. We all remember the catastrophe which similar follies produced in Saint Domingo.

“Perish the colonies rather than a principle!” exclaimed the presumptuous fanatic, who would lay his country in ruins rather than doubt his own infallibility. I confess I would rather believe that all the philosophers that ever lived were mistaken, than that a doctrine pregnant with such consequences could be just. “Above all,” says Aristotle, “the political philosopher ought most diligently to investigate that form of government adapted to man-

kind in general, circumstanced as they are commonly found to be; from the neglect of which inquiry, authors who have written well, have not written usefully. In all matters of practice, possibility is to be considered as well as perfection; and things easily accomplished are preferable to those barely possible. In opposition to these maxims, projectors in politics content themselves with devising arrangements adapted only to men formed and circumstanced agreeably to their mind and wish, the mere creations of their own fancy; or if they condescend to take lessons from history, they are satisfied with recommending the Lacedæmonian or some other approved government, without stopping to reflect whether the ordinary circumstances in which nations are placed, will ever allow them to imitate such admired models.”*

There is yet a third description of theoretical politicians, such as those spoken of by Aristotle, who frame their systems without regard to facts or experience, setting up what they term their own *right reason*, (or as a Scotch schoolman might term it, the *POLITICAL SENSE*) as the foundation of all political philosophy.

At the head of this class stands Plato, one of the most renowned philosophers of antiquity; the pupil of Socrates, the instructor of Aristotle, universally admired and applauded; denominated *divine*, from his exalted conceptions of religion; and for the beauty, richness, and sweetness of his eloquence, distinguished by

* Arist. de Rep. lib. iv. c. 1. I have adopted here the translation of Dr. Gillies, vol. 2. p. 280. It is partly abridged, and partly paraphrastic; but it gives, I think, the substance of the author's meaning clearly and elegantly. In the chapter from which the passage is taken, there are some obscurities, and some repetitions, owing no doubt to the very imperfect state in which the author's text now appears.—To prevent misapprehension, those who peruse Aristotle, or indeed any of the Greek writers, whether in the original or in translations, should bear in mind, that the word “democracy” was always understood by the Greeks to denote a government in which the sovereign power is vested in an aggregate assembly of all the free citizens of the state, and exercised, wholly or in chief part, by them in their proper persons. The remarks of those writers are therefore not always applicable to the American republic. They would perhaps describe our system as “democracy exercised by delegation.”

the appellation of the Athenian Bee.* His moral system was founded upon his religious opinions, and his political system on his sentiments of morality. His great object seems to have been to raise the mind to the most sublime ideas of the Supreme Being, and the purest sentiments of virtue. According to him virtue depends on the knowledge of the Deity; and this divine knowledge is the standard of every thing good, becoming, or lovely in life. This virtue he proposes, not merely as the *means* of felicity, but as the proper end and aim of our existence. For its attainment reason is enthroned, as the absolute sovereign of the soul, which is itself of divine origin, an emanation of God, and all the passions must be held in complete subjection to that sovereign's sway. To exalt men to this ideal perfection is the purpose of Plato's imaginary republic. Its citizens are in a perpetual state of discipline and tuition. All their private affections must yield to the public welfare. Nothing impure may approach them. They must not see, hear, or read any thing by which their piety, their fortitude, or their love of justice may be impaired. Hesiod and Homer, and generally all the poets who take liberties with the characters of the gods, imputing to them unjust actions, or unworthy passions, with those who might inspire the terror of death by their lively descriptions of the torments of the damned, are banished from the schools and libraries of this community. Every thing is regulated with exactness, and innovation strictly prohibited.† In a word, the people are to be fashioned for the republic, instead of the republic being accommodated to the people.

Such a state is evidently rather imagined for contemplation than calculated for use. This Plato himself admits, as appears from the following passage at the conclusion of the ninth book of his Republic. "I understand indeed that what you have said relates to the republic which we have formed in our discourse, and which I believe exists no where upon earth. But perhaps the exemplar or model of it exists in heaven, conspicuous to him who shall desire to behold it, and to regulate himself according to it, by contemplating its perfection."

* "Errare meherculè malo"—exclaimed Cicero—"cum Platone, quàm cum istis vera sentire."

† Plato de Rep. passim.

Although this work consists principally of the delightful visions of an exalted imagination, soaring above the condition of a fallen nature and a corrupted world, and aspiring to restore man to that perfect and happy state in which the revelations of religion and the traditions of history and poetry represent him as having been originally placed by his beneficent Creator, and thence indulging the fond hope of forming a community which should present an image of heaven upon earth; although so large a portion of the work is devoted to philosophical castle-building, (if it be not profanation thus to speak of the contemplations of Plato,) it nevertheless contains many passages of most excellent propriety and beauty, the eloquent effusions of wisdom, elevated by religious hope, purified by virtue, and invigorated by genius. The picture in the eighth and ninth books, of a tyrant's character, of his guilt and turpitude, of his madness and misery, of the crimes and the horrors that surround him, is at once correct, glowing, and terrific. It is the portrait not merely of Phalaris or Dionysius, but of every execrable tyrant that ever did, or ever will exist.

Far different from this bright and amiable enthusiast, was Hobbes of Malmesbury, the speculative partisan of undisguised despotism. Yet he too is distinguished, as a writer, for ingenuity and force. The ground-work of his odious system, is formed by these assumptions:* That men are impelled to form societies through *fear only*; that in a state of nature, all men have a desire and will to hurt each other; that it is a state of mere war of all men against all men; of war perpetual in its own nature, and which cannot even be ended by victory, in regard to the equality of those that strive and those that remain; that in that state all men have equal rights to all things, each to do what he would, and against whom he thought fit, and to possess, use, and enjoy all what he would or could get; that in it there is a dominion of passions, war, fear, poverty, slovenliness, solitude, barbarism, ignorance and cruelty; in a word, he holds that men are endued by nature with the dispositions of wild beasts, most ferocious and malignant.

It is quite evident that the men whom Hobbes describes are not such men as are generally found in the world. They resemble

* Philosophical rudiments concerning government and society.

rather the *loup-garou*, the man-wolf, feigned by the nursery poets, to amuse or terrify children. With such materials for a state, it is no wonder that he forms a government fit only for a herd of tygers, if the tyger were a political animal. The principles on which he rears his political Pandemonium, though very incorrect in the extent in which he maintains them, do nevertheless bear some resemblance to the truth. The radical fallacy of his doctrine consists in predicating of *all* men that fell disposition which appertains only to *some* men, and to several (perhaps to most) communities: or, to speak logically, in drawing a general conclusion from particular premises, or in forming a vitious syllogism, in which the premises and the conclusion have no necessary connexion. He attributes to the whole human race the character of those renowned homicides and robbers of the ancient world, whom he thus, in strong lines and glowing colours, delineates: "What a beast of prey was the Roman people, whilst with its conquering eagles it erected its proud trophies so far and wide over the world, bringing the Africans, the Asiatics, the Macedonians, and the Achæans, with many other despoiled nations, into a specious bondage, with the pretence of preferring them to be denizens of Rome; so that if Cato's saying were a wise one, 'twas every whit as wise that of Pontius Telesinus, who, flying about with open mouth through all the companies of his army, in that famous encounter which he had with Sylla, cried out, that *Rome herself, as well as Sylla, was to be razed*, for that there would always be wolves and depredators of their liberty, unless the forest that lodged them were grubbed up by the roots."*

Mandeville, the celebrated author of the *Fable of the Bees*, a writer of considerable force, pleasantry, and vivacity, was the chief founder of a system at once fallacious and dangerous, which might properly be stigmatized as the *system of immorality*. It was built on this political paradox, that "private vices are public benefits." The sophistry by which he endeavours to support this pernicious proposition, consists in drawing a general conclusion from a few questionable or extraordinary facts; in making the exceptions the foundation of the general rule. He dwells particularly on those vices whose consequences appear the least injurious to

† Epistle dedicatory to the earl of Devonshire.

society, and represents them, in relation to their effects, as fair specimens of all the rest. He is also mistaken concerning the nature of a public benefit. Avarice, for example, he considers as a beneficial vice, because it tends to augment the public riches. He forgets that man is a moral as well as a physical being, and that much more detriment arises from the sordid corruptions and abominations engendered by avarice, than any accumulation of property can compensate. He agrees, however, in this instance, with that numerous and influential class who think that the chief purpose of government is to promote the wealth of nations; who regard man as a machine designed to hew wood and draw water, or at best as an animated steam engine, or intellectual spinning jenny; and who despise all institutions whose object is "to raise the genius or to mend the heart."—Mandeville is supported too in his favourable opinion of luxury in its utmost extent, by most of the modern political economists, French, Scotch, and English. They reason correctly as to its influence in giving activity to manufactures and food to commerce; but they do not reflect that while it thus augments the wealth and splendour of a nation, it gradually saps the foundations of its liberty, its virtue, and its glory.

Without the brilliant eloquence of the divine Plato, or the powerful logic of the detestable Hobbes, or the lively humour of the licentious Mandeville, though with considerable talents and ingenuity, Mr. Godwin, in our own age, has endeavoured to deserve well of mankind, by inventing, for their edification, a political system entirely new. It is founded on two principles, both of them gratuitous and erroneous. The first is that every individual should contribute every thing in his power to the benefit of the whole, without preferring the welfare or preservation of his parents, his relatives or benefactors to the general good of all mankind. The principle is stated on the broadest ground, without any disguise or concealment. "The illustrious archbishop of Cambray," says this philosopher, "was of more worth than his valet, and there are few of us that would hesitate to pronounce if his palace were in flames, and the life of only one of them could be preserved, which of the two ought to be preferred."—"Supposing I had been myself the valet, I ought to have chosen to die, rather than that Fe-

nelon should have died.”—“Supposing the valet had been my brother, my father, or my benefactor. This would not alter the truth of the proposition. The life of Fenelon would still be more valuable than that of the valet, and justice, pure unadulterated justice, would still have preferred that which was most valuable. Justice would have taught me to save the life of Fenelon at the expense of the other. What magic is there in the pronoun ‘my’ to overturn the decisions of impartial truth? My brother or my father may be a fool, or a profligate, malicious, lying, or dishonest. If they be, of what consequence is it that they are mine?”*—“I am bound to do for the general weal every thing in my power.”†—“In the same manner as my property I hold my person as a trust in behalf of mankind. I am bound to employ my talents, my understanding, my strength, and my time for the production of the greatest quantity of general good.”‡—“We have in reality nothing that is, strictly speaking, our own.”§

When any thing new or extraordinary is advanced, the burden of proof rests upon the propounder. Where then, we may ask, does Mr. Godwin find, or on what does he found, the iniquitous obligation that would load us with duties, while it deprived us of every right; that would devote our persons, our possessions, and our faculties to the gratuitous service of unknown millions with whom we could have very little, if any, communication? A principle which would thus require us to sacrifice or neglect our own immediate happiness, and that of every one endeared to us by natural affections, and to give ourselves up, without motive or benefit, to be the perpetual slaves of a thankless world, is abhorred by our feelings and rejected by our reason. It is not found in any system of sane morality, nor among the precepts of natural or revealed religion. Mankind never did, and in their present state they never can, conform their conduct to such a principle: nor is it desirable they ever should. For if they did, every one would quit his own business to attend to that of all other people. He would abandon what he was acquainted with, to intermeddle with what he knew nothing about. He would neglect the welfare of a

* Political Justice, vol. 1. p. 113 and 114, first American from the second London edition, corrected.

† Vol. 1. p. 118.

‡ Vol. 1. p. 119.

§ Vol. 1. p. 139.

being whose wants and wishes he knew and felt, to cater for the general good of multitudes of whose tastes and desires he must always be in a great measure ignorant.—Itaque omnes animantes, ipsa ducenta natura, commoda sua defendunt: et ideo justitia,* si alienis utilitatibus consulat, suas negligat, stultitia est dicenda.—*Cicero. Frag. de Republica. Lib. 3.* Universal selfishness would be far less pernicious to the world than this universal, impertinent, tormenting, benevolence. With the help of this single principle, Mr. Godwin would annihilate not only all the rights, but almost all the virtues hitherto held sacred among men. Fidelity to our engagements would be no longer meritorious. “I observe,” says he, “that promises are absolutely considered an evil, and stand in opposition to the genuine and wholesome exercise of an intellectual nature.”† “If, therefore, right motives and a pure intention are constituent parts of virtue, promises are clearly at variance with virtue.”‡ “If then every shilling of our own property and every faculty of our mind have already received their destination from the principles of unalterable justice, promises have scarcely an atom of ground upon which they can properly and legitimately be called upon to decide.”§ Filial piety, and all those endearing affections which spring from gratitude would be criminal; for they are our unjust preferences of our parents and our benefactors from some other considerations than their “importance to the general weal.” “Gratitude, therefore, if by gratitude we understand a sentiment of preference towards another, upon the ground of my having been the subject of his benefits, is no part either of justice or virtue.”|| Our philosopher should have gone still further. He should have pronounced the condemnation of patriotism as well as gratitude. For patriotism is only gratitude upon a grand scale.—“Whatever,” says he, “deviates from the law of justice, though it should be in the too much done in favour of some individual or some part of the general whole, is so much subtracted from the general stock, is so much of absolute injustice.”¶ If then I may not prefer my father or benefactor to another man, why should I prefer my country to another nation? If I ought to abandon my parent to the flames, in order to preserve a person of superior

* Silicet, Justitia politica Godwiniensis. † Pol. Just. vol. 1. p. 164.

‡ Ditto, ditto. § Vol. 1. 165. || Pol. Just. vol. 1. p. 115. ¶ Ditto, vol. 1. p. 120.

worth and usefulness, why should I not desert my country in the hour of her utmost need, to serve another which I may deem more deserving of the whole family of mankind? Nay, if my country engage in a pursuit which I believe to be unjust, I am bound not only to abandon but to oppose her. Patriotism, in such circumstances, would be a crime; treason a positive duty prescribed by this system of political justice. What magic is there in the pronoun "my," to reverse, in the case of my country any more than in that of my parent, the judgment of impartial truth?—And thus Mr. Godwin's grand object, to establish public virtue, is overthrown by the very means he uses for its support. He stands inextricably entangled in the meshes of his own cobweb.

All these wretched paradoxes proceed from the perversion of a legitimate theory. The principle of utility, rightly understood, is indeed the foundation of morals and legislation. The rules of genuine morality are founded on their tendency to promote private and public welfare; our own well being, with that of our family, our friends, our country, and generally all the rest of mankind within the reach of our beneficence. This beneficial tendency is the ultimate test of the morality of our actions; but it cannot, I think, produce sufficient motive of action.

The second of his radical principles is, that reason may afford sufficient motive to actuate men in every case, without having recourse to the stimulus of any passion whatever, except, indeed, his own extra-natural passion for promoting impartially the general good of the whole human race. On this point his sincerity is, as usual, frank and magnanimous, as will abundantly appear from the following passages of his work. "The last perfection of this feeling [disinterestedness] consists in that state of mind which bids us rejoice as fully in the good that is done by others, as if it were done by ourselves. The man who has attained to this improvement will be actuated neither by interest nor ambition, the love of honour nor the love of fame. He has a duty, indeed, obliging him to seek the good of the whole; but that good is his only object."*—"The love of fame is no doubt a delusion. This, like every other delusion, will take its turn to be detected and abjured."—"We ought to love nothing but a substantial happiness."—"If there be any principle more substantial than the rest,

* Political Justice, vol. 1. p. 342.

it is justice, &c.”—“It is impossible we should want motives, so long as we see clearly how multitudes and ages may be benefited by our exertions,” &c.—“This will be the general passion, and all will be animated by the example of all.”* “The gratifications of sense please at present by their imposture. We soon learn to despise the mere animal function,” &c.—“The men, therefore, whom we are supposing to exist, when the earth shall refuse itself to a more extended population, will probably cease to propagate. They will no longer have any motive, either of error or reason, to induce them.”—“Every man will seek, with ineffable ardour, the good of all.”†

The principle thus asserted seems, as I understand it, to involve a speculative absurdity. To determine the precepts of this universal justice, which is to promote the good of the whole human race, impartially and indiscriminately, we can employ no other faculty of the mind but our reason. Our reason may enable us to *know* justice; but something else is requisite to induce us to *do* justice.—Reason is that faculty of the human mind by which man deduces one proposition from another. By reason we examine, we compare, we calculate, we doubt, we assent or dissent: but nothing of all this will ever set us in motion. For this purpose we must feel a desire of some pleasure, or an aversion from some pain. “Nature,” says the genuine philosopher, Jeremy Bentham,‡ “has placed mankind under the governance of two sovereign masters, *pain* and *pleasure*. It is for them alone to point out what we ought to do, as well as to determine what we shall do. On the one hand, the standard of right and wrong; on the other, the chain of causes and effects are fastened to their throne. They govern us in all we do, in all we say, in all we think. Every effort we can make to throw off our subjection will serve but to demonstrate and confirm it. In words a man may pretend to abjure their empire: but in reality he will remain subject to it all the while.”—The passions, under which term may be comprehended all our strong desires and aversions, supply us with powerful motives; reason gives law to their dominion. We are impelled by passion; reason can only serve as our guide. Reason is the helm; the pas-

* Political Justice, vol. 2. pp. 355 and 356. † Vol. 2. pp. 384 and 385.

‡ Introduction to the principles of morals and legislation, p. 1.

sions and affections are the moving power of the mind. The men of Mr. Godwin, if men of pure abstract intellect could be formed, would not act, but meditate. They would need no government at all. What could induce them to disturb each other's reveries? Having no natural passions or affections, they could have neither virtues nor vices, and consequently no motive to hurt or serve each other.—How the inhabitants of the unknown world may be actuated, we can only, from the light of reason, conjecture; but this we know, that the strong judgment of our great poet gives ardent motives to the beings of his imagination. His angels are incited by the love, his demons by the hatred of God; and the motives of both are sufficiently intelligible. The inhabitants of heaven love their Creator for the ineffable felicity which they enjoy from his bounty; the spirits of hell abhor him for the dreadful sufferings which they endure from his justice.

As for the factitious passion of promoting impartially the general good of the whole world, and which, by the aid of mere reason, is to become, in the Godwinian millenium, the universal inducement, I doubt whether such a passion for the unseen, unknown, indistinct totality, or majority of mankind, can ever influence any considerable portion of the human race. Some men, indeed, are impelled occasionally by strange, whimsical, unaccountable desires. Pygmalion took a fancy to a statue; Narcissus became enamoured of his own shadow; and Endymion fell in love with the moon. In like manner a metaphysical calculator, who mistakes intelligence for virtue; who parcels his philanthropy among mankind according to the rule of three; who could express the precise value of his patriotism by a simple equation, founded on the ratio of the population of his own country to that of the universe—such a person, on casting up the census of the inhabitants of some great empire, of China for example, might perhaps be able to work himself into a fit of arithmetical enthusiasm for the welfare of that remote and populous nation. But this zeal, supported by no natural feeling, would prove only an orgasm, brief and unfruitful.

I have confined my attack of this system to the foundation on which it rests; to those principles which, under the plausible and seducing appearance of extensive and disinterested benevolence, are incompatible with the existence of freedom or virtue. There

are many other subjects in the work, such as the omnipotence of truth, the impropriety of marriage, the injustice of property, the omnipotence of mind over matter, the indefinite duration, if not the immortality of man *in this world*, which I pass by. On these points the author's notions are either so indistinct or so excessively absurd as to elude the grasp of argument.—And thus much for the far-famed Godwinian, or, as it has been called, the new English system of political philosophy; a system which would deprive man of all the valuable rights, all the vigorous passions, all the animating desires, all the amiable virtues, all the endearing affections of his nature; leaving him a poor, cold, heartless, mutilated abortion, hardly fit for Swift's island of Laputa, or Milton's paradise of fools.

The sound political philosopher who would investigate thoroughly our federal constitution, must proceed in a manner the very reverse of that pursued by the fabricators of these baseless edifices. Instead of adopting some favourite theory, and then endeavouring to fit facts to it, he will, like Aristotle, collect and analyze all the moral and political facts he can learn, and found his theory upon them. Observation and experience must form the only basis of his system. He must be guided, *as far as the nature of the subject will permit*,* by the strict rules of the inductive philosophy, so admirably explained by Bacon, and so successfully

* The restriction here suggested will occur on reflection to every philosophic reasoner. The properties and operations of those things which are the objects of the physical sciences are fixed, and invariable; and the laws of nature by which they are regulated are uniform, and generally evident. But the mind of man, which is the object of every branch of the moral science, is so infinitely diversified, so apparently irregular and capricious, that its operations can seldom be calculated with absolute certainty. The gold and the electric fluid found in America will give, on experiment, the same results as the gold and the electric fluid of Europe, of Africa or Asia. But what endless differences between the men of those continents, and even between the men of the same nation and the same city. Nay, the very same man will vary extremely according to the circumstances in which he may be placed. A Frenchman who has always dwelt in Languedoc is full of gayety, vivacity and ardour. But let him be naturalized some years in Amsterdam, or Dantzick, and he will become as it were a new being: he will sink perhaps into a cold and gloomy calculator. The inferences deducible from this distinction, are too obvious to be insisted upon.

exemplified by Newton and his followers in the physical sciences, and by Reid and Stewart in that important branch of the philosophy of the human mind, the theory of the formation of ideas.* "He must pry into the secret recesses of the human heart, and become well acquainted with the whole moral world."† He will consult the most celebrated poets and orators; whose works are the authentic records of the general opinions, and moral sentiments of mankind. He will carefully examine the principles of human nature, first as he is conscious of them in his own breast, then from his observation of other men, and next from the universal history of the human race. The histories of the two great nations of antiquity, as told by the ancient historians themselves, (who draw living pictures of whatever they describe,) will demand his peculiar attention. Next to these, perhaps, in importance, is the "strange eventful history" of the last forty years. "More important and terrible instruction has of late been condensed within the short compass of a few years, than in the usual course of human affairs is scattered over the history of many ages."‡ While engaged in these researches, he will examine the different kinds of government which have existed in the world, observing their form and structure, the circumstances in which they were established, and above all the effects which they produced. He will more particularly investigate the governments of those free states which have been distinguished for long maintaining the rights of their citizens and their own independence, and the constitutions of all those republican confederacies of which any authentic accounts remain. He will endeavour to derive lessons from the felicity, as well as from the misfortunes of those states; by inquiring whether there is such a resemblance between their circumstances and ours, as might induce us to pursue the measures which rendered them prosperous, or avoid those which occasioned their destruction. He will take a close as well as a comprehensive view of the history of

* Those rules have also been lately applied in a very happy manner by Allison in his *Essay on Taste*. They have led him to the delightful sources of the sublime and beautiful, till then never satisfactorily explored.

† Bolingbroke, *Study of Hist.*

‡ Mackintosh. *Discourse on the Study of the Law of Nature and Nations*. page 30, third edit.

this country, accurately marking the condition, character and manners of its first European settlers, and tracing them through the different stages of their advancement, up to the epoch of the revolutionary war. He will then consider the old confederacy and remark how far it was efficient and wherein defective. Thus prepared, he might undertake the investigation of our federal constitution with advantage; carefully analyzing each of its branches, and minutely inspecting all its operations. He would inquire whether it had fulfilled completely the purposes for which it had been instituted. If it appeared to have failed in any respect, he would endeavour to find out whether the failure were occasioned by the constitution, or only proceeded from "the ill-administration of a well-established government:"* and if from the latter, whether the fault lay in the rulers or in the people; whether in any defect for which human wisdom could provide a remedy, or in the inherent, incurable imperfection of human nature: and even if the fault could be clearly traced up to the political system itself, whether the resulting evils were so great as to justify the hazard of innovation. Yet more, it might appear that although our government is well adapted to our actual circumstances, it may not be so suitable for us in that state to which by a powerful impulse we are fast advancing: it would then become requisite to inquire by what legitimate means, without convulsion or violence, that government could be gradually modified so as to be always congenial with our condition; or, whether the society itself could by any provisions of a sagacious foresight, be preserved in a condition congenial to the government as it now subsists? *Debet enim constituta sic esse civitas, ut æterna sit. Itaque nullus interitus est reipublicæ naturalis, ut hominis, in quo mors non modo necessaria est, verum etiam optanda persæpe. Civitas autem cum tollitur, deletur, extinguitur, simile est quodammodo, ut magnis parva conferamus, ac si omnis hic mundus intereat ac concidat.—Cicero. Frag. de Rep. L. 3.*

Never was the philosophic eye presented with a richer prospect than that of which I have just sketched the outline. The rise and progress of the British provinces in America, and their establishment as sovereign states, are, in fact, the most remarka-

* Hobbes.

3 P

ble and truly illustrious, and, if the future consequences be taken into consideration, the most important events of modern history. In contemplating them, we behold the animating spectacle of a small but enterprising people encountering innumerable hardships and perils; obtaining at first a precarious settlement, and soon afterwards security and competence; then claiming and asserting entire independence and absolute sovereignty, and acquiring those proud possessions after a contest, distinguished as the most glorious struggle for civil and political liberty which the world ever witnessed; and finally establishing a combined federative and national republic, able to contend courageously against the most powerful empire upon earth.

The effects of our political institutions are still more remarkable than their extraordinary structure. We have suffered, it is true, some grievances; but personal, or what is still more surprising, judicial outrages have been rarely committed by any party. In this respect our commonwealths have been eminently distinguished. For in the period of the twenty-five years that have elapsed since the French revolution burst out, during which our political dissensions were embittered by every thing that could provoke hatred and inflame anger, and our enraged parties, sometimes nearly balanced, and the ruling party sometimes far more numerous than their adversaries, maintained against each other an incessant and irritating opposition; in the midst of revolutions by which the whole civilized world was convulsed, our citizens, often harassed by the conflicting nations, their partisans disturbing the country by their intrigues, and giving additional aliment to our own native and peculiar animosities, which were still further envenomed by a bitter periodical press;—during all this period, and in all these circumstances of unparalleled excitement and exasperation, fewer personal or judicial outrages were perpetrated throughout the whole confederated republic, than a single city of ancient Greece has suffered in the tumults of a single day.

A state of things which has produced such admirable results ought not to be rashly endangered. It would afford a speculation at once useful and delightful, to consider the causes which have hitherto exempted the commonwealths of the new world from the usual excesses of popular government. Among those causes we must unquestionably assign the first rank to our well-combined

political constitutions; but there are other causes of powerful operation, which have not yet, I believe, been urged with the emphasis due to their importance. Among the most efficient of these I estimate the influence of the Christian religion (maintained in purity and in freedom) in promoting mutual charity and forbearance; and a venerable remnant of the sentiment of chivalry, which often compels the fiercest factionist to observe the decorum and courtesy of a gentleman; and the harmonizing tendency of an unrestrained commercial intercourse; and the mildness of character and manners arising from the extensive diffusion of learning by means of the press; and, in fine, the inestimable privilege of the trial by jury, a shield for innocence, impregnable when supported by religion and honour. It would require much time and reflection to investigate thoroughly this very interesting topic of the philosophy of human affairs.

Some have supposed that we owe in a great measure our freedom and tranquillity to the resemblance, in form and structure, between our federal government and the government of Great Britain. This appears to me a flat mistake. No such resemblance can in truth be traced. We have not, nor can we form, such checks as exist in the government of Great Britain. But we have other checks, moral, political, and, if the expression is allowable, *statistical*, which are abundantly sufficient, if well arranged, to maintain, and I trust perpetuate our rights. We have in each state all the different interests, rural and urban, agricultural, mechanical, mercantile, and professional, which are necessary to form a well regulated polity. The interests of all the states are sufficiently identified to induce them in general to co-operate in supporting the federal government.—While at the same time there exists such a diversity of conditions, characters, habits, and opinions, such an opposition of political claims, and such mutual jealousies between the principal sections, and in a less degree between the several states of the union, as will strongly induce them to resist each other's undue ambition when necessary, in order to maintain their own and their people's rights. These oppositions and jealousies contribute to preserve, not only the independence of all the states, but the freedom of all our citizens; the government and people of each state affording a security, or at least a strong check against the tyranny of the governments of the neigh-

bouring states.—Without union there could be no government; without opposition there would be no liberty.*—They who would destroy those oppositions and jealousies, have yet to learn the first principles of political philosophy. Those oppositions and jealousies may serve, better perhaps than different ranks and classes, to form checks and balances to secure us against usurpation.—Remove those state and sectional oppositions and jealousies, and our confederacy of free republics may be soon converted into a consolidated despotic empire.

As for the federal government itself, whose high authority has often excited the apprehensions of the friends of freedom, if it cannot be so constructed that its different branches might effectually and advantageously restrain each other, we have to control that government the legislatures of the several states, the chosen guardians of their rights, whose own natural feelings of jealousy and pride, create an interest in their minds, identified with the fulfilment of this part of their duty: to keep these legislatures within bounds, we have, besides the federal government itself, materials for as excellent a judiciary as ever adorned the benches of Westminster Hall, and for juries who understand their duties as well as their rights. We have besides a pious, learned and active clergy, of various sects and denominations, most of them, (however differing in speculative doctrines,) uniting in the courageous assertion of christian morals; while all these authorities and functionaries are constantly watched by a free press, and alternately guided and controlled by an independent and enlightened public opinion—by the censorial power of a people animated with the love of their country and of freedom, who acknowledge the authority of conscience as well as law, and who in the exercise of the sovereignty with which their constitutions expressly invest them, have displayed unparalleled moderation.

The proposed investigation would require immense labour; but its reward would be the establishment on an immovable basis of the principles of the philosophy of universal law. By universal law I mean not only the sciences of ethics and politics, but all that immense portion of jurisprudence depending upon im-

* La division seule, c'est l'anarchie; l'union seule, c'est le despotisme.—M. Sieyès. From his pamphlet, if I recollect right, concerning *Le Tiers Etat*.

mutable principles, and susceptible of moral demonstration. The portion of general law comprised within this description forms, in fact, the far greater part of the code of every civilized state which is founded on the institutions of marriage and property. Those who have not been accustomed to compare the codes of such states, would be surprised to find how nearly they coincide in all their important precepts and decisions, in matters in which their governments take no unworthy interest.

The philosophy of law, in the extent here contemplated, may in some respects be considered as almost a new science. The truths which it would unfold, are of the utmost importance to mankind, though little flattering to the presumption of sophistry or the pride of power. Perhaps it might be proved to the highest degree of moral certainty, that systems of government are the legitimate offspring of time and circumstances, and ought not, if it were even practicable, to be set aside or mangled at our pleasure; that there is an active energy, as well as an inert force, in societies which resists the establishment of governments wholly unfit for them; that the precepts of general law are as certain as the nature of the things and relations on which it is founded; in a word, that our Omnipotent Maker is our Legislator, and that the notion of Minos, and Rhadamanthus, and other ancient law-givers, that laws were originally communicated to man from heaven, is only fable beautifully supporting and illustrating philosophy.

The laws of divine original of which I now speak, must be carefully distinguished from those local ordinances arising out of statistical circumstances, and from those general regulations which the different forms of government and the various conditions of society may require to be greatly diversified. The high and transcendent Laws of which I now speak, are those which support the sacred institutions of marriage and property, on which the preservation, the order and the happiness of society chiefly depend; and those which fix the force and obligations of contracts, maintaining among mankind, in their ordinary transactions, good-faith, regularity, and security. "Almost all the relative duties of human life will be found more immediately or more remotely to arise out of the two great institutions of property and marriage."*

* Sir James Mackintosh. *Dis. on the study of the Law of Nat. &c.* p. 42.

"They convert the selfish as well as the social passions of our nature into the firmest bands of a peaceable and orderly intercourse; they change the sources of discord into principles of quiet, they discipline the most ungovernable, they refine the grossest, and they exalt the most sordid propensities; they become the perpetual fountain of all that strengthens, and preserves and adorns society; they nourish the individual, and they perpetuate the race. As they were at first the sole authors of all civilization, so they must forever continue its sole protectors. They alone make the society of man with his fellows delightful, or secure, or even tolerable. Every argument and example, every opinion and practice which weakens their authority, tends also to dissolve the fellowship of the human race, to replunge men into that state of helpless ferocity, and to condemn the earth to that unproductive wilderness, from which they were both originally raised, by the power of these sacred principles; which animate the activity of exertion and yet mitigate the fierceness of contest, which move every plough and feed every mouth, and regulate every household and rear every child; which are the great nourishers and guardians of the world."†

It is this immutable Law which the philosophic orator thus defines and describes: "*Est quidem vera lex, recta ratio, nature congruens, diffusa in omnes, constans, sempiterna, quæ vocet ad officium jubendo, vetando a fraude deterreat*"—"Huic legi neque abrogari fas est, neque derogari ex hac aliquid licet, neque tota abrogari potest. Nec vero aut per senatum aut per populum solvi hac lege possumus. Neque est quærendus explanator aut interpret ejus alius. Nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia posthac, sed et omnes gentes et omni tempore una lex et sempiterna, et immortalis continebit, unusque erit communis quasi magister et imperator omnium Deus. Ille legis hujus inventor, disceptator, lator, cui qui non parebit ipse se fugiet et naturam hominis aspernabitur, atque hoc ipso licet maximas pœnas etiamsi cætera supplicia quæ putantur effugerit.—Cicero de Republica. Fragm. lib. 3.

It is of this eternal Law that Hooker, in a strain of sublime enthusiasm worthy of an inspired hierophant of the true religion,

† Sir James Mackintosh Dis. on the study of the Law of Nat. &c. p. 43.

and which Plato himself might have envied, thus speaks: "of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."—Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity, book 1. Vid. Hooker's works, p. 34. Edit. 1723.

The nature, the sources, and the sanctions of this sovereign Law, are briefly and beautifully explained in the following sentences by a living author,* whose profound philosophy and majestic eloquence would justify him in aspiring to become the acknowledged successor of Aristotle and Cicero. "This Law has been styled, (and notwithstanding the objection of some writers to the vagueness of the language) appears to have been styled with great propriety, "the Law of Nature." It may with sufficient correctness, or at least by an easy metaphor, be called a "*law*," inasmuch as it is a supreme, invariable, and uncontrollable rule of conduct to all men, the violation of which is avenged by natural punishments, necessarily flowing from the very constitution of things, and equally fixed and invariable with the order of nature itself. It is "*the law of nature*," because its general precepts are essentially adapted to promote the happiness of man, as long as he remains a being of the same nature with which he is at present endowed, or, in other words, as long as he continues to be man, in all the variety of times, places, and circumstances in which he has been known, or can be imagined to exist; because it is discoverable by his natural reason, and suitable to his natural constitution; because its fitness and wisdom are founded on the general nature of human beings, and are altogether independent of any of those temporary and accidental situations in which they may be placed. With still more strict propriety, and indeed with the highest strictness and the most perfect accuracy, it is called a law, when according to those just and magnificent views which philosophy and religion open to us of the government of the world, it is received and revered as the sacred code, promulgated by

* Sir James Mackintosh.

the great Legislator of the universe for the guidance of his creatures to happiness, guarded and enforced, as our own experience may inform us, by the penal sanctions of shame, of remorse, of infamy, and of misery; and still farther enforced by the reasonable expectation of yet more awful penalties in a future and more permanent state of existence."—Discourse on the Study of the Law of Nature and Nations. p. 8.

From the views I have now presented of the nature and extent of the political investigation at first proposed, you will easily believe that I despair myself of accomplishing so arduous a task. Nor is there indeed much encouragement for any one here to attempt it. Were such a work even ably executed, I doubt whether any of our booksellers would risk the expense of its publication. They are so fully and advantageously occupied in republishing the choicest productions of European genius, that they seem little desirous of printing any book unstamped with the seal of European approbation. It were idle to blame them for this prudential regard to their own interest, but it is exceedingly discouraging to a writer in this country to reflect that his works have little chance of being circulated in it, unless he can have them previously published in England. Besides, the contemplated work would contain nothing to entitle it to the favour of any personal party; so that the writer, if he could afford to publish it on his own account, might remain like his book, unnoticed and unknown, having fruitlessly sacrificed his time and his money, and relinquished the prospect of present advantage for the distant and doubtful hope of becoming the benefactor of posterity.

To assist those, however, who may be disposed to undertake such a performance, or to investigate our federal constitution merely for their own instruction, I propose to communicate through the medium of your literary journal, some notices which I have collected of the Amphictyonic, the Lycian and Achæan leagues, and of the principal European confederacies, formed since the downfall of the Roman Empire. I begin with that which is the best known, the most interesting, and of the most illustrious example. The following paper contains the constitutions, or rather the constitutional treaties of the Helvetic Confederacy, explained by a very brief history of its establishment. I at first intended to have given you the Constitutions and nothing more; but as I pro-

ceeded I became enamoured of the theme.—The history of Helvetia is a tale of liberty, virtue and glory.

You will deem it requisite, no doubt, to apologize to your patrons for making such a draught upon their patience as this long letter contains. The subjects of which it treats, being in their nature unalterably severe and abstruse, the discussions upon them cannot be otherwise than arid and intricate. No order of arrangement, no variety or beauty of illustration, no charm of language could render such investigations agreeable to the majority of readers. How then will yours tolerate these crude, irregular, desultory sketches?

W.

The Constitutions of the Helvetic Confederacy will be given in our next number.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MEMOIR OF THE WAR IN LOUISIANA.

PROPOSALS for publishing, by subscription, a Historical Memoir of the War in Louisiana and West Florida, by major A. Lacarriere Latour, principal engineer in the late seventh military district. Translated for the author by H. P. Nugent, Esq.

This work will comprise every event of importance which occurred in Louisiana and West Florida, from the first of September 1814, until the publication of the peace between the United States and Great Britain: it will be embellished and illustrated by the following engravings, executed by the best artists:

PLATE I.—A portrait of general Jackson, painted from the life, by Mr. J. B. Sel, painter, in New-Orleans.

PLATE II.—A general map of the seat of war in Louisiana and West Florida, showing all the fortified points and encampments of both the American and British armies, also the march of general Jackson's army on his expedition against Pensacola.

PLATE III.—A plan showing the attack made by a British squadron on fort Bowyer, at Mobile-point, on the 15th September, 1814.

PLATE IV.—A plan of the attack made by the British barges, on five American gun-boats, on the 14th December, 1814.

PLATE V.—A map, showing the landing of the British army, its several encampments and fortifications on the Mississippi, and the works they erected on their retreat, as also the several posts, encampments and fortifications, made by the several corps of the American army during the whole campaign.

PLATE VI.—A plan of the attack made by major-general Andrew Jackson, on a division of the British army, commanded by major-general J. Keane, on the 23d December, 1814, at seven o'clock at night.

PLATE VII.—A plan of the attack and defence of the American lines below New-Orleans, on the 8th of January, 1815.

PLATE VIII.—A plan of fort St. Philip, at Plaquemine, showing the position of the British vessels when bombarding the fort.

PLATE IX.—A map of Mobile-point, and of part of the bay, and of Dauphine-island, showing the position of the land and naval British forces investing fort Bowyer, the batteries erected, the trenches opened at the moment the summons was made to the garrison.

THIS work, commemorative of achievements so signally glorious to the American name, and so replete with interest to the American people, is now in press, and will be printed and published without delay. From the talents and excellent opportunities of the author, who performed himself an important part in much that he relates, and possesses the most ample and authentic documents of the whole, and from his unwearied attention to his preparatory arrangements, we feel warranted in the belief, that the performance will be in no respect unworthy of the subject to which it relates.

Persuaded that it will be highly gratifying to the readers of *The Port Folio* to learn, by anticipation, something of the contents of major Latour's Memoir, we have, by permission of the author, which he obligingly granted, enriched the pages of the present number with copious extracts from the manuscript.

From an examination of these passages, in the extraction of which no particular pains have been taken to select the best, our readers, besides partially satisfying their curiosity in relation to the matter, may derive no inconsiderable degree of knowledge as to the style and manner of the work.

In extract No. I, we have a well-drawn picture of the perturbation and despondency which prevailed in New-Orleans previously to the arrival of general Jackson, contrasted with the instantaneous and happy change produced by the presence of that distinguished officer.

“ The situation of the country at that period, owing to the proximity of the enemy,—the number of whose ships of war on our coast was daily increasing,—was critical in the extreme: but the unbounded confidence which the nation in general had in the talents of general Jackson, made us all look up to that officer, as a commander destined to lead our troops to victory, and to save our country. It is hardly possible to form an idea of the change which his arrival produced on the minds of the people. Hitherto partial attempts had been made to adopt measures of defence; the legislature had appointed a joint committee of both houses, to concert with the governor, commodore Patterson, and the military commandant, such measures as they might judge expedient; but nothing had been done. There was wanting that concentration of power, so necessary for the success of military operations. The citizens, having very little confidence in their civil or military authorities, for the defence of the country, were filled with mistrust and gloomy apprehension. Miserable disputes on account of two different committees of defence; disputes, unfortunately countenanced by the presence and influence of several public officers, had driven the people to despondency: they complained, and not without cause, that the legislature wasted time, and consumed the money of the state, in idle discussions on empty formalities of election, while all their time, and all the wealth they squandered, might be profitably employed in the defence of the country. Credit was annihilated—already, for several months had the banks suspended the payment of their notes; to supply the want of specie, one and three dollar notes had been issued, and dollars had been cut as a succedaneum for small change. On the banks’ refusing specie, the monied men had drawn in their funds, which they no longer lent out, without an usurious interest of three or four per cent. per month. Every one was distressed; confidence had ceased; and with it, almost every species of business.

"Our situation seemed desperate. In case of an attack, we could hope to be saved only by a miracle, or by the wisdom and genius of the commander-in-chief. Accordingly, on his arrival, he was immediately invested with the full confidence of the public, and all hope centered in him. We shall, hereafter, see how amply he merited the confidence which he inspired.

"With his usual activity, adhering to his constant practice of seeing every thing himself, as far as practicable, general Jackson, the second day after his arrival, set out to visit fort St. Philip, at Plaquemines, and to examine what parts of the river," &c.

Extract No. II, contains a spirited representation of the mingled sentiments of patriotic zeal, military ardour, and stern defiance, which fairly electrified the troops and population of New-Orleans, as the hour of conflict with the enemy approached.

"All classes of society were now animated with the most ardent zeal. The young, the old, women, children, all breathed defiance to the enemy, firmly resolved to oppose to the utmost the threatened invasion. General Jackson had electrified all hearts; all were sensible of the approaching danger; but they waited its presence undismayed. They knew that, in a few days, they must come to action with the enemy; yet, calm and unalarmed, they pursued their usual occupations, interrupted only when they tranquilly left their homes to perform military duty at the posts assigned them. It was known that the enemy was on our coast, within a few hours sail of the city, with a presumed force of between nine and ten thousand men; whilst all the forces we had yet to oppose him, amounted to no more than one thousand regulars, and from four to five thousand militia.

"These circumstances were publicly known, nor could any one disguise to himself, or to others, the dangers with which we were threatened. Yet, such was the universal confidence, inspired by the activity and decision of the commander-in-chief, added to the detestation in which the enemy was held, and the desire to punish his audacity, should he presume to land, that not a single warehouse or shop was shut, nor were any goods or valuable effects removed from the city. At that period, New-Orleans presented a very affecting picture to the eyes of the patriot, and of all those whose bosoms glow with the feelings of national honour,

which raise the mind far above the vulgar apprehension of personal danger. The citizens were preparing for battle as cheerfully as if it had been for a ball, each in his vernacular tongue singing songs of victory. The streets resounded with *Yankee Doodle*, the *Marseilles Hymn*, the *Chant du Depart*, and other martial airs, while those who had been long unaccustomed to military duty, were furbishing their arms and accoutrements. Beauty applauded valour, and promised with her smiles to reward the toils of the brave. Though inhabiting an open town, not above ten leagues from the enemy, and never till now exposed to war's alarms, the fair sex of New-Orleans were animated with the ardour of their defenders, and with cheerful serenity presented themselves at the windows and balconies, on hearing the drum, to applaud the troops going through their evolutions, and to encourage their husbands, sons, fathers, and brothers, to protect them from the insults of our ferocious enemies, and prevent a repetition of the horrors of Hampton.

"The several corps of militia were constantly exercising from morning till evening, and at all hours was heard the sound of drums, and of military bands of music. New-Orleans wore the appearance of a camp; and the greatest cheerfulness and concord prevailed throughout. All countenances expressed a wish to come to an engagement with the enemy, and announced a foretaste of victory."

Extract No. III, contains a description of the bayou, through which the enemy passed to their place of debarkation, and of the ground that served as the theatre of the subsequent military operations which shed such a lustre on the arms of our country.

"The bayou Bienvenue is unfortunately become so remarkable from the British forces having penetrated through it, into Louisiana, that it deserves a particular description.

"This bayou, formerly called the river St. Francis, under which designation it is laid down in some maps, is the creek through which run all the waters of a large basin, of a triangular form, about eighty square miles in surface, bounded on the south by the Mississippi, on the west by New-Orleans, by bayou Sauvage, or Chef Menteur, on the northwest, and on the east by Lake Borgne, into which it empties itself. It receives the waters

of several other bayous, formed by those of the surrounding cypress swamps and prairies, and of innumerable little streams from the low grounds along the river. It commences behind the suburb Marigny, at New-Orleans, divides the triangle nearly into two equal parts from the summit to the lake which forms its basis, and runs in a south-easterly direction. It is navigable for vessels of one hundred tons as far as the forks of the canal of Piernas' plantation, twelve miles from its mouth. Its breadth is from one hundred and ten to one hundred and fifty yards, and it has six feet water on the bar, at common tides, and nine feet at spring tides. Within the bar, there is for a considerable extent, sufficient water for vessels of from two to three hundred tons. Its principal branch is that which is called bayou Mazant, which runs towards the southwest, and receives the waters of the canals of the plantations of Villéré, Lacoste and Laronde, on which the enemy established his principal encampment. It was at the forks of the canal Villéré and bayou Mazant that the British ascended in their pinnaces, and effected a landing.

"Of the other branches of the bayou Bienvenue we shall take no particular notice; that called bayou Mazant being the only one connected with the British military movements.

"The level of the great basin, or the bank of the principal bayou, is usually twelve feet below the level of the banks of the Mississippi. The slope is usually one half of that height, or six feet, for the descent of the lands under culture, of from about one half to two-thirds of a mile in depth from the river, and the remaining six feet is the slope of cypress swamps and prairies, which are usually three or four times the depth, or extent of the high-lands susceptible of cultivation; so that one thousand yards, the usual depth of the lands under culture, have a slope of six feet, which gives less than 0,005 of a foot to each yard, whilst the prairies and cypress swamps together, commonly six thousand yards in depth, have but 0,001 of a foot to the yard in slope. The overflowing of the waters of all those bayous and canals, occasioned by the tide of the sea, or by the winds raising the waters in the lake, forms on all their banks deposits of slime, which are continually raising them above the rest of the soil, so that the interval between two bayous is, of course, below the level of their

banks, and the soil is generally covered with water or mud, aquatic plants, or large reeds, growing there in abundance to the height of from six to eight feet: it sometimes happens that the rains, or the filtrated waters, collected in these intervals or basins, not finding any issue to flow off, form what are called *trembling prairies*, which are at all seasons impassable for men and domestic animals.

“ In times of great drought, and in low tides, the ordinary prairies are passable, and some of them are frequented by the cattle of the neighbouring plantations, which prefer the grass they find there to that which grows on the banks of the river, on account of the saline particles deposited among the former by the waters of the lakes overflowing into the bayous. Such is nearly the structure of those basins or prairies, which are very extensive in Louisiana; and what we have observed of those which are immediately connected with our subject, is applicable, more or less to all the others in the country. From the high-lands of the Floridas, where the first hills begin, all the rest, as far as the sea, is alluvion land, gained from the water by the deposits from streams, particularly the Mississippi. This space is crossed in different directions by strips of high-land, between which there is invariably a river or bayou, more or less subject to periodical swells or tides; the surface of these waters is usually but little below the soil contiguous to their banks, and always higher than that which is at a certain distance. In a word, the land in Lower Louisiana slopes in the inverse direction of the soil of other countries, being most elevated on the sides of the rivers, and sinking as it recedes from them. The Mississippi swells annually and periodically at New-Orleans fourteen or fifteen feet, and is then from three to four feet above the level of its banks. To contain its waters within its bed, dikes or ramparts, called in Louisiana *levées*, have been raised on its banks, from the high-lands towards its mouth, a little above the level of the highest swells; without which precaution the lands would be entirely overflowed from four to five months in the year. When, from accident, or negligence in keeping up these dikes, the river breaks through them, the rupture, called in this country a *crève-cœur*, occasions an extensive inundation, which lays the adjacent

cypress swamps under ten and the prairies under twelve feet water. Such accidents, unfortunately too common, usually destroy at once the crops of ten and sometimes of twenty plantations. It is hoped that the frequent recurrence of the evil, owing to a defective system of police for the levées, will determine the legislature to take effectual measures to prevent such disasters, by ceasing to confide to the respective land-holders a care so important to the whole country as that of the levées, and imposing a tax on the lands where they run, for the purpose of keeping them always in repair.

“ This digression appeared to me necessary, to give a precise idea of the ground which was the theatre of the military operations I am about to relate, and which could not be perfectly understood without these preliminary observations.”

In extract No. IV, we have a well-written account of the glorious battle of the 23d of December, 1814, which contributed so essentially to the preservation of New-Orleans, and was, in the main, more highly creditable to general Jackson and the brave men he had the good fortune to command, than any other scene in which they were engaged.

“ This inconsiderable number of men,—strangers to the art of war, and of whom few had ever seen an engagement; but animated with that martial ardour which is soon excited in the breasts of men enjoying freedom, and indignant at seeing the soil of their country, the land of liberty, invaded by a mercenary soldiery, who came to renew in Louisiana the scenes of devastation and pillage, recently exhibited on the banks of the Potomack and the shores of the Chesapeake,—advanced against the enemy with eager alacrity. Several of the corps, particularly Plauche’s battalion, continued running as they advanced, till they arrived on the field of battle. All impatiently longed to be engaged with the enemy, and all were inspired with an auspicious presentiment of victory. In the heat of the action, the enemy was making towards the centre a movement which seemed to indicate that he designed to charge with bayonets. Instantly, the desire of anticipating him electrified our ranks, and they all expressed a wish to be ordered to charge. This impetuosity, however, the officers thought proper to restrain.

“ On the left of general Coffee’s division, captain Beale’s whole company of riflemen, penetrated into the midst of the enemy, without bayonets or any other weapon of defence, except their rifles; supported by their courage, excited by their love for their country, and breathing rage and vengeance against its invaders, these brave men, almost all fathers of families, holding offices of honour and trust, or at the head of considerable commercial houses, regardless of all selfish or private considerations, advanced rashly into the centre of the hostile battalions, where they made a number of prisoners, and carried them almost all off; but, unfortunately, not without leaving several of their own companions prisoners to the foe.

“ General Coffee’s Tennesseans, those modest and simple sons of nature, displayed that firm composure which accompanies and indicates true courage. In their expedition against Pensacola, and on their march to New-Orleans, they had given abundant proofs of their bravery, good conduct and patience, in enduring hardships and privations. Instinctively valiant, disciplined without having passed through the formal training of reviews and garrison manœuvres, they evinced on this memorable night, that enthusiasm, patriotism, and the sense of a just cause, which were of far more avail than scientific tactics. The heroes of Wellington, who boasted of their military talents and disciplined valour, were often doomed, by woful experience, to appreciate the prowess of those warlike sons of the western country.

“ The gallant officer who commanded them, ever calm, ever active, without precipitation, tranquilly giving orders, which he well knew how to cause to be promptly obeyed; vigilant and provident to avoid unnecessarily exposing his men, for whose safety he was as anxious as a father for his son’s, acquired by his conduct that night, the strongest claim to the esteem and gratitude of his country. Sensible that in an incessant fire most of the discharges are ineffectual, general Coffee led on his men within a sure distance, and continually passing along the line, recommended to them to take deliberate aim, and never to fire at random.”—

“ Major Plauche’s battalion of volunteers, coming into the line at the moment when the enemy was pressing hard upon the—

left of the forty-fourth, and endeavouring to turn it, proved by two or three brisk and well directed fires, that it was worthy to be stationed by the side of veteran troops. This corps, though composed of several independent companies, has ever been exemplary for perfect union, harmony and subordination. Several of its officers, who had formerly followed the military profession, enjoyed the unlimited and well-deserved confidence of their men. These were ready to follow, wherever those might lead the way; and to speak to the former (all of whom were citizens of New-Orleans) of marching against the enemy, was sufficient to exhilarate their spirits, and fill their hearts with exultation. Almost the whole of them were Frenchmen by birth or descent, and bore an inveterate hatred to Great-Britain, from whose government most of them had suffered wrongs, which they wished to avenge. On this trying occasion they flew to the defence of the country which had kindly received them, and of which they were become citizens, with the ardour and enthusiasm so characteristic of the French nation. Persuaded that musketry is often destructive, without producing any decided effect, the men of this battalion longed to charge with bayonets, and they expressed their wishes by loud acclamations. Already had the drums of the battalion begun to beat in compliance with their desire, and the men waited only for the word of command to fall on the enemy with their national weapon, when colonel Ross, who had the superior command of the two battalions of volunteers, came up to restrain their ardour. Yet, had that manœuvre been made, had Plauche's battalion advanced to the charge, the enemy's retreat would have been cut off on his right.*

Extract No. V, gives us an interesting view of the calm valour and personal intrepidity of general Jackson; that valour, which, in the language of the poet,

—— Dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood,

But

Lodged in the soul (is) with virtue over-ruled,
Inflamed by reason and by reason cool'd.

"I cannot decline paying the tribute of justice to general Jackson, to say that no man could possibly have shown more per-

sonal valour, more firmness and composure, than was exhibited by him, through the whole of this engagement, on which depended, perhaps, the fate of Louisiana. I may say, without fearing to be taxed with adulation, that on the night of the 23d general Jackson exposed himself rather too much. I saw him in advance of all who were near him, at a time when the enemy was making a charge on the artillery, within pistol shot, in the midst of a shower of bullets, and in that situation I observed him spirit-ing and urging on the marines, and the right of the seventh regiment, who, animated by the presence and voice of their gallant commander-in-chief, attacked the enemy so briskly, that they soon forced him to retire."

In extract No. VI, we find an account of the gallantry and good conduct of the American troops, in repulsing the British in the affair of the 28th of December.

"The enemy advanced in columns on the road, preceded by several pieces of artillery, some of which played on the ship *Louisiana*, and the others on our lines. The British, in this instance, gave a signal proof of their presumption; and while we do justice to the bravery of their troops, we cannot but pity the infatuation of their commanders, who thus brought up their army to lines, which though not completed, were yet proof against musket shot and had already five pieces of cannon in battery. They thought, no doubt, to intimidate us by their boldness, hoping that the sight of a deep column marching against our lines, would strike such terror as to make us abandon them, and retreat to the city; but they were greatly deceived. They did not yet know with what adversaries they had to contend; nor that they were destined to atone for their arrogance, with streams of their blood. The *Louisiana* suffered the enemy's columns to advance, and as soon as they had got as near to her as her commander wished, she opened on them a tremendous and well directed fire. This was at first briskly answered by the enemy's artillery, which was soon silenced by the guns of the ship, and those of our lines. That very morning, the engineer H. S. Bonneval Latrobe had established, under the fire of the enemy's artillery, and a cloud of rockets, a twenty-four pounder, on the left of the battery No. 1, on the line. This gun dismounted one of the field pieces which the enemy had

placed in battery on the road. Captain Humphrey's battery had incessantly played upon and severely galled the enemy from an early hour in the morning; but the guns of the *Louisiana*, from her position, were better calculated than any other to annoy him, as her broadside was in an oblique direction to his line of march. One single ball from her killed fifteen of his men. Her fire at last broke his columns, and forced them to disperse and fall back into the fields, where they took a position on Bienvenue's plantation, under cover of some buildings.

"It is but justice to say, that the services rendered on this day by the *Louisiana*, were of the greatest importance. The cannonading lasted seven hours, during which she fired upwards of eight hundred shots."

Persuaded that our fellow-citizens will await, with anxious and high expectancy, the publication of major Latour's Memoir, we deem it superfluous to recommend it to their attention. We rather congratulate them on the opportunity they will shortly enjoy, of gratifying their eager wishes by a perusal of it.

We cannot dismiss this subject, without expressing a hope, that at no distant period of time, the public will be favoured with a similar memoir of the war in the north, more especially of the campaign on the Niagara frontier, under the command of major-general Brown, from the pen of some one of the brave and enlightened men who participated in the dangers and glory of the achievements. It is due to posterity, as well as to our countrymen of the present day, that scenes of such valour and patriotism as were there displayed, and deeds of such high renown as were repeatedly performed, be not suffered to remain untold.

ED.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REMARKS ON THE PRETENSIONS OF THOMAS PAINE, AUTHOR OF
"COMMON SENSE," TO THE CHARACTER OF A POET.

THE poetical talents of Mr. Paine have been long, and in no slight degree, extolled in this country, and we believe in Great Britain also, on account of his famous song on the death of general Wolfe. That production has been pronounced by some, who are not without a name for judgment and taste, to be equal in

merit to Campbell's celebrated sea-song "Ye mariners of England," or to the ancient ballad of Chevy Chase. In a letter from a late literary character of high distinction, in this city, to his correspondent in New-York, is the following remark in relation to Mr. Paine;—"His *song upon the death of general Wolfe*, and his reflections upon the death of lord Clive, gave to Mr. Aitkin's Magazine" (a periodical work in which they were first published about the commencement of the American revolutionary war) "a sudden currency, which few works of that kind have since had in our country." "I have procured," says the gentleman to whom this letter was addressed, who was also a writer of some note, "a copy of this *beautiful song*."

Such are the sentiments which men of letters have expressed, with regard to the merits of Mr. Paine's ballad. On its high and general popularity among the great body of the American people, under whose notice it has fallen, we shall not dwell, that being a point which is sufficiently notorious.

Our present purpose is to enter into a brief examination of this production, with a view to contribute our part towards settling, on principles of legitimate criticism, and therefore in a manner somewhat more stable than has been heretofore done, its true character as a poetical composition.

In promoting the refinement of a people, the formation and diffusion of a correct taste constitute the step next in importance to the establishment and propagation of sound morals.

In a mouldering cave where the wretched retreat
 Britannia sat wasted with care;
 She mourn'd for her Wolfe, and exclaim'd against Fate,
 And gave herself up to despair:
 The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around
 With the feats of her favourite son;
 And even the dust as it lay on the ground
 Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.

This stanza, although certainly the least exceptionable in the song, is by no means faultless. The latter part of the first line, "where the wretched retreat" is a mere expletive clause, being introduced for no other purpose than to rhyme with the latter part of the third line, "and exclaim'd against fate." Far from adding

in any measure to the force and beauty of the line, it detracts in no small degree from both. Nor does it set forth, as it purports to do, a general truth, the retreat of persons in distress to "mouldering caves," being one of the rarest of occurrences. But in commemorating so melancholy an event as the death of general Wolfe, in which the public mind experienced such a deep and lively interest, every thing irrelevant and unfounded should be rigidly excluded. We think, moreover, that there is something extravagant in the representation of Britannia wearing herself down to the condition of a mummy, neglecting all other considerations, and resigning herself to absolute despair, on account of the death of one man, when, in the language of England's king, on a preceding occasion, she might, perhaps, have said without boasting,

"I trust I have within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he."

But inasmuch as ladies as well as gentlemen will have their partialities and exorbitant preferences, we have no great objection, in the present instance, to indulge madame Britannia in hers.

The Sire of the gods from his chrystalline throne
Beheld the disconsolate dame;
And mov'd with her tears he sent Mercury down,
And these were the tidings that came:
Britannia, forbear, not a sigh nor a tear
For thy Wolfe, so deservedly lov'd;
Your tears shall be chang'd into triumphs of joy,
For Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

The four first lines of this stanza are exceedingly faulty. They would have been correct, proper, and perhaps beautiful, had they been applied to Themistocles or Epaminondas, Pompey or Cæsar, or to any other fallen military leader of high distinction during the predominance of the Grecian or Roman mythology. The reason is obvious. They would have been congenial with the views and religious sentiments of the people to whom they were addressed, and would, therefore, have acquired popular credence. The public would have deemed them true, or at least probable, because they believed in the existence of Jupiter ("the Sire of the gods") and were taught to consider Mercury as his principal message bearer. Under these circumstances the

statement contained in the lines would have been real eulogy, softened by somewhat of an elegiac spirit, because calculated to awaken feelings of sympathy and sorrow.

But when addressed to a people under the christian dispensation, and applied to a christian leader, who had recently fallen, these lines forego all advantage, lose all effect, and degenerate into tumid fiction and romance. They excite no feeling, because they are known to be utterly false; whereas truth and nature are the only foundation of real pathos; nor do they command, on account of their ingenuity, elegance, or sublimity, the slightest degree of admiration: for when we recollect the source whence they are derived, they are divested at once of their fancied dignity, and assume a stale and common-place character. Not a Latin or Greek poet can be opened without taking from them all merit both of invention and combination, by exhibiting in some shape the bold original fable of which they are nothing but a humble imitation. But, if it be possible, they are marked with still less of judgment than of fancy; for what can be more injudicious and absurd, than to attempt to move the sympathies of a christian people, by shreds and scraps from heathen mythology!

We beg to be understood as having no allusion here to any thing of impiety or irreligion in the attempt. Such an insinuation we utterly disclaim as illiberal and unbecoming. We speak of it only as a matter destitute of the first and plainest principles of common sense, as well as of true taste. "*Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum tibi ipsi.*" If you wish me to feel what you write or speak, you must, at least, appear to be sincere yourself. But, to the apprehension of a modern people, what sincerity of appearance is there in the representation of Jupiter despatching Mercury to console Britannia on account of the death of general Wolfe! Such mythological machinery would be perfectly proper in a mock heroic poem; but, as connected with elegy, it is altogether preposterous. Fiction and fable are usually admissible where the taste and intellect are alone to be exercised, or where the object in view is the production of ludicrous imagery; but should be rigidly excluded from where the heart is to be concerned.

What would be the fate of the lover who should attempt to move his mistress by arguments drawn from ancient fable or clas-

sical story? or of the dramatic writer who, in the midst of a deeply tragical scene, should introduce on the stage a Roman deity?—Jupiter, for example, beating down the sons of Terra with his thunderbolts, or Diana piercing with her arrows the daughters of Niobe? We need scarcely answer, that the first would be rejected as a suitor of no feeling, and the latter condemned as an author of no judgment. Equally unsuitable is the introduction of such machinery into an elegiac poem, or any other serious and pathetic composition. If true feeling or passion is to be excited, reality and not fiction is the mean to be employed.

The four last lines of the stanza have some merit; and, had they been pronounced by an angelical messenger, or any other comforter, whose existence is recognized in modern belief, would not have been introduced without effect.

The sons of the east, the proud giants of old,
Have crept from their darksome abodes;
And this is the news, as in Heav'n it was told,
They were marching to war with the gods;
A council was held in the chambers of Jove
And this was the final decree:
That Wolfe should be called to the army above,
And the charge was intrusted to me.

To this stanza all that was said of the last applies with perfect propriety and augmented force. The allusions are inadmissible in serious composition, because they are derived from Grecian and Roman fable, and are altogether inconsistent with the ideas we entertain of nature and truth—the character of the Deity and the government of the universe. They are fiction usurping the place of reality, the most extravagant, perhaps, of all the fictions that compose the mythology of the Greeks and Romans.

But this is not all. The compliment attempted to be paid to general Wolfe is a specimen of the most flagrant bombast that is any where to be found in the records of puffing. That officer is made to groan under a weight of forced eulogy far beyond what belongs to mortals. He is not only placed above all human captains, but, by representing him as called to the command of the armies of Heaven, the poet exalts him over the heads of the celestials themselves. We consider Homer extravagant enough.

when he makes his heroes contend with the immortals on *equal* terms, and with some degree of success. But what would we have thought of him had he placed Neptune, Mars, and Minerva as privates in the ranks, bestowing the command of them on Hector or Diomedes? or what of any one of the Roman poets had he transferred Cæsar or Pompey, Scipio or Cincinnatus to the headquarters of Jupiter, there to take the command in chief of his armies? Think of them ourselves as we might, the good sense and correct taste of the people of Greece and Rome would never have tolerated such lawless rodomontade. Yet such precisely is what the author of the ballad we are considering has done in relation to general Wolfe; and that as the result of a council of the gods deliberately and solemnly convoked on the occasion. If the English or any other language be made the vehicle of an instance of adulation more tumid, gross, and exorbitant than this, we are ignorant where the extravagance is to be found. General Wolfe, although a distinguished officer, was far from being the greatest captain that has appeared on earth; much less was he entitled to be made chief-marshal of heaven.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew,
 He begg'd for a moment's delay;
 He cry'd, oh forbear, let me victory hear,
 And then thy command I'll obey:
 With a darksome thick film I encompass'd his eyes
 And bore him away in an urn;
 Lest the fondness he bore to his own native shore
 Should induce him again to return.

In this stanza we are presented with another inflated monument of fable and extravagance, deformed by a blunder in classical story. The business of Mercury, according to the settled canons of the Greek and Roman mythology, was to conduct ghosts to the dominions of Pluto; not to carry them, blindfolded and stowed away in nut-shells or snuff-boxes, to the dwellings of Jupiter. Nor do we know by what authority any modern writer is warranted in assigning to him a different office. But when we consider the hideous blurs that are around it, this lapsus in classical knowledge dwindles to a speck, and loses, by comparison, half of its unseemliness.

If any thing had been wanting to complete the climax of absurdity which marks this ballad, it is amply supplied in the four last lines. Where, we will not say in elegiac, but even in mock heroic poetry, can we find a more forced conceit, or a more ludicrous representation, than that of Mercury deliberately blindfolding the ghost of general Wolfe, cramming it into an urn, and, when thus disposed of, carrying it off under his arm, for the purpose of having it appointed generalissimo of the celestial armies? And for what end were these singular measures of precaution adopted?—the most preposterous and ridiculous that man can imagine—to prevent this ghostly generalissimo elect from noticing the sign-boards and land-marks that might direct his route from Heaven to earth, lest, preferring the latter to the former, he might desert his command *in chief* of the “armies above” to resume a *subordinate* command in the armies of Great Britain—exchange the office of chief-marshal of the skies for that of lieutenant-general, at most, in an island that constitutes but a speck in the ocean. Let those who deem it so denominate this a fine thought—a lofty conception; we cannot view it as other than an overstrained, distorted, and most ludicrous conceit—a caricature attempt at the sentimental sublime.

This singular passage reminds us of a device we have frequently seen practised among neighbouring farmers, when one of them purchases from another a pig, or receives as a present a cat, which he wishes to retain on his own estate. What does this cunning earth-born Mercury do on the occasion with his cat or his pig? the very same thing that the Mercury of the skies is here represented as doing with the ghost of general Wolfe—carefully blindfolds it, puts it, not indeed into an urn, but into a bag, and, thus secured, carries it in utter darkness, squeaking or mewling, as the case may be, from his neighbour’s dwelling to his own,

Lest the fondness it bore for its own native shore
Should tempt it again to return.

We doubt much if a more flagrant example of vitiated taste, or a more inflated and contemptible instance of the false sublime, than that which is exhibited in the three last stanzas of the foregoing song, is any where recorded in poetical literature.

In relation to these free and honest strictures which we have ventured to pass on the “Death of Wolfe,” we think it not impro-

bable that, at first, the current of popular sentiment will be against us. We have not the vanity to suppose that any effort of ours can at once break down or entirely change the preconceived opinions and settled predilections of a whole people. But, in the judgment of those who may take the trouble, as we have ourselves endeavoured to do, to examine the production with care, and apply to it the principles of correct criticism, we feel no apprehension as to the final result.

What, then, it may be asked, is to be done with Mr. Paine's reputation as a poet. We answer, "speak of it as it is"—treat it as it deserves: and, while the "Castle in the Air" remains to testify in its favour, its case is not desperate.

In that sprightly and fine effusion of fancy we perceive much to praise and very little to blame. Although wild and irregular, the imagery is highly picturesque and beautiful; and in no instance does it offend either the judgment or the taste. The conceptions, too, are lofty and spirited, the sentiments unexceptionable, and the language, for the most part, appropriate and chaste. That our readers may the more clearly comprehend and relish its allusions, we shall introduce it with the following explanatory note.

"Mr. Paine corresponded with a lady, and dated his letters from *The Castle in Air*, while she addressed hers from *The Little Corner of the World*. For reasons which he knew not, their intercourse was suddenly suspended, and for some time he believed his fair friend in obscurity and distress. Many years afterwards, however, he met her unexpectedly at Paris, in the most affluent circumstances, and married to Sir Robert Smith."

FROM THE CASTLE IN AIR TO THE LITTLE CORNER OF
THE WORLD.

In the region of clouds where the whirlwinds arise,
My castle of fancy was built,
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And the windows with sun-beams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes in its beautiful state,
Enamell'd the mansion around,
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottos and fountains, and orange tree groves,
 I had all that enchantment has told;
 I had sweet shady walks for the gods and their loves,
 I had mountains of coral and gold.

The picture of the "Castle in the Air," as set forth in the two introductory stanzas, as well as that of the "gardens and ground" represented in the third, is the offspring of an effort of the imagination peculiarly felicitous. The whole is distinct and forcible, gorgeous and beautiful in an uncommon degree. Nor, considering the subject, is there in it any thing that deserves to be accounted extravagant. To those who have been observant of the richly varied aspect of summer clouds, both as to figure and colouring, the garden scene must appear not only surpassingly fine, but altogether natural.

But a storm that I felt not had risen and roll'd,
 While wrapp'd in a slumber I lay;
 And when I look'd out in the morning, behold!
 My castle was carried away.

It pass'd over rivers, and vallies, and groves,
 The world, it was all in my view—
 I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves,
 And often, full often, of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
 Which Nature in silence had made:
 The place was but small—but 'twas sweetly serene,
 And chequer'd with sunshine and shade.

I gaz'd and I envied with painful good will;
 And grew tired of my seat in the air:
 When all of a sudden my castle stood still,
 As if some attraction were there.

Like a lark from the sky it came fluttering down,
 And plac'd me exactly in view—
 When whom should I meet, in this charming retreat,
 'This corner of calmness—but you.

Delighted to find you in honour and ease,
 I felt no more sorrow nor pain,
 And, the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,
 And went back with my castle again.

These stanzas need no comment. With the exception of two or three prosaic and faulty lines, viz.

“And when I look'd out in the morning, behold.”

“When all of a sudden my castle stood still,”

and that which serves as a mere expletive,

“And plac'd me exactly in view.”—

With the exception of these lines, we consider the whole exceedingly beautiful—such as any of the secondary poets in the English language might be well satisfied to have written.

In the main, we do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. Paine's “Castle in the Air” as far superior to his “Death of Wolfe” as consistency is to inconsistency, or good taste to bad.

C.

THE QUEEN'S WAKE, A LEGENDARY POEM. BY JAMES HOGG.

'Tis mine to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told;
And whilst they meet my tranced view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true.

THIS is a work of no ordinary character. The story is simple and plain, ingenious and beautiful. Were there no other fact or circumstance to testify in his favour, the conception of it alone, with the framing of its outline, would designate its author as a writer possessed of a fine invention. But it is on the rich and diversified stock of materials his industry has collected, conjoined with his felicitous manner of handling them, that Mr. Hogg must more especially rest his present reputation and his future hopes. On that ground, if we are not greatly mistaken, he may rest them securely. As far as a bold imagination and a most glowing fancy, a taste indistinctively delicate and correct, and a perfect mastery over his subject may avail, it is not in the nature of things that he should encounter disappointment.

Mary, queen of Scots, returns from France to her native kingdom, and becomes highly enamoured of the Scottish harp. For the gratification of her own passion for music, and, no doubt, to

Acquire popularity with her nobles and subjects, she determines on the institution of a royal wake; which appears to have been in the form of an entertainment in her palace by night—therefore called a wake—in which the court was to be regaled with the sound of the harp.

That the musical part of the entertainment might be the more exquisite, and the whole fete the more pompous and magnificent, a proclamation went forth from the throne, summoning all the bards of the kingdom, highland and lowland, to repair to Holyrood, on Easter week, there to display, in their finest style, their powers of minstrelsey in doing honour to the occasion. As a further incentive to ambition, a high mark of royal favour was promised to him who might acquit himself most to the satisfaction of the court.

The summons was promptly and eagerly obeyed; and, accordingly, all the distinguished minstrels of the day, each in the dress of his country or his clan, and bearing on his shoulder the harp which he loved, thronged to the palace of their sovereign, prepared, to the utmost, by study and practice, to pour into her ears their choicest music.

The "Wake" is opened and continues for three nights, during which time nearly thirty bards appear as candidates for the applause and guerdon of royalty; but unfortunately our author, with all his industry, has been able to collect but thirteen of their songs, which, with the necessary comments and interludes, and a small body of explanatory notes, constitute the volume we are now considering, under the title of "The Queen's Wake."

Such, in brief, is the outline of the story, which, with a wonderful fertility of invention, and an exuberance of fancy but rarely equalled, our author has contrived so to amplify, enrich, and adorn, as to render it one of the most fascinating productions that has been lately added to English literature. But, like all other works of merit, its own contents will prove, when examined, its weightiest recommendation. Without further remark, therefore, we shall lay before our readers a few extracts from it.

The introduction is abrupt, bold, and beautiful. The two first paragraphs of it are highly poetical, and most forcibly de-

scriptive of the feelings of the bard, and his passionate and romantic attachment to his lyre.

Now burst, ye Winter clouds that lower,
Fling from your folds the piercing shower;
Sing to the tower and leafless tree,
Ye cold winds of adversity;
Your blights, your chilling influence shed,
On wareless heart, and houseless head,
Your ruth or fury I disdain,
I've found my Mountain Lyre again.

Come to my heart, my only stay!
Companion of a happier day!
Thou gift of heaven, thou pledge of good,
Harp of the mountain and the wood!
I little thought, when first I tried
Thy notes by lone Saint Mary's side,
When in a deep untrodden den,
I found thee in the braken glen,
I little thought that idle toy
Should e'er become my only joy!

Our author's picture of Mary on horseback is but little inferior to that of Cleopatra in her royal barge, which has been so often quoted as a masterpiece of painting.

Light on her airy steed she sprung,
Around with golden tassels hung,
No chieftain there rode half so free,
Or half so light and gracefully.
How sweet to see her ringlets pale
Wide waving in the southland gale,
Which through the broom-wood blossoms flew,
To fan her cheeks of rosy hue!
Whene'er it heaved her bosom's screen,
What beauties in her form were seen!
And when her courser's main it swung,
A thousand silver bells were rung.
A sight so fair on Scottish plain,
A Scot shall never see again.

Argyle's eulogy on highland music is uttered in a fine and animated style of enthusiasm.

It nerves the arm of warrior wight
To deeds of more than mortal might;

'Twill make the maid in all her charms,
 Fall weeping in her lover's arms.
 'Twill charm the mermaid from the deep;
 Make mountain oaks to bend and weep;
 Thrill every heart with horrors dire,
 And shape the breeze to forms of fire.

" When poured from greenwood-bower at even,
 'Twill draw the spirits down from heaven;
 And all the fays that haunt the wood,
 To dance around in frantic mood,
 And tune their mimic harps so boon
 Beneath the cliff and midnight moon.
 Ah! yes my Queen! if once you heard
 The Scottish lay from Highland bard,
 Then might you say, in raptures meet,
 No song was ever half so sweet."—

Our bard gives us, in a few lines, a portraiture of December,
 the very sight of which almost makes our teeth chatter with cold.

" December came; his aspect stern
 Glared deadly o'er the mountain cairn;
 A polar sheet was round him flung,
 And ice-spears at his girdle hung;
 O'er frigid field and drifted cone,
 He strode undaunted and alone;
 Or, throned amid the Grampians gray,
 Kept thaws and suns of heaven at bay."

No witch, fairy, or Caliban scene that Shakspeare ever drew, exhibits a greater fertility of invention, or is marked with more wild and extravagant yet characteristic flights of fancy, than appear in our author's "Witch of Fyfe." But as the story is too long to be quoted entire, and as its beauties would suffer greatly under any attempt we might make to extract from it, we must, for a knowledge of it, refer our readers to the work itself.

Mr. Hogg's "Spirit of the Storm," is almost as terrifically grand and appalling as the "Spirit of the Cape" of Camoens, which appeared to Gama, when he first essayed the passage of the Cape of Good Hope.

" But ah! that dull foreboding day,
 He saw what mortal could not bear;
 A sight that scared theerne away,
 And drove the wild deer from his lair.

Firm in his magic ring he stood,
When, lo! aloft on gray Cairn-Gorm,
A form appeared that chilled his blood,—
The giant Spirit of the Storm.

His face was like the spectre wan,
Slow gliding from the midnight isle;
His stature on the mighty plan
Of smoke-tower o'er the burning pile.

Red, red and grizzly were his eyes;
His cap the moon-cloud's silver gray;
His staff the writhed snake, that lies
Pale, bending o'er the milky-way.

He cried, "Away, begone, begone!
Half-naked, hoary, feeble form!
How darest thou hold my realms alone,
And brave the Angel of the Storm?"—

"And who art thou," the seer replied,
"That bear'st destruction on thy brow?
Whose eye no mortal can abide?
Dread mountain Spirit! what art thou?"

"Within this desert, dark and long,
Since rolled the world a shoreless sea,
I've held my elemental throne,
The terror of thy race and thee.

"I wrap the sun of heaven in blood,
Veiling his orient beams of light;
And hide the moon in sable shroud,
Far in the alcove of the night.

"I ride the red bolt's rapid wing,
High on the sweeping whirlwind sail,
And list to hear my tempests sing
Around Glen-Avin's ample wale,

"These everlasting hills are riven;
Their reverend heads are bald and gray;
The Greenland waves salute the heaven,
And quench the burning stars with spray.

"Who was it reared those whelming waves?
Who scalped the brows of old Cairn-Gorm?
And scooped these ever-yawning caves?
'Twas I, the Spirit of the Storm.

“ And hence shalt thou, for evermore,
Be doomed to ride the blast with me;
To shriek, amid the tempest's roar,
By fountain, ford, and forest tree.”

The following portraiture of a sprite on the water manifests great powers of description:

“ Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the stream,
A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem;
Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
The glow-worm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom;
A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
Like wold-fire, at midnight, that glares on the waste.
Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
No torrent, no rock, her velocity staid;
She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.
Mute nature was roused in the bounds of the glen;
The wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den,
Fled panting away, over river and isle,
Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle.

The fox fled in terror; the eagle awoke,
As slumbering he dozed in the shelve of the rock;
Astonished, to hide in the moon-beam he flew,
And screwed the night-heaven till lost in the blue.”

The image of the Genius of Scotland, as she appeared in a dream to Edward, is exquisitely well drawn.

“ He thought, as he lay on the green mountain thyme,
A spirit approached him in manner sublime.
At first she appeared like a streamer of light,
But still as she neared she was formed to his sight.
Her robe was the blue silken veil of the sky,
The drop of the amethyst deepened its dye;
Her crown was a helmet, emblazoned with pearl;
Her mantle the sunbeam, her bracelets the beryl;
Her hands and her feet like the bright burning levin;
Her face was the face of an angel from heaven:
Around her the winds and the echoes grew still,
And rainbows were formed in the cloud of the hill.

Like music that floats o'er the soft heaving deep,
When twilight has lulled all the breezes asleep,

The wild fairy airs in our forests that rung,
Or hymns of the sky by a seraph when sung;
So sweet were the tones on the fancy that broke,
When the Guardian of Scotland's proud mountains thus spoke."

Our author's representation of a border battle, in the song of the sixteenth bard, may, for every excellence of descriptive poetry, be put in competition with any thing of the kind we remember to have read.

"O, for the lyre of heaven, that rung
When Linden's lofty hymn was sung;
Or his, who from the height beheld
The reeling strife of Flodden field?
Then far on wing of genius borne
Should ring the wonders of that morn:
Morn!—ah! how many a warrior bold
That morn was never to behold!
When rival rank to rank drew nigh,
When eye was fixed on foeman's eye,
When lowered was lance, and bent was bow,
And falchion clenched to strike the blow,
No breath was heard, nor clank of mail,
Each face with rage grew deadly pale.
Trembled the moon's reluctant ray;
The breeze of heaven sunk soft away.

So furious was that onset's shock,
Destruction's gates at once unlock:
'Twas like the earthquake's hollow groan,
When towers and towns are overthrown:
'Twas like the river's midnight crush,
When snows dissolve, and torrents rush;
When fields of ice, in rude array,
Obstruct its own resistless way:
'Twas like the whirlwind's rending sweep:
'Twas like the tempest of the deep,
Where Corrybraken's surges driven,
Meet, mount, and lash the breast of heaven.

'Twas foot to foot, and brand to brand;
Oft hilt to hilt, and hand to hand;
Oft gallant foeman, wo to tell,
Dead in each other's bosoms fell!
The horsemen met with might and main,
Then reeled, and wheeled, and met again.

A thousand spears on hawberks hang;
 A thousand swords on helmets clang.
 Where might was with the feeble blent,
 Still there the line of battle bent;
 As oft recoiled from flank assail,
 While blows fell thick as rattling hail.
 Nature stood mute that fatal hour,
 All save the ranks on Cample-moor,
 And mountain goats that left their den,
 And bleating fled to Garroch glen."

The whole of the seventeenth bard's song, of which no adequate idea can be formed without reading it, is at once wild and romantic, picturesque and solemn, beyond any thing we recollect in legendary story. As a specimen of its style, manner, and spirit, we shall quote from it a single paragraph, descriptive of the magnificent temple of the ocean, and the loud and boisterous worship of the waves.

"Their path was on wonderous pavement of old,
 Its blocks all cast in some giant mould,
 Fair hewn and grooved by no mortal hand,
 With countermure guarded by sea and by-land.
 The watcher Bushella frowned over their way,
 Enrobed in the sea-baize, and hooded with gray;
 The warder that stands by that dome of the deep,
 With spray-shower and rainbow, the entrance to keep.
 But when they drew nigh to the chancel of ocean,
 And saw her waves rush to their raving devotion,
 Astounded and awed to the antes they clung,
 And listened the hymns in her temple she sung.
 The song of the cliff, when the winter winds blow,
 The thunder of heaven, the earthquake below,
 Conjoined, like the voice of a maiden would be,
 Compared with the anthem there sung by the sea.

Having finished his story of the royal wake, our bard takes leave for a time of his harp in a few soft and touching stanzas, which plainly show, that, besides being a master in descriptive poetry, he is also skilled in the means of making his way to the heart.

"Now, my loved harp, a while farewell;
 I leave thee on the old gray thorn;
 The evening dews will mar thy swell,
 That waked to joy the cheerful morn.

Farewell, sweet soother of my woe!
Chill blows the blast around my head;
And louder yet that blast may blow,
When down this weary vale I've sped.
The wreath lies on Saint Mary's shore;
The mountain sounds are harsh and loud;
The lofty brows of stern Clockmore
Are visored with the moving cloud.
But Winter's deadly hues shall fade
On moorland bald and mountain shaw,
And soon the rainbow's lovely shade
Sleep on the breast of Bowerhope Law;
Then will the glowing suns of spring,
The genial shower and stealing dew,
Wake every forest bird to sing,
And every mountain flower renew.
But not the rainbow's ample ring,
That spans the glen and mountain gray,
Though fanned by western breeze's wing,
And sunned by summer's glowing ray,
To man decayed, can ever more
Renew the age of love and glee!
Can ever second spring restore
To my old mountain harp and me!
But when the hue of softened green
Spreads over hill and lonely lea,
And lowly primrose opes unseen
Her virgin bosom to the bee;
When hawthorns breathe their odours far,
And carols hail the year's return,
And daisy spreads her silver star
Unheeded by the mountain burn;
Then will I seek the aged thorn,
The haunted wild and fairy ring,
Where oft thy erring numbers borne
Have taught the wandering winds to sing.

On the whole, high, and justly high, as stands the reputation of Burns, Ramsay, and a few others, we cannot hesitate to believe, that the Queen's Wake and The Pilgrims of the Sun, have given to Mr. Hogg a decided pre-eminence over all the unlettered bards of Scotland.

In justice to our author, we must not close this article without informing our readers, that he was bred a shepherd on the hills of Ettrick, where he was bound an apprentice to his humble vocation at the age of seven years, and never afterwards received an hour of school education. Hence the astonishment with which every one must view not only the able but the truly elegant and polished productions that have issued from his pen. To write sensibly and forcibly requires nothing but talents and information: but to write like a scholar, has always, we believe, till the appearance of Mr. Hogg, required somewhat of the laborious process of instruction.

C.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

STRICTURES ON MOORE, THE POET.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE following strictures on Mr. Moore, the Irish poet, were written more than ten years ago, when that popularity which has since passed to other favourites of the day, gave a pungency and force to his satire that it did not intrinsically possess. I cannot but smile at the warmth they betray, now that indignation has cooled down to contempt. If you think the contents of my portfolio will afford any amusement to the readers of yours, they are at your service for publication.

Z.

MR. THOMAS MOORE, the translator of Anacreon, has given the English public, as late as April of the present year, a volume of his poetical effusions, and they have been already republished among us, and dispersed over every part of the country.

I have read this work with mingled indignation and regret, that talents and genius like his should be prostituted to the dissemination of the foulest calumny and the most vulgar prejudices against the United States. Is it that he now seeks to pay in kind every illiberal sentiment which he heard against his countrymen during his visit here; or does he merely chime in with the reigning humour of the people of England, in reviling every thing that

is American, and fondly promise himself some reward from the noble personage to whom he offers so fulsome a dedication? Whatever may have been the cause, his mind seems to have been not a little soured against the good people of these states, and he most egregiously abuses the privilege of an author, by introducing, in the form of notes, every ill-natured remark that spleen and malice can suggest.

Nothing is more quick-sighted in spying faults, nothing is so bitter in inveighing against them, as national prejudice. It blames without reflection; it judges without candour; and it often imagines that which has no existence but in its own jaundiced vision. It commonly makes its own national defects the standard of what is right; and, consequently, censures some things exactly in proportion as they are undeserving of censure. When a stranger comes into a country, many peculiarities that are unperceived by the inhabitants strike him most forcibly; and when they are not *palpably* good or bad, they will please or offend him as he happens to be good-humoured or splenetic—as he most resembles Sterne or Smollet. If he belong to the good-natured class, whenever he may chance to see faults, he will find many circumstances of extenuation, or probably some accompanying good or amiable quality, to be set in the opposite scale. In this liberal and benevolent view of things it will generally appear, that every country possesses its virtues and defects, its recommendations and disadvantages.

If this be the duty of every traveller who aims at impartiality and truth, how much more should it be expected of him who has liberally shared the hospitality and friendly attentions of the inhabitants.

But the fact is, that foreigners principally spend their time in the large towns of the United States, where a great proportion of the people they see are Europeans, who, by a natural infirmity, are too apt to exalt the country they have left at the expense of that they are in, and indiscreetly, if not perfidiously, furnish their travelling countrymen with materials for their malignant wit. The natural connexion of foreign visitors with this class of people prevents their better knowledge of the native character, both by lessening the opportunities of personal observation, and by producing

unjust prepossessions. They thus, therefore, do little more than collect into one filthy sewer the various parcels of dirty calumny that their domiciliated countrymen have been collecting for years before. But to borrow an expression I once heard a Scotchman apply to one of his countrymen who did not "prefer the truth to Scotland," they should remember that "it is an ill bird which befouls her own nest," by which I understand is meant the nest where she *lays her eggs*, and not that in which *she is hatched*. From my personal knowledge Mr. Moore's intercourse in the United States was principally confined either to his own countrymen, or to those who have identified themselves with them in their feelings and opinions.

It is impossible to read any of the numerous travels through this country without laughing at some of their very ludicrous mistakes: but how much more amiable are the errors of Brissot or Chattellux, than those of Liancourt or Weld. They pass rapidly through this extensive country, and are content with the scanty information they can glean in the public stages or taverns; and whatever they chance to see that is worthy of remark, they set down in their notes as a daily occurrence. Since the number of readers has so multiplied in modern days, every traveller who can write grammatically thinks himself qualified to publish a book; and however crude his remarks, however childish, or coarse, or insipid his journal, the dearth of literary novelty procures him a sufficient stock of readers, and ample encouragement from his bookseller.

As Mr. Moore seems to possess no small share of the political intolerance with which he upbraids us in Virginia, this favourite seat of democracy comes in for the greatest share of his ill-nature: but since the spirit of republican liberty, on which they most pride themselves, is what this travelling poet most abhors, they ought to consider his censure as a compliment. Among other things he thinks the badness of our bridges is a fair subject for his ridicule. But did not this sapient *little* poet know that it is physically and morally impossible that a country which contains but fifteen or twenty persons to a square mile should have as good roads and bridges as another which contains ten times that number, and that it would be an injudicious waste of national wealth,

and a tax little short of that which his countrymen pay for their public debt to obtain these valuable improvements throughout this commonwealth? But the fact of the badness of our bridges is shamefully exaggerated. The writer of these remarks has travelled many thousand miles in the mail stages, and he does not remember ever to have witnessed the circumstance mentioned by Mr. Moore.—On the other hand, within a few years, bridges that are commodious, if not very durable, have been erected over all our large rivers, which are very different, by the by, from the petty streams that run through England and Ireland. It is not unworthy of remark, that those improvements, as well as all others of importance, have been made since the country was deprived of the benefits of *single majesty*, to which he so kindly beseeches them to return. But we may judge of this poet's accuracy, when he supposes the scene of Shakspeare's *Tempest* to be in the island of Bermuda; though it is evidently placed on an island in the Mediterranean, which Prospero reached in an open boat from Naples, and on which Ferdinand was wrecked in a voyage from Tunis to Naples. The only passage in that beautiful drama on which Mr. Moore could have founded his assertion, leaves no room to doubt that it was erroneous. If he could commit such a mistake where there was nothing but his own carelessness or confusion of ideas to mislead, what may we not expect when the spleen and resentment which belongs to the *genus irritabile* had room to operate?

He is pleased to express his opinion of the college of William and Mary: but I wonder when he had an opportunity of knowing the proficiency of the students; or where are his pretensions to form a competent judgment. The only evidence his book affords of his knowledge of physics is to be found in the last page but one, in a remark on an optical fact; and I doubt not there is many a student at the college he decries, who would be ashamed of so unphilosophical an explanation. There is indeed nothing strange in the circumstance that objects should be inverted on the retina of the eye, and not appear to be so, unless there was an internal eye to view the retina; for the brain perceives the picture without also perceiving how it stands, and no act of the judgment ever in-

terposes to *correct an error*, because it is utterly impossible that any error should be committed.

Our young men, it is true, have neither leisure nor money to spend much time at college: but there are many who, though they may not be as dexterous as Mr. Moore in hitching a Greek sentence into a rhyme, would yet make a better figure than he on any subject of philosophy, legislation, or political economy. The two great branches of moral philosophy, but especially politics, occupy the chief attention of American students, and while these pursuits peculiarly fit them for the discharge of the momentous functions to which they have an equal chance of being called, they must everywhere be the most important and the most dignified of human studies. As soon as we have more men of letters than can fill the various departments of divinity, law, and medicine; as soon as the growth of our towns shall afford more literary leisure; as soon, in short, as in the natural course of things book-making shall become a trade, then, and not before, will this country produce poetical triflers who may vie with Mr. Moore. Even now I am acquainted with more than one or two females who, although they know not a single word of Greek, have written with all Mr. Moore's delicacy, without his impurity, and who, upon any given familiar subject, would probably produce a better poem, so that he would leave out *roses* and *kisses*.

He hints at the freedom of religious opinions which prevails at William and Mary. In this country, where there is no religious establishment, it is as unnecessary as it would be improper, to inculcate any particular set of opinions. All the teachers can or ought to do is to require a moral conduct in the students, and *that* they do require. For an indiscretion which Mr. Moore would not only have deemed venial, but worthy to be lauded in verse, they not many years since expelled the young man who was its most distinguished ornament, and who before he arrived at the age of manhood reached a perfection in prose style which is without a parallel.

He thinks proper also to sneer at the people of America for bad teeth: but judging by the natives of those states with which I am well acquainted, we may compare, in this particular, with the inhabitants of any part of Europe. If, however, the remark had

been applicable to the whole continent, ought it to have been made in that jeering offensive style by one who takes upon himself to censure *our* want of refinement? He surely ought to know that personal defects are not a fair subject of ridicule and reproach; and that bad teeth had the same claim to indulgence as his dwarfish stature, his weak eyes, or his awkward dancing. I have indeed heard of a young lady here, who, like another queen of Scots, in choosing a favourite, consulted her ears instead of her eyes, and called this second Rizzio the "god of love:" but I presume her idea was drawn from that god of love which is depicted by Le Sage under the character of Asmodeus.

He speaks of our succeeding in our imitation of European manners, but not of European politeness. It must be admitted that foreigners have had but too much success in introducing luxurious and expensive habits among us, which do not accord with the general simplicity of our character or the mediocrity of our fortunes. But who are most distinguished for these London fripperies? They are chiefly confined to the inhabitants of our chief towns, where they are recommended by every artifice that the national vanity and national interest of Europeans can devise.

It is true one does not often meet here with those artificial manners which are considered polished in Europe: but let him go into the country, and visit one of those respectable gentlemen farmers which constitute a large part of our population. His guest will find in him all the essentials of true politeness—that cordial welcome which flows from benevolence—a delicate and considerate regard to the accommodation of others, which at the same time neither teazes you with importunity, nor fatigues you with forms; but which puts every one at his ease, by seeming to be at his own. But there is one circumstance in the manners here which is rarely if ever met with in Europe, and which would have challenged Mr. Moore's approbation, if he had been as sensible to the beauties of the moral character as to the black eyes of his mulatto favourite in Norfolk.—I mean that frank and manly independence, equally removed from meanness and insolence, with which the humblest of our citizens salutes the most exalted. The same trait of manners is noticed and commended by Mr. Edwards, in his history of the West-Indies. But John Bull is ever seeking to retaliate on

his American children for the ridicule that has been usually cast on his grossness and rusticity by the rest of Europe, and probably Mr. Moore did not wish his English and Irish acquaintance to believe that he had drawn his notions of politeness and refinement from his father's grocer's shop.

Let, however, such literary coxcombs, such humble flatterers of national vanity as Mr. Moore, rail on. Their shallow and flip-pant criticisms cannot affect the fair destinies of this new world. With a certain and not very tardy step it marches on to a greatness that mocks all calculation. In the meantime we enjoy the blessings of abundance, of peace, of unparalleled internal freedom, and of manners that are simple without being coarse, and refined without being corrupt; where social intercourse is not incumbered with forms, nor embittered with odious distinctions; and where luxury and ostentation have not yet seduced the heart from the purer and more simple enjoyments of nature. In the natural progress of things we shall grow wealthy and luxurious, and *then* a portion of our superfluous riches will be expended in palaces, pictures, statues, and other costly gratifications; and the poverty which such individual opulence supposes, will call into being a swarm of rhymers and poets to buz around the "perfumed chambers of the great," who may not disdain to receive a lesson from Mr. Moore.

Z.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.—We regret to learn that Thomas Cooper, Esq. has lately resigned the professorship of chemistry in Dickinson college, which he had filled for several years with such distinguished ability.

On his quitting the institution the board of trustees presented him with the following address, as a tribute due to his qualifications and the discharge of his duties as professor, and his virtues as a man.

It is still more to be regretted that the state of learning of almost every description in Pennsylvania is such, that the fostering

aid of the legislature to our seminaries of education is necessary to afford an adequate means of support to gentlemen as instructors, who have dedicated a large portion of their lives and their fortunes to the acquisition of useful knowledge. Even in Europe—in England for instance—the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge require and receive pecuniary aid in various ways and from various sources, else their establishments could not be supported, the mere remuneration afforded by the pupils educated there being insufficient for the purpose. The dissenting colleges have almost all fallen away. Nor is there any place of education but requires extraneous assistance. The public are aware of this, and such support is liberally afforded.

In this state, there is in the public mind, not only no inclination to foster our seminaries of liberal education, but there appears to exist even a secret spirit of unfriendliness towards them. The consequence will be, that by New-York and the Eastern states, as well as by the Southern, the palm of literary eminence will be borne away from the state of Pennsylvania; and where knowledge is, there power and influence will also be found. If we are not mistaken, evidences confirmatory of this, show themselves already in our national legislature.

TO THOMAS COOPER, ESQ.

Carlisle, 29th September, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—The trustees of Dickinson college extremely regret that you have formed the resolution to resign your professorship. Could the funds of the college in any degree have justified the trustees in making such addition to your compensation as your services demanded, it would have been cheerfully done.

We are satisfied that your personal reputation, and your very able and faithful discharge of the duties of your appointment, acquired to the college solid reputation, and greatly added to its means of usefulness.

In taking leave of you, sir, we cannot withhold the unasked, but just acknowledgment of the great and important benefits the institution has received from you; and the declaration that all your conduct, either as a professor or as a gentleman, has been such as, in every respect, to meet our warmest approbation.

We know that the institution, in losing your services, loses much; nor do we expect that the vacancy created by your resignation, can be filled with equal talents.

We pray you to accept our best wishes for your happiness and prosperity, and the assurance of our deep regret that the state of the college at present, forbids our making any offer that would enable you to remain with us.

With all sentiments of attachment and respect,

We are,

Dear sir,

Very affectionately,

Yours,

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D. *President.*

JAMES GUSTINE, M. D.

H. H. BRACKENRIDGE, *of the supreme court.*

JAMES HAMILTON, *President Judge of the 9th district.*

JONATHAN WALKER, *President Judge of the 4th district.*

THOMAS DUNCAN,

DAVID WATTS,

ROBERT BLAINE,

AND. CAROTHERS,

EDW. J. STILES,

(Rev'd.) JOHN CAMBELL.

AMERICAN FINE ARTS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

We rejoice exceedingly in being enabled to inform the readers of the Port Folio, that in addition to his "Portraits and Lives of distinguished Americans"—a work which deserves the patronage and should be found in the library of every citizen of the United States whose finances will afford it—Mr. Delaplaine has commenced, and, if adequately encouraged, purposes to continue, the publication of a series of national prints, in a style that will be worthy of their subjects and honourable to the country.

He is now making arrangements for a superb historical print commemorative of the battle of North Point, near Baltimore, on the 12th of September, 1814, and of the bombardment of Fort M'Henry on the following day. The original is to be executed by Mr. Sully in his best style, on a canvass measuring fifteen feet by ten, and will be the largest painting ever produced in the United States. To say aught in commendation of that eminent artist would be quite superfluous. The public are already apprized of his merits—that his genius is of a high order, and his pencil, which is known to add a charm to whatever it touches, capable of giving form to his finest conceptions.

As Mr. Sully's battle of North Point will be his first large historical painting, the character of which must have a lasting influence on his future reputation, we anticipate in it a masterly performance.

In the elegant line of business in which Mr. Delaplaine has engaged, with a spirit so truly patriotic and laudable, he is risking much in behalf of the fine arts and in honour of his country. It is therefore to be hoped that the people of the United States, willing at least to recognise his public services, if not to promote his private interest, will so far countenance him in his *national* undertaking, as to furnish him with means sufficient for its accomplishment. The present is a crisis highly momentous to the fine arts in America. Should Mr. Delaplaine's attempt prove abortive, for the want of public patronage, they will suffer much; for it is greatly to be apprehended that many years will elapse before any other individual will be found sufficiently enterprising and intrepid to hazard his fortunes in the same pursuit. ED.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM the breadth of the outline of general Wilkinson's intended publication, as succinctly sketched in the following prospectus, it promises to be a work scarcely surpassed in compass and variety by any that has been the product of an American pen. Barlow's *Columbiad* and Marshall's *Life of Washington* excepted,

we recollect none, at present, that embraces so wide and interesting a field of inquiry. Nor do we perceive any reason to doubt the competency of the general to the task he has undertaken. On the other hand, we believe his qualifications to be such as offer ample security for an able performance. Talents of a very respectable order he certainly possesses; and the style of his writings testify that his pen is not wanting in discipline.

On the score of information suitable to qualify him for preparing the memoirs of his own times, he cannot be otherwise than abundantly provided. Engaged in public life, and intimate with public men and public measures for forty years, it would be singular, indeed, if his knowledge were defective. On the whole, we cannot hesitate to recommend his work to the attention of the American people, persuaded as we are, that those who may become the proprietors of it will find in it a rich fund of entertainment and instruction.—ED.

• Proposals, by A. Small, Philadelphia, for publishing in three volumes 8vo. price, in boards, nine dollars, *Memoirs of my Own Times*, by James Wilkinson, late a major-general in the service of the United States.

The work will commence with the period of the partial investment of the town of Boston, by the American militia, in 1775, and terminate with the disorganization of the army in 1815.

It will embrace—1st, a sketch of the author's military life; in which, prominent features of ministerial persecution will be exhibited; the conduct of the war department freely examined; the essential principles of military institutions expounded; the innovations which have crept into the service, since the decease of general Washington, developed; and the distinction between military science, and the art of war, clearly explained and defined.

2d. Select events of the wars in which the country has been engaged, from the battle of Bunker (or Breed's) Hill, to the closing scene at New Orleans, under general Jackson; in which, due honour will be rendered to the American soldier, and exemplary justice to the distinguished actors.

3d. The battle of Breed's Hill, (commonly called Bunker Hill) fought without a chief, in which colonels Prescott, Brewer, Stark, and Reed, were the commanders, and the immortalized Warren performed the duty of a volunteer.

4th. The campaign of 1776, in Canada; wherein the author commanded a company, and was attached to the person of a distinguished general officer, as aid-de-camp.

5th. The winter campaign in New Jersey, 1776—7; in which the author discharged the duty of brigade-major to general St. Clair.

6th. The memorable campaign in 1777, in the northern department; which opened with the loss of Ticonderoga, and terminated at Saratoga, in the surrender of the whole British army: in which campaign the author held the important station of adjutant-general.

7th. Details of the capture of major-general Charles Lee, of the army of the United States, by colonel Harcourt, of the British dragoons, of which the author was a spectator.

8th. Expedition of a corps of Kentucky mounted riflemen, under command of the author, against the Indian nations residing at Tippecanoe, on the Wabash river, and Kenapacamaque, on Eel river, in the year 1791.

9th. Campaigns of the late major-general Wayne, against the North-western Indians, in 1792-3-4; in which the author was second in command.

10th. Operations against the Spaniards on the side of the province of Texas, under the command of the author, in 1806.

11th. Views of the military circumstances of New Orleans, and an exposition of the forlorn condition in which the author found that important place and its dependencies, when he took the command there in July, 1812, under the orders of the president; the measures he devised and executed for the security of that emporium; the further plans which he projected for its defence, in which he had made considerable progress, when they were abandoned by order of the secretary of war; and of others which were proposed, but utterly neglected.

12th. The reduction of the Spanish garrison of fort Charlotte, at Mobile, by the author, in 1812; with the convention under which it surrendered, and an inventory of the cannon, arms, and munitions of war, captured and held subject to the orders of the national executive.

13th. The establishment of a post on the Perdido, fifteen miles from Pensacola, and a work on Mobile point, since called fort Bowyer, both of which were abandoned by order of the secretary of war; but the latter was re-occupied by general Jackson, on the application of the inhabitants.

14th. A sketch of the campaign of 1813, on the Canadian frontier, with an exposition of the causes of the discomfiture of the author's plans, by the ruinous and unmilitary interference of anomalous authority, and intrigues and treachery unexampled.

15th. A correct view of the operations of the division under the command of the author, against the post of La Colle, in Lower Canada, in 1814.

16th. A review of the military operations in Maryland, in 1814; the landing of an hostile force, near Benedict; the irruption of a British column into the national capitol, and an unsuccessful attempt of the same corps against the city of Baltimore.

To which will be added an Appendix, containing—17th. A Political, Topographical, and Military Memoir, by the late colonel Walter Burling, exhibiting the relations of the United States and the Mexican Provinces; with a minute description of the route from Natchitoches, on Red River, by

the cities of St. Antonia, Mont el Rey, and Salteo, to the city of Mexico; and from thence across the mountains by Xalappo to Vera Cruz.

18th. Reflections, military and political, concerning the ultra-montane states and territories; comprising a perspicuous view of the means of defence of the city of New Orleans, exterior and interior.

19th. The author's defence, delivered before the military tribunal which tried him at Fredericktown, in Maryland, in the year 1811; and his trial by a general court martial, at Troy, in the state of New York, in the years 1814—15; in which the imbecility of one war minister, and the profligacy of another, will be fully exposed.

This work will comprehend numerous views of the incidents of the long period it embraces; many facts not hitherto publicly known; and anecdotes of men who have been conspicuous in political and military life, expressed with unreserved frankness, and every degree of freedom compatible with the laws of decorum.

It is not from the expectation of acquiring celebrity as a writer that general Wilkinson has been induced to engage in this work; the habits of an active and desultory life have left him no leisure for literary studies, or to qualify himself for elegant composition; nor has he been influenced to the undertaking by any vain expectation of a sordid nature; his sole motive in offering it to the public, is to submit to the present generation, and to hand down to the future, views of the national history not before exhibited; traits of character, hitherto unknown or misunderstood; an exposition of great errors and abuses in several departments of the army; and a faithful record of his personal services and injuries, to serve as a vindication of his character and conduct against misrepresentation and calumny.

PROPOSALS will shortly be submitted to the public, for publishing by subscription a new edition, with improvements, of *JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE*, edited by JOHN E. HALL, member of the American Philosophical Society, and professor of rhetoric and belles lettres in the university of Maryland. The different editions of this work, which passed under the revision of the author, exhibit great variations, which require to be noted. The labours of Mason, Boucher, and Todd, and the remarks of Horne Tooke, Bagshaw, and other philologists, have added greatly to this venerable monument of genius and industry. It is the intention of the American editor, to omit nothing of the original; and to point out, distinctly, every addition: in this manner he will be certain of not injuring his author, if he should fail in improving his labours.

A prospectus and specimen of the work will appear as soon as it shall have received the judgment of several literary gentlemen, whose *imprimatur* will be a sufficient pledge to the public for the performance of the laborious task which the editor has undertaken.

Geographical Establishment in Philadelphia, by John Melish.

THIS is an establishment of great importance and high promise, being conducted by a gentleman who is an enthusiast in the business, and, in point of qualifications, exceedingly well calculated to insure its success. To those who wish to possess a thorough understanding of the territorial character and resources of the United States, it is not only useful, but really essential. It appears to have already contributed in a degree, which no one could have anticipated, to facilitate the acquisition of the geographical and statistical knowledge of our country. The number and variety of excellent maps, with their explanations, covering the United States generally, by states, and smaller subdivisions, which Mr. Melish has on hand, and is constantly preparing, fully justify us in this remark. The candour of the proprietor, too, in honestly disclosing the faults, no less than in making known the merits of his maps, constitutes a very praiseworthy trait in his character. Understanding perfectly how to unite his duty as a good citizen with his true interest as a man of business, it appears to be his determination never to mislead, by bestowing on an article more praise than it actually deserves.

In his general advertisement of his establishment, the proprietor, after giving a catalogue of his large and valuable collection of maps, thus sensibly and pertinently addresses the public:

“From the foregoing general view of the state of the geography of the country, the value of a geographical establishment can be partly appreciated. It is now upwards of three years since this business commenced, during which time I have laboured incessantly to establish it as a SEPARATE BRANCH, similar to those in Europe. The result, while it has exceeded my expectations, has confirmed my opinion, *that the promulgation of geographical subjects can only be done complete justice to in an es-*

establishment specially devoted to that object; and under the management of a person who will bestow on it his undivided attention.

“ Under this persuasion, and strongly attached to geographical pursuits, I resolved to give the business a fair trial, and with that view I formed an arrangement with some of the principal artists, that I might be enabled to combine *celerity of publication with elegance and accuracy of execution.*

“ This arrangement having proved of great advantage in my own publications, I was desirous that the public might receive the benefit of it, by extending it to *Local and State Maps, from actual survey.*

“ Maps of that description are essentially necessary in bringing to perfection the geography of this great and growing country, and I had observed with regret, that the publication of them had often been attended with such difficulties, as to render them a source of vexation and loss, instead of credit and gain to the proprietors. These difficulties consisted chiefly in *delay in getting the engravings executed; the trouble and expense of travelling to Philadelphia; and the want of a regular establishment for putting up and disposing of the subjects when ready for publication.*

“ To obviate all these difficulties, was the great object of the arrangement mentioned. Its utility has been completely brought to the test by the publication of the Map of the State of Ohio; and I can now confidently engage to bring forward a map of the largest size in the course of a few months, with very little trouble or expense to the proprietors, as every thing can be settled by correspondence; the maps can be mounted on rollers and varnished, or put up in the portable form, with the greatest facility; and the subjects having the benefit of general circulation, through the medium of an organized business, have a greater chance of being useful to the public, and profitable to the proprietors, than they would in any other manner.

“ Deeply impressed with the importance of the subject, and convinced that the business may be made of great value to the country, I am desirous of recommending it to the attention of the constituted authorities of the general and state governments; to surveyors and others concerned in bringing forward maps and charts from actual survey; to those concerned in the publication

of geographical works requiring the aid of maps or charts; and to the public generally, as an useful medium for the promulgation of geographical science."

In addition to those he has already on hand, Mr. Melish will shortly publish by subscription, "A six sheet map of the United States, and contiguous British and Spanish possessions; comprehending,

1. The whole territory subject to the United States' government.
2. The British possessions of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Bermuda, Bahama, and West Indies.
3. The Spanish possessions of Florida, Texas, New Santander, Cohauila, Leon, New Mexico, West Indies, and part of the Spanish Main."

In his address to the public on the subject of this map, Mr. Melish observes, that, "being of opinion that maps are incomplete without descriptive matter, he has with great labour and expense, prepared a *statistical account of the United States, with topographical tables, and tables of distances*, to accompany this work; to which will be added a *description of the British and Spanish possessions*; and this statistical work, while it will serve particularly to illustrate this map, will also be an useful accompaniment to all maps of the United States and contiguous countries. The map will be either mounted on rollers and varnished, or put up in the portable form like a book, as may suit the convenience of purchasers. When the map is on rollers the description will be bound in a separate volume; when in the portable form the map and description will be bound together."

To express a hope that the "Geographical Establishment in Philadelphia" will receive that degree of patronage to which a branch of business so arduous in its nature, and so important in its end is justly entitled, is only saying that we are friendly to the promotion of the arts and literature of our country. ED.

—
We understand that proposals will shortly be issued by Thomas Desilver and John Bioren, for publishing by subscription, in six vols. 8vo.

"The British Encyclopædia, or Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, comprising an accurate and popular view of the present improved state of human knowledge. By William Nicholson, author and proprietor of the Philosophical Journal, and various other chemical, scientific, and mathematical works, illustrated by one hundred and fifty-six elegant engravings," with additions and improvements by literary gentlemen in the United States.

For sundry reasons we are inclined to believe, that this work, by circulating extensively, will be profitable to the publishers and useful to the community. While it appears to us, from the most attentive examination we have had leisure to bestow on it, to comprise a reputable summary of human knowledge sufficiently extensive for all the purposes, whether pleasurable or practical, of the great body of mankind, it is neither so expensive as to be beyond their means of purchase, nor so voluminous as to be disproportioned to their leisure for reading. It was especially composed for the more numerous, less opulent, and more occupied class of readers in England; and, if we may judge from its success, about six thousand copies of it, as we are informed, having been printed and sold, it appears to have been received with very general satisfaction. As we think from the middle rank in literature which it holds, that it is well calculated to become instrumental in diffusing much useful knowledge throughout the United States, we hope it will receive sufficient patronage to warrant its publication.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following little effusion contains unequivocal and promising marks of fancy and reflection. But the youthful author sometimes conceives his imagery indistinctly, which weakens his figures, and throws an obscurity over many of his allusions. An attention to these points is recommended, which will not fail to render his future productions more valuable in themselves, as well as more acceptable to an enlightened public.

MELANCHOLY—AN IRREGULAR ELEGIAC ODE.

COME, maid of pensive mien! and let us stray,
 To where yon moss-grown croslet rears its head;
 Where chants the village choir the holy lay,
 Or artless requiem, o'er the humble dead.

Here round this fane, the sons of Toil repose,
 Here many a sweet and beauteous maiden lies,
 And waving o'er her head, the blooming rose,
 Blushes unseen, sheds all its sweets, and dies.

Here will we hark the curfew's solemn knell,
 Whose broken measures load the fitful gale,
 Whose deep-toned strokes Sol's parting tinges tell,
 And mark how Evening's russet shades prevail.

And in its dreary pauses, weep the bard,*
 Whose plaintive strains sad flow'd at Nature's call;
 Whose dorian song has known the village yard,
 And taught to weep the lowly peasant's fall.

Then lead to Gallia's richly varied clime,
 Where Nature's graces gloomy grandeurs hail;†
 'Midst tottering cliffs, with shades o'erhung, sublime
 Of mountain lineage, towering o'er the vale.

And on yon sombre mountain's pine-clad head,
 Flit in the deep and hollow gusts that blow:
 Teach me to list, by thy sweet impulse led,
 The mad'ning torrents dash o'er rocks below.

Thy chilling shadow's mantle o'er my soul,
 Add tenfold darkness to the mazy dells;
 Where moan the winds, or through the vallies roll,
 And 'midst her secret caverns Echo dwells.

Or lov'st thou best, when midnight silent reigns,
 To roam beneath the cloister's roof emboss'd;
 When painted moon-beams dance beneath the panes,
 And in the organ's peal the soul is lost.

Yes! sure thou dwell'st in yon dark antique pile,
 The blest asylum of the wounded mind;
 Where frowning Silence blasts the budding smile,
 And every worldly coil is left behind.

* Gray.

† Alluding to the desert of the grand chartreuse, in Dauphiny

But ah! why seek thee in such scenes as these,
'Midst Pleasure's vot'ries art thou frequent found;
Pluck but the mask adorn'd with smiling ease,
The tear repress'd, and frequent sighs abound.

Though Pleasure's roses strew our path,
And Mirth her airy phantoms bring:
The sigh succeeds the boisterous laugh,
And roses leave their thorns to sting.

Though Gayety awhile, the heart
Rule with bright-ey'd Wit and Folly;
'Tis thine to bid them quick depart,
Pensive pleasing, Melancholy.

'Tis thine, the pencil silently that plies,
To vision sketching scenes of darkest gloom;
Smiling to hear, and list'ning to despise,
Thou point'st with forward eye, the awful tomb.

Thou too presid'st in Science' mazy bow'r,
'Twas thou who taught the venerable sage,
In Study's cave at sacred midnight hour,
"Man still is Sorrow's child, in every age!"

Affection's warmth to cheer the soul extends,
And weaves her beauteous web with fingers fine;
But ah! soon fate or chance, the texture rends,
Obscures its hues, and leaves the victim thine.

Repose from thee not Virtue's self can know,
Nor Beauty, Honour, can a respite boast;
But oft 'neath woes they faint and cheerless grow,
And fly to realms amid the starry host.

And mortal! if at Pleasure's throne thou bend,
And Pleasure deign her balmy dews to pour;
Think not;—for soon the brighten'd visions end,
If but thou giv'st to thought one passing hour.

ARIEL.

TO LAVINIA.

You bid me climb the mountain's height
 To breathe poetic air;
 There soar on magic Fancy's flight,
 Seek inspiration there.

Though swells my soul while wrapt I gaze,
 On Will's* majestic pile;
 Ah nought can inspiration raise,
 Like woman's beamy smile.

Oh woman's smile is brighter far, *
 To poet's soul more dear,
 Than e'en his own Hesperean star
 Than Luna's beams more fair.

Would Scott's wild Muse inspire my lay,
 Yield her sweet harp to me,
 By those bright smiles that round thee play,
 I'd tune that harp to thee.

But though the Muses oft have fired
 My soul to touch the strings;
 Soon dies the hope by zeal inspir'd,
 And nought but discord rings.

Bedford Springs.

SYDNEY.

A DREAM.

ADDRESSED TO HER WHO MADE ME SAY I MISS MY REASON.

I FANCIED myself in a bower,
 The loveliest that blooms in the west,
 Inhaling the breath of a flower,
 Reclin'd on my bosom to rest.

Though many sweet flowers I've seen,
 I thought that beyond all compare,
 And there is not in nature, I ween,
 Another so sweet or so fair.

* Will's mountain near fort Cumberland.

I could not but call it the queen
Of every sweet flower that blows,
With the beauties of both, it would seem
The offspring of lily and rose.

In accents as soft as were mine,
Unskill'd in the practice of art,
To the sweet blooming flower divine,
I told the fond wish of my heart.

Then raising its head from my breast,
On which it had deigned to recline,
In all its own sweetness confest,
'Twas engaged, and it could not be mine.

Even now I behold that sweet flower,
Or fancy I see it in thee,
The pride and the soul of the bower,
Would fate had decreed it for me.

H. R. J.

—
TO HIM WHO UNDERSTANDS IT.

TALK not of love—it gives me pain—
'Tis Love has been your foe:
He bound you with an iron chain
And plung'd you deep in wo.
But Friendship's mild and lasting joys
My heart was form'd to prove:
There welcome—win and wear the prize,
But never talk of love.

Your friendship yet may make me blest,
Then why that bliss destroy?
Why urge the only one request
You know I must deny?
Your thought, if love still harbour there—
Conceal from me that thought;
Nor force me from my bosom tear
My friend, as then I ought.

EPIGRAMS.

TO SELFO.

SELFO the harvest's all thine own,
 The golden adage strained,
 By taking care of number one
 Thou hast thy million gained.

But, Selfo, hast thou never thought,
 With thousands without end,
 That in this wide world thou hast not
 One sympathizing friend.

Yet courage, man, for though thy death
 Will cause to flow no tears,
 One comfort's thine, since thy last breath
 Will animate thy heirs.

TO JULIA.

A FAIRER gem than ever graced
 The proudest monarch's crest,
 From Virtue's diadem is placed
 Within her seat, thy breast.

TO AN ILL-NATURED BEAUTY.

AN angel's tongue is thine; but oh! that tongue
 Seems rather to a demon to belong.
 Then let that rest which doth thy beauty blight,
 And as a living picture give delight.

SELFO, the town's with ennui dead,
 Sated with wonders new;
 Yet wouldst thou do one generous deed,
 'Twould craze it—and thee too.

THE METAMORPHOSE.

TOM swells in mammoth dignity,
 Loud blusters, swears, and drinks;
 But pen Tom in a corner, he
 Like any weasel shrinks.

QUEVEDO.

IN MEMORIAM JOANNIS ANDREWS, D. D. DOCTI UNIVERSITATIS
PENNSYLVANIENSIS PRÆFECTI, QUI MORTE NON INOPINANTER
EXPECTATA, FATIS CESSIT MARTII VICESIMO ET NONO, ANNO-
QUE DOMINI SALUTIS HUMANÆ 1813.

ULTIMUS ille dies venit qui nos manet omnes,
Qui finis vitæ principiumque simul.
Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperis æque tabernam
Ac aulam ditis, sternit et eximium.
Nulli etenim doctisve piis parcat Libitina,
Invida quos spectat, quos et æcerba rapit.

Andreas decessu inopino (namque juvenum classe vix edocta—morte
imminente, confestim domum rediit, ac animam ordinatim exhalavit opi-
mam) irruit in has voces qui fuit olim condiscipulus.

Andreas est mortuus nostris qui natus in oris,
Doctrinâ clarus, moribus atque piis.
Ungue etenim a tenero instructus Græcisque Latinis
Literulis fuerat, claruit ac genio.
Quid fuit antiquis olim quod nesciit Andreas?
Hos nam versarat nocte dieque—manu.
Ac ideo potuit multos recitare poetâm
Versiculos veterum, tempore quo voluit.
Discipulos nobis urbes testantur et arva
Claros quos docuit, quos patriæque tulit.
Nec mirandum adeo si sic doctissimus esset;
Doctus erat Doctis, auspiciisque probis.
His ducibus, solers plenos septem dedit annos
Græcorum studiis, ac Latius vigilans.
Deinde alios studii que gradus progressus ad altos,
His tandem victis, extitit eximius.

Threnos et voces juvenum statim atque Andream mors nunciata fuit.

Mortuus est Andreas, gemit heu! resonabilis Echo
Mortuus est Andreas! mortuus ille bonus.
Lethalis sopor en! premit, haud citabitur Andreas,
Dormiet Endymion, corpore deposito;
Dormiet Andreas dum quatiantur sidera cœli;
Spiritus ascendit redditus atque Deo.

In terris licet olim pulchrè splendidus esset,
 Aspera terra tegit cespitè jam viridi.
 Mortuus est Andreus! quem sic dileximus omnes,
 Amplius haud nobis ille videndus erit!
 Mortuus est Andreus! nuper quem limina et aulam
 Gymnasii intrantem vidimus auspicio.
 Andreus nam docuit nos falso discernere verum,
 Et rerum causas noscere difficiles.
 Hic præcepta dedit nobis traducere vitam
 Semotam a vitiis, sceleris et vacuum.
 Andreus instituit nos sedes scandere celsas
 Parnassi, Aonidum ac fontibus ebibere.
 Quis docuit juvenes antiqua volumina vatum
 Sic veterum ut Andreus? classica quis melius?
 Andreus hæc "Melibæe Deus" Dryadasque puellas"
 Andreus "Arma virum" sæpius explicuit.
 Quis magis, O Longine, tuæ sublimia mentis
 Miratus stupuit? quis potior docuit?
 Mortuus! est heu! quod mortalibus ægris
 Nunc et semper adest; perpetuumque manet.

JA. ROSS.

Philadelphia, idibus Augusti, A. D. 1815.

THE following portraiture of woman has been drawn in a moment of deep chagrin, proceeding, no doubt, from blasted hope or recent disappointment. Although not deficient in either fertility of conception or force of expression, it exhibits—or all experience passes for nought—a fallacious picture of the female heart. We publish it in the full expectation that some youthful cavalier, anxious to break a lance in honour of the fair, will come boldly forth, and show us, in lines and colours true to nature, *what woman is*.

WOMAN.

Oh woman! if I thought thy breast
 With real love could ever thrill,
 I might have pardoned all the rest,
 And spite of all have loved thee still.

 I could have borne to see thy heart,
 Though kind to others, cold to me;

And whilst I mourned *their* happier lot,
 With all my soul have worshipped *thee*!

Aye, more, I could forgive thy zeal
 To court the praise thou scorn'st when won,
 If mid the crowd thy soul could feel
 What 'twas to doat on only one.

Nay, wert thou even false as fair,
 Couldst thou be only warm whilst true,
 Thy very fickleness I'd spare;
 But thou, alas, art frigid too.

Oh! thou wast only formed to shine,
 To dazzle, and to chill by turns.
 Thy heart's a gem which lights the shrine
 Men worship at, but never burns.

—
 TO ANNA.

Behold, dear Ann, yon blushing rose
 That sparkles with the dews of morn;
 See how in Beauty's pride it glows;
 But, ah! beware the secret thorn.

That beauteous rose, so bright, so fair,
 An emblem true of Love appears,
 Beneath Love's bloom is thorny care,
 Its dew-drops absent lovers' tears.

SYDNEY.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE regret that the unavoidable length of some of the leading articles in this number has necessarily excluded a variety of lighter matter which it was our intention to have introduced towards the close. We trust, however, that the sterling merit of these articles, for which we tender our acknowledgments to the gentlemen who furnished them, will be our best apology. In our next number we shall endeavour to make amends for this fault—if it be one—which we have unintentionally committed in the present.

To our correspondent of Harrisburgh we are indebted for several valuable and unacknowledged communications. Some of them shall appear in our next number, and all of them in order.

To a paper written with his usual ability by our correspondent the "Hermit," which has shared the fate of being jostled out of this number, it is also our intention to give a place in the next.

The interesting article from a correspondent in Lancaster, touching the portrait of admiral sir William Penn, father of the great founder and lawgiver of the state of Pennsylvania, is likewise marked for a place in the December number. It would be superfluous in us to say how much we should be gratified by frequent communications from the same pen. The man of science, the historian, and the classical and polite scholar united in the same individual, form a combination too rare and valuable not to be highly prized when found.

Quevedo knows us too well to need to be informed that his last favour, consisting of sundry little effusions, is highly acceptable, and shall shortly find its way into our poetical department.

Several other productions, both in poetry and prose, which are now confined in the night of our pigeon-holes, shall see the light in due order of time. As it is the business of an editor to select his matter, we hope our correspondents will not slacken in their communications, merely because we appear to have a little stock on hand.

In the next number of *The Port Folio*, we shall have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a striking likeness of that gallant and accomplished officer, captain James Biddle, a memoir of whose active and eventful life is contained in the present.

It would be unjust in us to omit this opportunity of expressing our decided and high approbation of Mr. Fairman's design and Mr. Kearny's execution of the allegorical engraving which appeared in the last number of *The Port Folio*. When two such artists unite their labours in the preparation of a picture, it would be singular if it should fail to gratify the public.

We had prepared for this number of The Port Folio, a review of a pamphlet which has lately issued from the press in Washington, entitled "American Jurisprudence;" but, from a want of room, are compelled to reserve it as an article for our next. The gentleman who sent us the pamphlet is entitled to our thanks for his kind attention.

The account of certain experiments made in Carlisle with a burning glass belonging to Dickinson college, is a curious and interesting morsel of science, and shall not fail to appear in our Journal. The youth who communicated it merits our thanks, and will have still higher claims on them by a continuance of his favours.

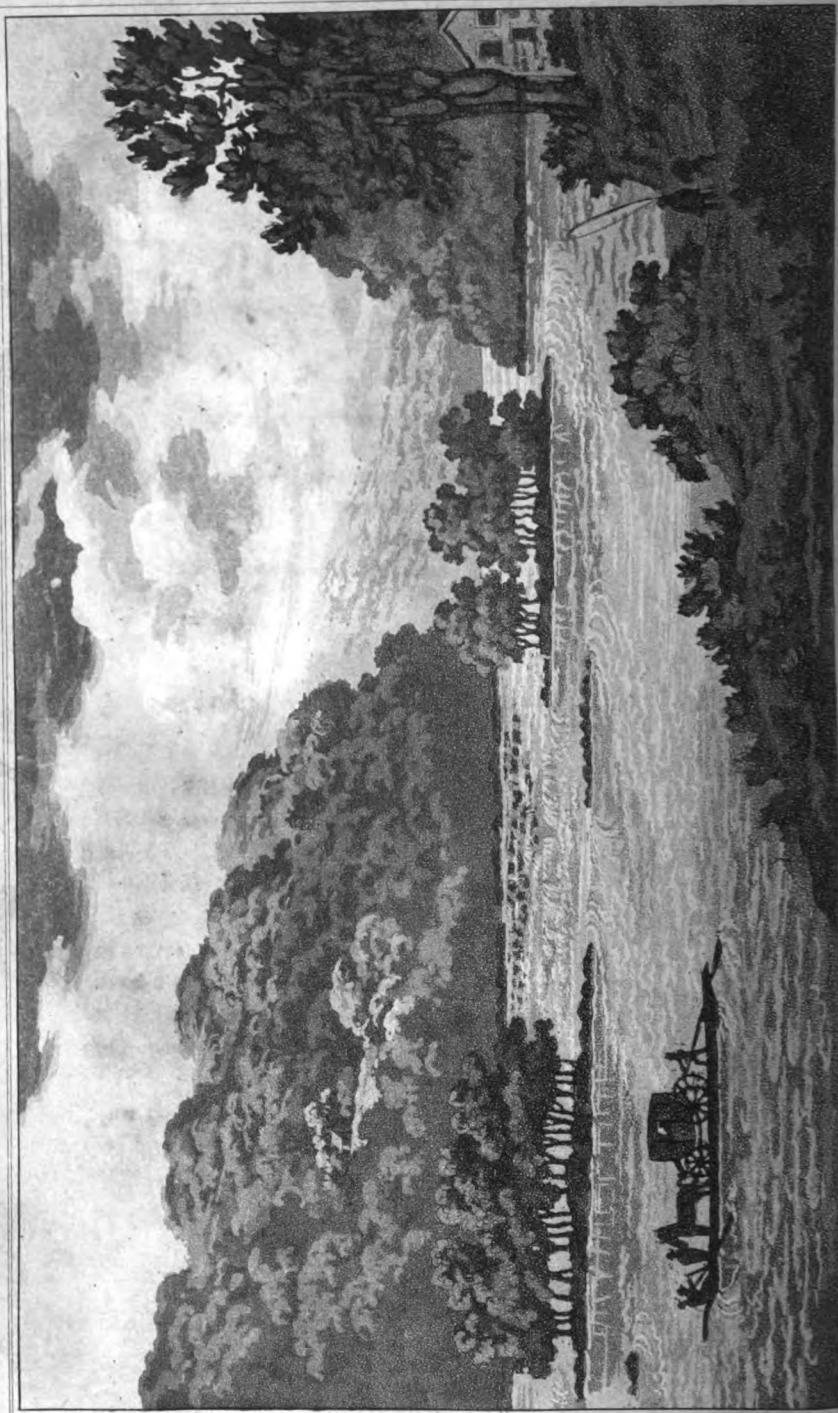
To those who may wish to study political philosophy as a liberal science, expanding and illuminating the mind, controlling the passions, elevating the sentiments, and ameliorating the heart, we recommend a careful perusal of the article "On the Constitution of the United States," published in the present number of The Port Folio. For the elegance and ability with which it is written, and the profound and interesting views which it presents to the philosophical mind, it is not, we think, surpassed by any paper we have read on the subject. We have only to regret that it is somewhat too long for a monthly miscellany: but, from the importance of its matter and the compass of its field, that is a fault which appears to have been unavoidable. In pursuing the inquiry the writer will confine himself within narrower limits.

ERRATA.

Page 447, fifth line from the bottom, for *licet*, read *luet*.

Do. do. for *pænas*, read *pœnas*.

Thirteenth line from the bottom, for *abrogari*, read *obrogari*.



Engraved by J. H. Johnson

J. H. Johnson del.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER, 1815.

NO. VI.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NAVAL AND MILITARY CHRONICLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE following able and well written paper is from the Edinburgh Review for the month of November, 1814. As it bears the marks of an editorial article, it is probably from the pen of Mr. Jeffries, while he still retained, in all their freshness and force; the impressions he had received in his late visit to the United States. Although there are some parts of it which might be altered for the better, it is, notwithstanding, in the main, sound in principle, forcible in argument, correct in inference, and, we have reason to believe, by no means extravagant in the views which it presents of the importance of our future destinies as a nation. On this latter point perhaps it even falls below the truth.

We shall publish it as it is, only further remarking, by way of comment, that, although it might have done us, in several respects, as a people, much more complete justice than it has, it is, notwithstanding, liberal and magnanimous, and must be viewed as virtually one of the ablest and most satisfactory of replies to that nefarious tissue of calumnies on the American character, which appeared in a late number of the London Quarterly Review. It

VOL. VI.

3 Z

goes far towards persuading us that we did injustice to Mr. Jeffries in having suspected him as the author of a singular scrap relating to America, half slanderous, half eulogistic, which we published some months ago in this journal. If he did not write that article—and we are told that he has disavowed it in a letter to some of his ~~connections~~ in this country—he will receive this paragraph, should it ever meet his eye, as an apology, and the best amends we can at present make, for the wrong we were led by misinformation to do him.

We wish it to be understood that we take no part in any political views, except in so far as they may be perfectly national, which this paper presents; and that we have been induced to retain them for no other reason but because the rejection of them would have unjustifiably mutilated, deformed, and weakened the article.

We shall only add, that we feel inclined to regard this production as a pledge from high authority, that the American name and nation will hereafter receive from foreign writers somewhat of the respect to which they are entitled. It would tend most essentially to promote a good understanding and perpetuate the existing harmony between the two countries, were Englishmen of liberal and enlightened minds to visit frequently the United States, observe with accuracy, and give correct reports of what they see and hear.

ED.

WAR WITH AMERICA.

We have delayed this article to the very last moment—in the hope that we might have been spared the pain of preparing it, by the pleasing intelligence of the cessation of that most lamentable and unnatural war to which it forces us to turn our attention. Without entertaining any extravagant ideas of that portion of human wisdom which is employed in governing the world, or making any romantic estimate of the justice and prudence of cabinets and public assemblies, we did think it improbable that a war, which both parties had entered upon with reluctance, should, by any management, be protracted for more than a year after all the objects for which it had been gone into had ceased to exist, and after both parties appeared to be convinced that no beneficial results could be expected from its continuance. Nor can we yet

believe that the infatuation which has already cost so much brave blood can be indulged much longer;—and while the uncertainty of the result seems to impose it upon us as a duty to call the attention of the country to the true character and inevitable consequences of the hostilities in which we are so unfortunately engaged, we go to the task with a fond and sanguine expectation, that what we have to say may lose the greater part of its interest even before it comes into the hands of our readers, and be recorded rather as a *memento* against future errors, than a protestation and appeal against an existing enormity. On the strength of this anticipation, we shall confine our remarks to as small a space as possible.

We are no admirers of the Americans—and no advocates for the policy they have pursued in the great crisis of European affairs. With these sentiments and settled impressions, however, we are far from thinking that they are a detestable people; or that we ought to pursue hostilities against them to our own injury and disgrace, for the mere gratification of our resentment. There are—we once hoped that by this time we might have used another tense—there are circumstances in the history of the two countries that prevent them from judging fairly of each other—and from which, if we suffer unjustly on the one hand, we may depend on it that they suffer at least as much on the other. It is impossible even to lay the foundation for a candid or impartial view of the present unhappy differences, without casting a glance back to their original source* of alienation.

The war of the revolution, or of emancipation,*as it is called in America—the violent rupture of the ties which had previously bound the two countries so closely together—necessarily left a certain degree of soreness upon both sides. At first sight it may appear that this should have been greatest on the part of England, and that we have a better apology than our opponents for the rancorous feelings which have been fostered too long by the less generous part of both nations. The truth, however, is otherwise;—for though those who are worsted in a contest generally retain the bitterest animosity, and the successful can best afford to be generous, yet in this particular instance the general rule was reversed, by two circumstances equally obvious and conclusive.

In the *first* place, the war was carried on in America, and not in England—and was not always carried on, we regret to say, in a spirit of magnanimous hostility; and, in the *second* place, that war which, even while it lasted, was little more than a tale of interest to the greater part of our population, and has since been effaced from our recollection by the still greater and more momentous contentions in which we have been involved, was the first and the last adventure of the insurgent colonies in the great game of battles. The leaders in that war were the founders of their being as a nation; and the events of it the steps by which they rose to independence. With them, therefore, it has always possessed an importance, and been connected with a weight of public feeling to which there was nothing parallel in this country; and while the remembrance of disasters and defeats sustained on the other side of the Atlantic, and never really felt but through the medium of taxes or gazettes, was likely to be speedily obliterated from our unviolated and opulent land, a very different impression might naturally be expected to survive the contest in that country, which had been the theatre of so many sanguinary scenes—whose fields and cities still bore the marks of devastation and rapine—whose whole population had been exposed to the horrors of rancorous hostility—whose national vanity has scarcely any other field of triumph but the story of our discomfiture—and whose *fasti* are consecrated to record our cruelties and defeats. In such a country, the bitterness of the struggle was of necessity far more deeply felt than in this, and therefore was more likely to be remembered; nor can it be reasonably denied, we think, that in spite of their success, the Americans had more apology for allowing hostile feelings to survive the close of the contention, than can be fairly pleaded for us.

The present war—whoever had the immediate blame of it, found us shamefully unprepared, and ridiculously sanguine and secure.—Our navy was to drive the pigmy fleets of America from the ocean, and to levy contributions along all her shores—while the very dread and terror of our hostility was expected to shake their unseasoned government to pieces—to effect a disunion of the states—in all likelihood a civil war, and perhaps the return of some of the revolted colonies to the dominion of the mother coun-

try!—Such were our expectations.—How they have been answered by events, is too painfully and universally known, to make it necessary for us to say any thing.—We have been worsted in most of our naval encounters, and baffled in most of our enterprises by land.—With a naval force on their coast exceeding that of the enemy in the proportion of ten to one, we have lost two out of three of all the sea-fights in which we have been engaged—and at least three times as many men as our opponent; while their privateers swarm unchecked round all our settlements, and even on the coasts of Europe, and have already made prize of more than seventeen hundred of our merchant vessels.—By land we were so shamefully unprovided, that had it not been for the gross mismanagement of the American commanders, they must have got possession of Montreal, and in all probability advanced to the walls of Quebec before the end of the first campaign;—and even when reinforced to an extent which could not possibly have been calculated on when the war began, it is but too well known that we have gained no substantial or permanent advantages—but have actually had to witness the incredible spectacle of a regular and well appointed army of British veterans retiring before little more than an equal force of American militia.

While these things were in progress, and while it was yet extremely doubtful whether Bonaparte was to retain the dominion of the continent; and whether the whole resources of England might not be required to maintain the cause of Europe on European ground, we again testified our desire, or our need of peace, by making a spontaneous proposal for an immediate negotiation: This proposal was made in December, 1813, and was immediately acceded to on the part of the American government;—and the consequence has been the discussions that are still depending at Ghent.

At the time when this proposal was made, it certainly will not be pretended that we had any view to an increase of territory, or to any other thing than the adjustment of those questions as to neutral and maritime rights, which formed the whole original subject of contention; and as little can it be doubted that peace would have been instantly and joyfully accepted, had America been then disposed to withdraw her pretensions upon the points of search

and impressment, or to leave those and the other relative questions as to the law of blockade, to amicable and deliberate discussion. The great doubt and difficulty was, whether America would abandon any part of her pretensions; and whether we would consent to such modifications of our practice, as to lay a ground for immediate pacification. Before the commissioners met, however, all these difficulties seemed to be providentially removed; for peace was restored in Europe; and with the state of belligerent vanished all the grievances and all the pretensions of the neutral. As there was no longer to be any impressment at all, it became quite unnecessary to settle under what limitations impressment should take place out of the trading ships of a neutral;—and as all blockade, and prospect of blockade was abandoned, it was equally idle to define the conditions on which it should be enforced against third parties. It could scarcely be pretended, and could never for a moment be seriously believed in any quarter, that it could be of any use to settle these general questions, with a prospective view to future cases of war and neutrality, which all the world knew would make rules, or exceptions, suited to their own emergencies; and, at all events, it was obvious, that such a settlement upon abstract principles, would be gone about with much better hope of success in deliberate consultations to be entered into after the cessation of hostilities, than by the ruder logic of force. It was confidently anticipated, therefore, that America would consent to the *waiver* of all her neutral pretensions, and that the war would die a natural death upon the removal of all the objects and causes by which it had been excited. This anticipation, it appears, was fully realized on the part of America, who instructed her commissioners to allow all these points to lie over, and to let the secondary and relative hostilities which had arisen out of the wars in Europe cease with the wars which had occasioned them;—and we are now at war, because England will not agree to that proposal, but insists upon gaining certain advantages by the war, which she had not in contemplation when she herself first suggested the negotiation, and which, to all ordinary observers, she seems to have but a feeble prospect of obtaining by force.

What these advantages are, it is not necessary very minutely to explain. They amount, in one word, to a demand for a

cession of territory; and the war which is now going on is neither more nor less than a war for the conquest of that territory. By the treaty of 1783, the boundary line between the United States and Canada was settled with the utmost precision; and for the greater part it was made to run through the centre of the great chain of lakes, and their connecting waters, with a joint-right of navigation to both parties. The territory of certain Indian tribes, who are now dignified with the name of our allies, is within the country then solemnly ceded to America, in so far as England had any power to cede it,—in the same way as the territory occupied by many other Indian tribes was included in the country then finally ceded to England. We now insist on the exclusive military occupation of all those waters—on a guarantee for the perpetual inviolability and independence of the territory of our Indian allies—and on the unqualified and absolute cession, without compensation, of a part of the state of Massachusetts, in order to establish a more convenient communication between Halifax and our settlement of New Brunswick—besides some smaller matters:—And we refuse to make peace unless these terms are complied with.

On the *justice* of these pretensions—on the fairness of our *causa belli*—we have scarcely a word to say, after we have again repeated that it is undeniably, and almost professedly, a *war of conquest* upon our part. The territory we now insist upon taking from America, was solemnly ceded and secured to her by the treaty of 1783, when we knew, or ought to have known as well as we do now, what was necessary for the security of the provinces we retained. The obligations of that treaty, we humbly conceive, are by no means annulled by the war which has intervened; because that war did not arise from any infraction of the treaty on the part of America, but from certain collisions of neutral and belligerent pretensions, which have since been settled and entirely taken away by the cessation of European hostilities, and which leave all the other rights and pretensions of both nations precisely on the same footing as before. But it is truly of no consequence whether the treaty of 1783 be supposed to be in force or not. At all events it is indisputable, that when we went to war with America on the subject of neutral commerce and belligerent impressment, the whole territory and subjects which we now insist upon

her giving up, were confessedly and exclusively hers, and formed a part of her legitimate and unquestioned dominion—no matter whether expressly recognised or guaranteed by treaty with us or not. It is as little to be denied, we think, that when she did go to war about neutral rights, she had, if not a just, at least a natural and colourable cause for so doing. It was not a war of mere depredation or conquest—an unprovoked and wanton aggression upon her part, for the gratification of cupidity or revenge—but an ordinary case of taking up arms for the redress of specific and considerable grievances, which we cannot deny to have existed; though we are of opinion, that she was not fully justified, in the circumstances of the case, in taking that way to redress them. After a short period of hostilities, attended with various success—certainly not with such decided advantages on our side as could have entitled us to dictate terms to the enemy, had the original subject of contention remained—the occasion of dissention is fortunately removed by the restoration of peace in Europe, and the consequent disappearance both of neutrals and belligerents. America, then, agrees to waive all further discussion of claims which are no longer to be asserted in practice; and England refuses to lay down her arms till she had got large portions of land and water from her antagonist. The war which goes on after this, we conceive, is just as clearly a war of mere conquest and aggression upon our part, as if we had first signed a peace on the accommodation of the only point that had occasioned the war—and next day declared war anew, for the avowed purpose of adding a part of her territory to our possessions.

The matter indeed seems scarcely to be disguised in the official statements of our commissioners. It is not in the way of indemnity for the past, or security for the future, that we demand these cessions. It is because the joint possession of the lakes is apt to excite a contest for naval superiority, and in order that we may have a direct communication between Halifax and New Brunswick. Pretexts like these—pretexts indeed of a much higher nature, have never been wanting to justify that most pernicious and most dangerous of all human crimes, the undertaking of a war of conquest; nor is there any other meaning in the general principle of maintaining the independence of all civilized go-

vernments, than that no pretext—nay, no *proof* of increased security and general advantage—shall be admitted as an apology for the invasion of one state by another, or the forcible dismemberment of an atom of her indisputed territory. It is upon this principle that civilized society depends for its very existence. It is by this alone that the strong are restrained, and the weak protected from oppression—by this, and by this only, that the substance or the names of public principle or occasional peace have ever been heard of among mankind.

The apology that is held out for our invasion of this principle, however, is not more hollow in itself than it is inconsistent with the very form of the invasion. We are the weakest of the two powers it seems in America;—and therefore, what?—why, we will take by force what is necessary to put us on a footing with our neighbour. This way of putting our case certainly lays us open to a very perplexing dilemma. If we are now in a condition to take our neighbour's territory in America by force, we surely cannot justify our taking it on the score that we are now too weak to have any chance in a contest against him;—or, if we are too weak to enter into such a contest, we certainly have no great chance of succeeding in depriving him of it by means of a war. The plea, however, is manifestly quite preposterous; and the consequence of admitting it would be, that after we had got what we now ask, we might ask more, till we were on a footing of perfect equality with our neighbour;—or, in other words, that mere inequality of force in neighbouring states, is a lawful and sufficient cause for their engaging in a war of conquest.

It is needless, however, to say more of the *justice* of our pretensions, when we have so much to say upon the inexpediency of pursuing them any further. If we had ever so just a title to the territory we are now fighting to acquire, we conceive it would be insanity to fight for such an object. We think it impossible that we should succeed in acquiring it—and altogether certain that we shall encounter disgrace and disaster in its pursuit.

The invasion of their territory will necessarily unite all America against us. Nothing but the most complete ignorance of their character can leave the least doubt upon that subject. They are

split, no doubt, into hostile factions—very rancorous and very abusive of each other;—but they are all zealous republicans, and all outrageously proud of their constitution, and vain of their country. This indeed is the ruling passion of all democracies; and it exists in America in a degree that is both offensive and ridiculous to strangers. In this point of view, nothing could be so unwise—to say nothing more of them—as our unmeaning marauding expeditions to Washington and Baltimore—which exasperated without weakening—and irritated all the passions of the nation, without even a tendency to diminish its resources—nay, which added directly to their force, both by the indignation and unanimity which they excited, and by teaching them to feel their own strength, and to despise an enemy, that, with all his preparation and animosity, could do them so little substantial mischief. The consequences, accordingly, were immediately apparent; and for the paltry and unworthy gratification of obliging the congress to assemble in a wooden shed, we gave confidence and popularity to the war party in that assembly, and tied up the tongues of those who might otherwise have thwarted their designs. This was before our projects of conquest were known in the country; and it affords a pretty sure augury of the effect of their promulgation. We have no doubt at all, that every man in America will be for a vigorous prosecution of the war, rather than submit to so great an indignity; and that though the adverse factions will still revile and accuse each other, sacrifices and efforts will be made for this purpose, of which scarcely any other people would be capable.

In the *next* place, what sort of a nation is it which we have thus united against us—and from whom, thus united, we propose, by main force, to wrest a part of their territory? It is a nation, in the first place, situated at the distance of three thousand miles from our shores, to which it probably costs us upwards of one hundred pounds to transport every man we are to employ in subduing them; a nation now consisting of *between eight and nine millions of souls*;^{*}—a nation remarkable hardy, athle-

* By the last *census*, which was completed in 1810, the population was about seven millions. It must be increased near two millions since that time.

tic, and brave; in which every individual is armed, and in which, from the abundance of game and leisure, and the want of all game laws, every individual is an expert marksman before he is sixteen years of age;—a nation in which not only public feeling but political power has its chief depository in the body of the people, and in which the poor can therefore compel the rich to make any sacrifices, and partake any hardships, which they think necessary for the gratification of their vanity or hatred;—*the* nation, in short, which, with one third of its present population, without government or resources, and divided far more radically than it can ever be divided again, baffled all our efforts to retain an established authority over it; and drove us, after a sanguinary struggle, beyond those boundaries which, in the maturity of their strength, we now propose to repass by force.

In the *third* place, what are the circumstances of encouragement and good augury under which we think it reasonable to demand the exclusive possession of their lakes, and the cession of a part of their territory? Why, it is after being twice utterly routed on these lakes, and in the only considerable battles of which they have been the theatre;—or, in other words, after being almost entirely driven from the possession of those waters in which, before the war, we had an equal interest with them, and in which, we may still regain an equal interest, merely by making peace, and accepting their renunciation of all the pretensions in support of which they originally took up arms. A nation forced into an unjust war, has sometimes insisted on retaining a part of her conquests at its termination; but it is something new, we believe, for one who has lost ground in the quarrel, to insist on a cession of territory from her enemy—and to refuse a peace which reinvests her in all her former rights, unless this extraordinary pretension be yielded to. On land again, after having received reinforcements infinitely greater than we had any reason to expect could be afforded—after frightening a few defenceless towns, and defeating some regiments of militia—we have been repulsed from

Baltimore, and retreated from Plattsburgh; and are now retired into winter quarters with the loss of at least four or five thousand men, while the enemy is increasing every hour in skill, confidence, and numbers.

In what *can* such a contest issue, but in the utter discomfiture of a conquering or invading army. All the advantage was with us in the beginning—our numbers complete—our reputation high—our discipline perfect; while the enemy was raw and timid, and unwilling to venture in numbers within the hazard of the conflict. With all those advantages, a long campaign has just been closed with a series of disasters, and without any sensible progress towards the triumphs through which alone we can hope to force our hard terms on the adversary. Every hour our numbers are diminishing, while theirs are increasing; every hour they are improving in discipline, and consequently in enterprise and valour. The attacks at Washington and Baltimore have called out all the militia of the country, and filled the land from border to border with armed men;—while the repulse from the latter place, followed so soon by the disaster at Plattsburgh, have taught them their strength, and made them come forward with alacrity to share the honours of a contest, the result of which is no longer to be dreaded. More than one hundred and fifty thousand men are now in arms within the territories of the United States;—bad soldiers certainly at this moment, and unfit as yet to contend in pitched battles in the field—but quite fit, even now, to do murderous execution from behind a breastwork, and perfectly capable of acquiring that discipline and steadiness which a few campaigns will necessarily give them.

What, then, are our prospects for these approaching campaigns? If we are to carry our objects, we must reckon not only upon being able to drive the enemy from the lakes, and to destroy all their settlements on their borders, and on taking forcible possession of the territory we mean to keep, but, on so ruining the force, and breaking the spirit of the country, as to induce them to sue for peace on condition of our permanently keeping both the lakes and the territory. Is there

any man in his senses who looks to the condition of this country, and the condition of America, that expects *this* to be done?—or, if he does think it possible to be done, who can hesitate for a moment in saying, that it could only be done at a cost ten thousand times greater than the value of the object can justify? With an army of forty thousand men, and a suitable equipment of vessels transported in frame from Great Britain, we may, at an expense of twenty or thirty millions—we are convinced it cannot be at less—retrieve, in the course of next campaign, some of the disgraces and disasters which we have sustained in the last. With the loss of a fourth part of our troops, we may succeed in clearing our frontier of the enemy, and driving him back before us beyond the line to which we wish to advance our future boundary, and we may even succeed, after a pitiable carnage, in gaining possession of the lakes.—But does any man expect that the Americans will agree upon this, to let us keep what we have so dearly won; and submit to leave in the hands of an exasperated foe the key to some of the richest provinces of their country? No man can possibly expect it. The enemy knows that we cannot afford to send out twenty thousand men every year, nor to incur an additional expense of twenty millions, to maintain possession of a few barren acres on their borders. They will harass us, therefore, with continual attacks, and exhaust us with interminable marches, in the boundless wastes of their difficult and unfruitful country;—till, after distinguishing ourselves by prodigies of useless valour, and disgracing ourselves by acts of vindictive cruelty, the second American war ends, like the first, in the utter discomfiture and signal defeat of the rash and stubborn invaders. “Conquer three millions of freemen!” exclaimed lord Chatham with contempt and wonder at the infatuation which persisted so long in that first fatal contention; although we had then a settled and original possession of half the country—and the hearts of the other half were believed by many to be with us! And now we expect to conquer nine millions, when we have been driven from one part of the border, and have united the

hearts of the whole against us!—Nothing short of conquest, and complete prostration, can possibly gain for us the objects on which we are insisting; and no sane person, we imagine, believes that to be possible.

But suppose that it were possible, and that it were actually accomplished, what should we have gained?—we shall not say to compensate for the waste of blood and treasure which our success must have cost us—but with a view to that security for our Canadian dominions, which is held out as the object of the contest. The carnage, the sufferings, the disgrace which our success must necessarily have inflicted on the enemy, must excite a rancorous and incurable animosity in the breast of every citizen of the land; and if we are able, by main force, to maintain ourselves in possession of our new frontier, it may fairly be assumed that it will only be to force that we shall owe it. The most rooted hostility, the most eager thirst for revenge, will infallibly watch all our proceedings; and a greedy advantage will assuredly be taken of the first moment of negligence or weakness, of external embarrassment or interior dissention, to repair the loss and retrieve the dishonour of so invidious a conquest. After such a conquest, therefore, we can never be secure for a moment, even under the appearance of the most complete pacification—but must continually maintain such a force as may be sufficient to repress the desperate attempts to which we must be continually liable. In our old frontier we should excite no such jealousy, and require no such costly precautions; and therefore we presume it can scarcely be doubted, that we should be more secure on the whole with that old frontier—and must lose more in the increased hostility of our neighbours, than we can possibly gain by this slight diminution of their resources.

Such, we think, would be the inevitable result of our success—even if the relative strength of the two countries were destined to remain at its present proportions. But it is impossible here to shut our eyes to a fact most material to the whole question.—America has doubled her population in little more

than eighteen years—and, from the state of her territory, is likely to go on nearly at the same rate for at least fifty years to come.—Long before that time, therefore, she must have a population of from thirty to forty millions—while in Canada, from the inferiority of the soil and climate, we can never reckon upon having more than two or three millions. Against such an enormous preponderance of force, if backed by mortified pride and vindictive resentment, it is evident that no succours that England could spare could enable this colony to make any resistance;—and long, indeed, before the disproportion has attained to this limit, not only our new boundary, but our whole transatlantic possessions must infallibly be swept away.—It is not easy, indeed, to see how Canada is ultimately to be protected against this monstrous force, by any frontier or by any policy;—but this, at all events, we take to be manifest, that she may be longest protected by that policy which most effectually conciliates the friendship and respect of her more powerful neighbour—and by that frontier which is most visibly guarded by the sanctity of justice and the charm of moderation. America, in fact, has no need of any accession to her territory—and will every day feel less and less jealousy of a weak and a peaceable neighbour. But if we now make aggressions upon her soil, we may be assured that, in the fulness of her strength, they will be repaid with interest;—if we wantonly sow the seeds of rancorous and inexorable hostility, we must expect to reap in due season the bitter and abundant harvest.

But truly it is too visionary to dwell thus at large upon the consequences of a success which we are obviously never destined to attain, and from the hope of which so many circumstances conspire at this moment to exclude us.—If there are any persons so insane as to dream at any time of conquests in America, is there nothing in the present situation of Europe that should admonish them that this is not the season when such visions can be safely indulged?—Is there nothing in the aspect of the blackening horizon before us—of the storms that are brewing in the south—and the east, that should induce us to look anxiously for the return of serenity in the west?—Who is there so sanguine as

to expect that Europe is to remain in peace for many years, or that England is not to be embroiled in the first and the last of her quarrels?—or, if that tremendous destiny may be avoided, who does not see that the best chance to avoid it, is to have a great disposable force ready to throw into the scale of the advocates of order and justice—to have our hands free, and our flanks disencumbered for the vital contest that we may yet have to sustain on our own shores?—For the sake of trying to gain a frontier a little more convenient for the insignificant province of Canada—for the sake of making an irreconcilable enemy of America, and pouring out oceans of blood, and heaps of treasure in a contest in which success can be attended with no glory, and defeat leads to aggravated disgrace—it is really worth while to desert our own cause, and that of Europe, at a moment so critical, as the present, and to send fifty ships and fifty thousand men to waste their strength in that obscure and subordinate contention?

But it is not merely with a view to the greater and nearer occasions of exertion which it threatens to present to this country, that the present situation of Europe should operate as a sedative to our zeal for hostilities in America. If Europe is again embroiled, America will be sure to find allies in these very hostilities;—and we have already experienced what it is to contend against American energy, backed by the skill and resources of an European auxiliary. The original cause of war with America, we ought to recollect, is one in which all the continental powers have at one time or another protested against our pretensions—and may be presumed indeed habitually to look upon them with no very favourable eye. To these pretensions America is now willing to submit, and thus to remove all occasion for their farther discussion;—but if we insist on going on with the war, her protest against them will of necessity be revived, and in all likelihood will soon find other abettors. How long does any one think we can reckon, in the present situation of Europe, on having to meet the Americans without any allies? And has our success, while they stood single-handed against us, been so very brilliant as to give us much hope of a favourable result when they are thus

strengthened and supported?—besides all this, the very existence of our quarrel with America is likely enough to embroil us in Europe, and to disturb, before its day, the nice and ticklish balance on which our tranquillity so visibly hangs.—We have declared the whole coast of the United States, with some trifling exceptions, in a state of blockade. Do we imagine that the maritime nations of Europe will quietly submit for any length of time to such an exclusion;—and if we capture a French or a Russian vessel trading towards the uninvested ports of that country, can we doubt for an instant that we shall have the question of neutral and belligerent rights, which it is now in our power to settle on terms of infinite advantage, to try under circumstances incalculably more unfavourable than any that ever occurred with America?

But supposing the state of Europe to be as encouraging as it is disheartening to the career of transatlantic conquest upon which we seem to have entered, is there nothing in the state of our *Finances* which should make us pause, before we thus plunge into wars of aggression and ambition?—We have just obtained a peace, or a breathing-time at least, in Europe—and we find ourselves burthened with a debt of which it requires the enormous sum of *thirty millions* sterling to pay the annual interest—and with establishments of various kinds, which require, even upon the supposition of universal peace, an expenditure of at least twenty millions more.—Are we in any condition, then, to embark in a new war—confessedly unnecessary for our security or honour—and comparatively insignificant in its objects, when it is apparent, that from the distance and the nature of the country in which it is to be waged, it will be incomparably more expensive than any other scheme of hostility that could possibly be devised of the same magnitude? Will the country, with all the silly and vulgar animosity it has been taught to feel against its American opponents, be indeed disposed to pay the property tax—and to see it increased to fifteen or twenty per cent. in order to have thousands upon thousands of her brave sons obscurely slain in an attempt, successful or unsuccessful, to get a better frontier for Canada, than we solemnly agreed to take in 1783? If it be

willing, is it able, to bear this enormous burden?—And at the moment when our manufacturers are in danger of being undersold by those of France and Germany, and our farmers by those of Poland, can it be thought a fit time to enter into such ambitious speculations, with the certainty of such tremendous expense, and so faint a prospect of ultimate success—success almost worthless when attained?

In such a situation of things, and where there is such an overwhelming preponderance of argument in favour of peace, it may be scarcely necessary to suggest, that we wilfully expose Canada itself to an immediate and most serious hazard, by this unjustifiable attempt to provide for its future security. If we make peace upon the advantageous terms that are offered, Canada is safe for the present; and as safe for the future as it has ever been since 1783—as safe, that is, as it was thought possible to make it, when that treaty was deliberately adjusted with a view to that object. If we go on with the war, however, and any one of the numerous casualties befall us, to which we are continually liable—and some of which, if the war is long protracted, must almost necessarily occur—Canada is gone from us—and gone irretrievably, and forever. One half of it is disaffected, and the other nearly indifferent.—Upper Canada is peopled almost entirely by settlers from the United States, who in their hearts must wish well to their countrymen and friends. Lower Canada—thanks to our preposterous policy—is still almost entirely French—and dislikes us only less than the Americans. If France should join with America, there could be but little dependence on their fidelity; as it is, there is notoriously none to be placed in their zeal. They will make no sacrifices, and no desperate efforts for a government, towards which they have never felt any cordiality; and if the country be once lost, they will risk no insurrections to recover it for English masters.

We shall conclude this part of the subject with the mention of one other most painful and most potent dissuasive from the farther prosecution of this disastrous war. Our armies will be thinned by unprecedented desertions in every campaign on the soil of America—and will melt away by inglorious dissolution,

adding to the force of the enemy, and detracting at once from our strength and our national character. Do not let it be said, that this is an imputation on the loyalty and honour of our army which it cannot possibly have merited. We appeal to facts that are notorious, and to principles of human nature that need no corroboration from particular instances. We think as highly of the valour and the worth of our soldiery as it is possible to think of any soldiery: but alas, it is not in the private ranks of a regular army—and, least of all, perhaps, in the ranks of war-worn veterans, who have campaigned in foreign lands till all domestic recollections are nearly worn out of them—that we are to look for refined notions of propriety, or the habit of resisting extraordinary temptations. It is to the extraordinary force of the temptation, and not to the previous corruption of its victims, that we ascribe this disaster. There are desertions from all armies, and large desertions from all armies that begin to be unsuccessful;—but, in a country where the deserter can hide and domesticate himself with those who resemble his countrymen, who speak his own language and display his own manners—in a country, above all, where wages are high and subsistence cheap, and where a common labourer may, in a short time, raise himself to the rank of a landed proprietor—the temptations to desert are such as the ordinary rate of virtue in that rank of life will rarely be able to resist. We know already, from documents that have been laid before the public, that the Americans boast of prodigious desertions having taken place from the British forces;—and the fact, when averred in parliament, met with nothing but an evasive answer from his majesty's ministers. We know also, that a proposition to encourage desertion, by holding out a large bribe at the public expense, was entertained in Congress; and although it was rejected as inconsistent with the principles of honourable hostility, we have little doubt that it will be renewed, if we should really proceed to enforce our demands of territory by an actual invasion of their soil;—nor do we see very well upon what grounds we should then be entitled to complain of it. Against a lawless invader—an invader for the avowed purposes of conquest—all arms are held to be lawful, and all

devices by which he can be resisted, praiseworthy. But, whether this additional seduction be resorted to or not, we greatly fear that many will be found to yield to the existing temptations—and that, after incurring prodigious and intolerable expense in transporting men to fight our melancholy battles in America, we shall find their ranks reduced by other agents than the sword or the pestilence, and their officers drooping with resentment and agony over their daily returns of those who are missing where there has been no battle;—and who are not only lost to their country, but gained by her exulting adversary.

We must now draw to the close of these observations; and indeed there is but one other point which we are anxious to bring before our readers. America is destined, at all events, to be a great and a powerful nation. In less than a century she must have a population of at least seventy or eighty millions. War cannot prevent, and, it appears by experience, can scarcely retard this natural multiplication. All these people will speak English; and, according to the most probable conjecture, will live under free governments, whether republican or monarchical, and will be industrious, well educated, and civilized. Within no very great distance of time, therefore—within a period to which those who are now entering life may easily survive, America will be one of the most powerful and important nations of the earth; and her friendship and commerce will be more valued, and of greater consequence, in all probability, than that of any one European state. England had—we even think that she still has—great and peculiar advantages for securing to herself this friendship and this commerce. A common origin—a common language—a common law—a common enjoyment of freedom—all seem to point them out to each other as natural friends and allies. What then shall we say of that short-sighted and fatal policy, that, for such an object as we have been endeavouring to expose, should sow the seeds of incurable hostility between two such countries—put rank and order in the vessel of their peace, and fix in the deep foundations and venerable archives of their history, to which for centuries their eyes will be reverted, the monuments of English enmity and American valour, on the same conspicuous tablet—binding up to-

gether the sentiments of hate to England and love to America as counterparts of the same patriotic feeling—and mingling in indissoluble association the memory of all that is odious in our history, with all that is glorious in theirs? Even for the insignificant present, we lose more by the enmity of America than can be made up to us by the friendship of all the rest of the world. We lose the largest and most profitable market for our manufactures—and we train up a nation, destined to so vast an increase, to do without those commodities with which we alone can furnish them, and from the use of which nothing but a course of absolute hostility could have weaned them. But these present disadvantages, we confess, are trifling, compared with those which we forego for futurity: and when we consider that by a tone of genuine magnanimity, moderation, and cordiality, we might, at this very crisis, have laid the foundation of unspeakable wealth, comfort, and greatness to both countries, we own that it requires the recollection of all our prudent resolutions about coolness and conciliation, to restrain us from speaking of the contrast afforded by our actual conduct, in such terms as it might be spoken of;—as, if the occasion calls for it, we shall not fear to speak of it hereafter.

The Americans are not liked in this country; and we are not now going to recommend them as objects of our love. We must say, however, that they are not fairly judged of by their newspapers. The greater part of the polished and intelligent Americans appear little on the front of public life, and make no figure in her external history. But there are thousands of true republicans in that country, who, till lately, have never felt any thing towards England but the most cordial esteem and admiration; and to whom it has been the bitterest of all mortifications that she has at last disappointed their reliance on the generosity and magnanimity of her councils, belied their predictions of her liberality, and justified the execrations which the factious and malignant formerly levelled at her in vain. This is the party too, that is destined ultimately to take the lead in that country, when the increase of the population shall have lessened the demand for labour, and, by restoring the natural influence of wealth and intelligence, converted a nominal democracy into a virtual aristo-

crazy of property, talents and reputation; and this party, whom we might have so honourably conciliated, we first disgusted, by the humiliating spectacle of a potent British fleet battering down magnificent edifices unconnected with purposes of war, and then packing up some miserable hogsheads of tobacco, as the ransom or the plunder, we disdain to remember which, of a defenceless village, and afterwards roused to more serious indignation by an unprincipled demand for an integral part of their territory.

We have said enough, however—and more perhaps than enough—on this unpopular subject; for there is, or at least has been, till very lately, a disposition in the country to abet the government in its highest tone of defiance and hostility to America. While it was supposed that our maritime rights were at issue; this was natural—and it was laudable; nor shall the time ever come when we shall cease to applaud that spirit which is for hazarding all, rather than yielding one atom of the honour and dignity of England to foreign menace or violence. Since this question of our maritime rights, however, has been understood to be waived by America, we think we can perceive a gradual awakening of the public to a sense of the injustice and the danger of our pretensions. There are persons, no doubt,—and unfortunately neither few nor inconsiderable—to whom war is always desirable, and who may be expected to do what they can to make it perpetual. The tax-gatherers and contractors, and those who, in still higher stations, depend for power and influence on the appointment and multiplication of such offices, are naturally downcast at the prospect of a durable pacification;—and hail with joy, as they foment with industry, every symptom of national infatuation by which new contests, however hopeless and however sanguinary, may be brought upon the country. But the sound and disinterested part of the community—those who have to pay the taxes, and the contractor and the minister—ought, one would think, to have a very opposite feeling;—and it is to them that these observations are addressed—not to influence their passions, but to rouse their understandings, and to make one calm appeal to their judgment and candour from paltry prejudices and vulgar antipathies.

Why the Americans are disliked in this country, we have never been able to understand; for most certainly they resemble us far more than any other nation in the world. They are brave, and boastful, and national, and factious like ourselves;—about as polished as ninety-nine in one hundred of our own countrymen in the upper ranks—and at least as moral and well educated in the lower. Their virtues are such as we ought to admire—for they are those on which we value ourselves most highly: and their very faults seem to have some claim to our indulgence, since they are those with which we also are reproached by third parties. We see nothing then from which we can suppose this prevailing dislike of them to originate, but a secret grudge at them for having asserted, and manfully vindicated, their independence. This, however, is too unworthy a feeling to be avowed: and the very imputation of it should stimulate us to overcome the prejudices by which it is suggested. The example of the sovereign on this occasion, is fit for the imitation of his subjects. Though notoriously reluctant to part with this proud ornament of his crown, it is known that his majesty, when convinced of the necessity of the measure, made up his mind to it with that promptitude and decision which belong to his character—and which indicated themselves, long after, in the observation which we believe he was in the practice of addressing to every ambassador from the United States, at their first audience—"I was the last man in my kingdom, sir, to acknowledge your independence; and I shall be the last to call it in question!"

THE CONSTITUTIONS OF THE HELVETIC AND RHÆTIAN CONFEDERACIES; WITH A BRIEF HISTORY* OF THEIR ESTABLISHMENT.

THE ancient Helvetii were subdued by the Roman arms. The nation enjoyed some repose and prosperity under Vespasian and Titus; but it was nearly extirpated by the successive tribes of barbarians who assailed the Roman empire on every side. Helvetia became now an easy prey to adventurers; it was repopled by the Alemmani, the Franks, the Ostrogoths, and the Burgundians; from whom were descended the confederates of the thirteen cantons, their subjects and allies.

Helvetia belonged successively to the kingdom of the Franks and the kingdom of Burgundy. It was bequeathed by Rudolph III, the last of the Burgundian kings, to the emperor Henry II; under whose successor, Conrad the Franconian, all Helvetia owned the supremacy of the Germanic, or as it was then usually denominated, the Holy Roman empire. [1032.]

Conrad duke of Zæringen, one of the most powerful lords of Helvetia, was entrusted with the administration of that province as imperial vicegerent, which office continued in his family down to his last descendant.

Frederic II sat on the imperial throne when Berthold V, duke of Zæringen, was buried with his shield and helmet—the custom in those times when the last of a noble line was carried to his grave—and the immediate government of Helvetia reverted to the Germanic empire. [1218.]

This government was limited, however, by numerous subordinate but refractory authorities:—by many powerful counts, barons, and feudal lords, who, though they acknowledged the paramount authority of the emperor, yet availed themselves so dexterously of the distractions of the empire, as to become almost independent: by various richly endowed bishops, abbots, and convents; and by several cities, which having obtained the privilege of choosing their own magistrates, and various franchises, gradually rose to a level with the counts and prelates.

While the dukes of Zæringen were, under the supremacy of the empire, exerting their authority over the fairest part of

* Condensed from Planta's History, in 2 vols. 4to.

Helvetia, there existed in the midst of it, a race so little known, that the abbot of Einsidlen, when he obtained grants in the region it occupied, found it practicable to conceal its very name from the emperor; thus precluding an accurate demarkation of the boundaries, and the limitation of future claims. This small tribe was no sooner noticed than it displayed the firmness and energy which it afterwards manifested on numberless occasions. Amidst gay meadows, at the foot of a lofty mountain, and not far from the lake of Lucern (called also the Forest lake) stood Schwitz, its capital burgh or village, from which all Helvetia has since derived its name and independence. The sides of the surrounding mountains are variegated with gay verdure, and the dusky hue of pine forests: several of their summits are bare rocks. This alternate mixture of dreary waste, of fertile lawns, of scattered dwellings, and peaceful flocks and shepherds wandering on the downy turf; the variety of glowing tints displayed by the sunbeams on the massy rocks, the splendour of the lake, the pureness of the air, the consciousness of security, derived not from artificial ramparts, but from the perpetual bulwarks of insurmountable precipices; the ease and freedom of a pastoral life; all tended to inspire this people with a contented cheerfulness and dauntless intrepidity. In their traditional songs they boasted of an absolute independence from time immemorial; and it is attested by records that they applied for and obtained the protection of the emperor. This distinction was peculiar to the Swiss, for so this particular people were called for a long period, until their name, along with their confederacy, became extended to all the inhabitants of Helvetia.

The Swiss dwelt for some time in scattered habitations throughout the woods and deserts of the Alps. At length when by a long period of progressive industry and population, a great part of the country had been cleared and fertilized, many new villages arose. The valleys of Schwitz, Uri, and Underwalden, all which open upon the Forest lake, became now by the increase of their religious and municipal institutions, in a manner unconnected, although to strangers they appeared as one state. At length this country was divided into three cantons, Schwitz, Uri, and Underwalden; so named from the valleys in which the peo-

ple dwelt. Except that their manners were softened by the precepts of christianity, and elevated by the chivalrous sentiments of the times, the Swiss might at this early period, be compared to the five Indian nations of Canada.

This people, the restorers of the freedom of Helvetia, had now continued long in a state of happy obscurity, unnoticed and unenvied, when Gerard of Froburg, abbot of Einsidlen, charged them before the emperor Henry V with having driven their cattle upon the lands belonging to his abbey. The limits, as we have already observed, had been inaccurately defined. Both parties refused to yield. A contest ensued. The prelate inflicted his spiritual censures, and summoned the people before the tribunal of the Suabian lords. The people paid no regard to his censures or his summons, deeming themselves amenable only to the imperial court. In this court, at Mentz, they were at length, sued by the abbot. They knew nothing of the grant; but they endeavoured to establish their claims by the testimony of their aged fathers. The Swiss were cast. They resolved notwithstanding, to maintain what they considered as their prescriptive right. Their contumacy passed for some time unnoticed; but the monks after an interval of thirty years, obtained from the emperor Conrad III, a positive decree that the people of Schwitz, whom this more immediately concerned, should without delay, under pain of incurring the imperial interdict, obey the sentence. The Schwitzers declared, "If the emperor, regardless of our long established right, and in contempt of the memory of our forefathers, pleases to grant away our Alps to the rapacious monks, what need we his protection? Henceforth let our right arm protect us." The indignant emperor put them under the ban of the empire. The bishop of Constance excommunicated them. But they feared neither the anger of the emperor nor the thunders of the Church. They were joined by Uri and Underwalden. They compelled their priests to officiate as usual; and they tended their cattle unaided and undaunted. The three cantons it appears had been long confederated; and their league was generally renewed every ten years.

Rudolph count of Hapsburg, who held considerable seigneuries and possessions in Helvetia, obtained by free election the

office of advocate or protector* of Underwalden. He was also appointed by the emperor Otho IV, imperial commissary, or chief judge of the criminal judicature, over the three cantons. They accepted him reluctantly, and not until he had solemnly engaged to defend their rights and maintain their independence.

Thus were the Swiss, in the year when the last of the dukes of Zæringen died, and the great Rudolph of Hapsburgh was born, living prosperously, in peace, freedom, and federative union.

This illustrious founder of the fortunes of the house of Austria, was exalted from a simple count to an imperial throne; he conquered Austria and Stiria, extended his possessions on all sides, and died full of years and glory. He was succeeded in his hereditary and acquired dominions by his son Albert, a man of violent and unprincipled ambition, and of a gloomy, forbidding and tyrannical character.

The Swiss, as soon as they received the intelligence of Rudolph's death, and of the fearful prospect then before them, held an assembly of the whole nation, and renewed their ancient league in the following terms: "Know all men that we the people of the valley of Uri, of the community of Schwitz, and of the mountains of Underwalden, seeing the dangers of the times, have solemnly agreed and bound ourselves by oath, to aid and defend each other with all our might and main, with our lives and property, both within and beyond our boundaries, each at his own expense, and against every enemy whatever who shall attempt to molest us, either singly or collectively. This is our ancient compact. Whoever hath a lord, let him obey him according to his bounden duty. We have decreed to receive no magistrates in our valleys but such as are of our own country, and resident among us. Every difference among us shall be decided by our wisest men; and whoever shall reject their award, shall be compelled by the remainder of the community. Whoever shall wilfully commit a murder, shall suffer death; and he who shall attempt to skreen the assassin from the hands of justice, shall be banished. An incendiary shall forfeit his franchise as a native; and whoever har-

* To the office of advocate or protector, much power and influence was annexed. The great lords were ever solicitous to obtain advocacies. Many even succeeded in making them hereditary.

bours him, shall repair the damage. Whoever robs or molests another, shall make full restitution out of the property he may possess among us. No one shall distrain without the sanction of a magistrate. Every man shall acknowledge the authority of one of the chief magistrates in either of the valleys. If in an intestine feud, one of the parties shall refuse to accede to a fair compromise, the people at large shall join the opposite party. This covenant, for our common welfare, shall, God willing, be perpetual." This is the oldest document of the Swiss confederacy. It is dated in the beginning of August 1291.

This compact, the groundwork of the Helvetic union, having justice for its foundation, peace for its object, and religion for its bond, was distinguished from most other political institutions, by its simplicity and inoffensive tendency. Pure, holy, and permanent as the ties which united the patriarchs in the golden age, this league continued unbroken and inviolate through near five centuries. Perfect harmony and unanimity have often enabled the cantons and their allies to co-operate with as much celerity and vigour, as if their joint resolves had been the decrees of a single chief.

The affections of the nobles and the cities of Helvetia, were alienated from Albert; and such were the general and rooted prejudices entertained against him, that Adolphus, count of Nassau, a prince of no decided superiority, and not Albert the powerful son of the late formidable monarch, was chosen to fill the vacant throne of Germany. The election however was contested. The cities of Berne and Zurich acknowledged and aided Adolphus. The Swiss, on receiving a charter of immunities from him, swore allegiance to his government. He was at length defeated by Albert, and slain in battle; and Albert was soon afterwards elected to the imperial throne, by the title of king of the Germans.* [A. D. 1298.]

* Before the year 1509, the heads of the empire were merely stiled *kings of the Germans, or Romans*, till they had been crowned by the pope, and thereby declared emperors. Maximilian I, in the year above-mentioned, obtained from pope Julius II, a formal dispensation, by virtue of which, he and his successors have ever since assumed the title of elected Roman emperors, without the ceremony of the coronation at Rome.

This event struck terror into all the people of the Alps who had sided with Adolphus. Deputies from the Swiss repaired to the new elected monarch at Strasburg; but they returned to their countrymen with the alarming answer, "that Albert meant soon to propose an alteration in their government."

Many lords upon this drew out their forces against Berne. The citizens, with the auxiliaries they had collected from their allies, marched out under the conduct of Ulric of Erlach, a brave and experienced knight. They found the enemy advantageously posted on a hill called the *Donnerbühel*, and spreading in formidable numbers over a plain near Wangen. Erlach sounded a charge: the bugle-horn suddenly re-echoed through the forest, and the freemen rushed with united and irresistible fury upon the foe, who was soon totally defeated: the whole body of his infantry was surrounded and taken; and the conquering bands headed by the valiant Erlach, entered Berne in triumph, and displayed to their exulting parents and emulating children, the trophies of their victory, the banner of the enemy, and numerous ranks of disarmed captives.

Albert soon afterwards advanced against Zurich; but finding that city amply prepared for a vigorous defence, whilst his own army was weak in numbers, and destitute of the necessary stores and implements for a siege, he received the deputies of the city with condescension, confirmed its privileges, and then entered its walls amidst the joyful acclamations of the burghers.

Having made various acquisitions of territories, advocacies, and other rights in Helvetia, and anxious to unite under his sovereign sway, all the districts that intervened between his hereditary dominions, and to rid himself of the control offered to his power by the franchises of the people, and the obstructive authority of their domestic magistrates, Albert sent the lords of Oxenstein and Lichtenberg to the valleys of Schwitz, Uri, and Underwalden, with the following proposal: "You will do wisely both for yourselves and your posterity, if you will wholly commit yourselves to the protection and guidance of the royal house. The advocacies of all the abbeys which own estates and vassals among you, and all that Kyburg and Lenzburg once possessed in your valleys, you are well apprised, are now the undoubted property of the monarch;

and you must be aware that you cannot resist his numerous and well disciplined forces. He would willingly consider you as his favourite children. He is the grandson of the count of Lenzburg, your former advocate, and son to king Rudolph, a brave, powerful and victorious prince. The desire of Albert to receive you under his immediate patronage does not, you may be assured, proceed from any wish to possess your cattle, or to extort any part of your scanty property; but merely because he has heard from his father, and has learnt from the records of history, that you are a brave and loyal people. He loves brave men, and will pride himself in leading you to victory, in enriching you with the spoils of war, and promoting your welfare by all manner of profitable grants and privileges."

The nobles, freemen, and all the people of the valleys answered: "We well remember what a glorious leader and firm protector we had in the late king Rudolph, and we will ever acknowledge it to his posterity: but we are partial to the condition of our forefathers, and are desirous to continue in it; all we desire is that king Albert will confirm us in the enjoyment of it."

The king evaded granting them the confirmation they solicited. But he sent them as his commissaries or bailiffs, Herman Gesler and Berenger of Landenberg.

These rulers soon betrayed their tyrannical dispositions. Every trivial offence was punished by long and cruel imprisonment. The tolls were raised; and trade was impeded, and in many instances wholly prohibited. The people remonstrated in vain. Their oppressors committed injuries and outrages of every description; which at length produced a combination against them. In the night of the 19th of November, [1307.] Furst, Melchthal, and Stauffacher, with each ten associates, men of approved worth and valour, met in a field called Rutli, in a sequestered vale, and there resolved to assert the freedom they had inherited from their forefathers, and hand it down to their posterity untainted and undiminished. They determined that in this great enterprize none would forsake his friends, but that they would all live and die in the defence of the common cause; that the count of Hapsburg should be deprived of none of his lands or prerogatives, and that the bailiffs, their officers and attendants should not lose one drop of blood.

Thus fixed in their resolve, while each beheld and clasped his friend; while at this solemn hour they were wrapt in the contemplation that on their success depended the fate of their whole progeny; Furst, Melchthal, and Stauffacher held up their hands to heaven, and in the name of the Almighty, swore jointly and strenuously to maintain their rights. The thirty heard the oath with awe, and with uplifted hands attested the same God and all his saints, that they were firmly bent on offering up their lives for the defence of their injured liberty. They then agreed on their future proceedings; but for the present, each returned to his hamlet, observed profound secrecy, and tended his cattle.

Meanwhile the progress of wanton oppression put a period to the life and cruelties of the bailiff Gesler. He raised a hat on a pole at Uri to which he commanded all passengers to pay obeisance. William Tell, son-in-law to Furst, and one of the sworn friends of liberty, refused. He was seized, but escaped, and soon afterwards shot Gesler to death with an arrow.

In the following year the confederates attacked the bailiffs in their castles, overpowered and expelled them, but without shedding a drop of blood; and the Swiss once more confirmed by oath their ancient, and (as they have ever fondly named it) their perpetual league.

Albert was assassinated by his nephew;—Henry of Luxemburg was raised to the imperial throne; and at his death, a competition arose between Lewis of Bavaria, and Frederic of Austria, for the succession. [1312.] The Swiss, without hesitation, declared for Lewis. Duke Leopold, brother of Frederic, vowed vengeance against them for their opposition to his brother's claim. He thereupon prepared to invade the cantons, and declared that "he would trample the audacious rustics under his feet." Several armies were collected for this purpose. The duke himself, joined by many powerful nobles, and even by some unworthy burghers of the Helvetian cities, conducted the main army towards Zug. The Swiss meanwhile felt no dismay. Devoutly kneeling, they prayed to God, their sole monarch, and now their only refuge, to bless their efforts in defence of the rights he had conferred. They then marched forth thirteen hundred in number, and took post near Morgarten.

The enemy's force amounted to twelve thousand men. The 15th of October, of the year 1315 dawned: The sun darted its first rays on the shields and armour of the advancing hosts of Leopold. Their spears and helmets glistened from afar. The valiant confederates rushed down from the mountain and fell upon the invaders. With massy clubs they dashed in pieces the armour of the enemy. In less than three hours he was entirely defeated. The Swiss pursued him with great slaughter; and duke Leopold himself was with much difficulty rescued from the carnage by a peasant.

After this signal success, the three cantons held a meeting, and renewed and confirmed their ancient league, with these additional stipulations; "That all vassals should continue faithful to their lords, unless the lords should wrongfully molest the cantons, in which case defection would become a duty; that none of the confederates, either as individuals or as subordinate communities, should put themselves under the protection of, or accede to any treaty or negotiation with foreign princes or states, without the previous consent of the whole body: that no one banished for murder be restored without a like general assent: and lastly, that they and their posterity forever, should be firmly bound by the oath now taken, to aid and protect each other at all times, in all places and emergencies, with their lives and property, against all who should either actually violate, or merely attempt to injure any of the confederates, either singly or collectively."

The citizens of Lucern, molested by the house of Austria, and dreading the farther encroachments of its ambition, resolved, in order to secure their rights, to demand admission into the league of the Swiss confederates. These held a meeting, and without fear or hesitation, admitted Lucern into their union as a fourth canton. Neither of the contracting parties lost sight in this transaction of the dictates of justice. They confirmed the privileges and feudal prerogatives of the house of Austria. They also agreed, "that no one, as a confederate, be ever favoured, or any ways exonerated in judicial prosecutions; that every individual be, without exception, amenable to the magistrate of his district: that if in either of the cantons a man should be found guilty of a capital crime, official no-

tice thereof be given to the other cantons; and that, should the convict escape, none of the confederates should afford him either shelter or sustenance: that if (human nature being frail) a misunderstanding should ever arise between the three Swiss cantons, Lucern should, if it could not prevail by friendly expostulation, side with the two that shall be unanimous: that should any foreign or domestic foe ever disturb the peace of either of the four cantons, so as to induce its chief magistrate to declare that the intervention of the other cantons was become necessary, all the confederates should jointly assist in procuring redress; each exerting his utmost efforts, hazarding his life and property, and defraying all the expense he may incur in defending the common cause: and that should any confederate violate this sacred union, he shall be ever after considered as an outcast and a traitor."

A short war was the consequence of this treaty. The vassals and partisans of Austria committed depredations on the people of Lucern; but these, aided by their gallant confederates, obtained redress. At length the emperor agreed to an arbitration; and peace was restored to the four forest cantons, and all the countries with which they held intercourse. [1334.]

This year [1338] there was a general coalition between a multitude of exasperated nobles, aided by a considerable part of the forces of the Germanic empire, to subvert the city of Berne, which was then without a protector, and abandoned by most of its allies. Seven hundred lords, with crowned helmets, twelve hundred knights, in complete armour, about three thousand horse, and no less than fifteen thousand foot were now assembled against that city.

While its burghers were collecting from all parts, the baron of Kramburg, a late magistrate of Berne, hastened to the forest cantons, and represented to an assembly of the people that the freedom and very existence of their late allies and constant friends depended on the event of a single day, in which they would have to encounter the exorbitant power of an inveterate foe. The people answered, "dear lord of Kramburg, true friends appear in the hour of need: go tell your citizens that we will prove it to them." Messengers were immediately despatched across the lake; and nine hundred Swiss warriors marched to Berne.

Erlach, son of the renowned Ulrich of Erlach, who commanded at Donnerbuhel, was appointed by the Berners to the supreme command of their forces. Having summoned a council of war, he asked the leaders of the Swiss, "when shall the army march?" They answered, "immediately." He put the question, "How shall we fight?" They replied, "to the last drop of blood." The remainder of the day was spent in solemn worship, pious vows, and the distribution of alms.

At the midnight hour the signal was given to march. A priest led the van, bearing the consecrated host. It was moonlight. The aged fathers, the mothers, the wives and children, gazed on the departing columns, until woods and rising grounds concealed them from their sight. They then hastened to their churches and fell prostrate at their altars.

Battle of Laupen. On the 21st of June the confederate army arrived near Laupen. They attacked the enemy, and their victory was as complete as at the battle of Morgarten. The whole tract of country for several miles was strewn with dead bodies, with arms of all kinds, with eighty crowned helmets, and twenty-seven banners of different lords and cities.

Zuric admitted into the confederacy, as a fifth canton. 1351. This year Zuric was admitted into the Swiss confederacy by the following compact:—"We the cantons of Zuric, Lucern, Uri, Schwitz, and Underwalden do hereby enter into a firm and perpetual union.

We engage to assist each other with our lives and fortunes, against all who shall anyway attempt to injure us in our honour, property, or freedom: this we bind ourselves to perform, at all times, and in all places within the Aar, the Thur, the Rhine, and mount St. Gothard: whenever the council or community that calls for aid shall declare on oath, that the case is urgent, each canton shall, without evasion or delay, and at its own cost, send the demanded succour. Should one of the cantons be attacked unawares, all the confederates shall instantly assemble, and not lay down their arms until they have obtained redress. In great emergencies, such as a distant march or a long campaign, the cantons shall hold a congress at Einsidlen, and there deliberate on the measures to be pursued. The canton which shall summon the confederates to a siege, shall defray the expenses of the necessary implements;

this succour shall be yielded within the above mentioned limits; but should any one molest a confederate beyond those limits, and the offender be found on this side our boundaries, he shall be detained until he has made ample reparation. We the confederate cantons solemnly reserve all the rights of the holy Roman empire and its sovereign, and each of us his previous alliances: each canton may form new alliances, but not to the prejudice of the confederacy. We will jointly defend the burgomaster, the tribes, and the constitution of Zurich. Should (which heaven avert) any dissension arise between Zurich and the forest cantons, the city shall send two men of probity and wisdom, and the cantons two others to Einsidlen; and these four shall, on oath, decide the difference. Should their votes be equal, they shall choose a fifth confederate of any canton, and he shall have the casting vote. In order that this compact may have general and constant notoriety, it is hereby ordained, that it shall be renewed every ten years, or more frequently if required, and be confirmed by all of the age of sixteen and upwards: parts of this covenant may be altered or repealed, and additions may be made; but no alterations, nor yet the omission of a renewal, shall impair its validity; we being firmly resolved that this confederacy shall be perpetual, fixed, and inviolable."

In the year 1352 Glaris was admitted into the Glaris admitted into the confederacy. It was agreed that "the duke and the lady abbess shall retain all their rights and revenues, a sixth canton. and the country of Glaris all its liberties. We of Zurich, Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden, will strenuously and with all our power maintain our friends of Glaris in the secure enjoyment of those liberties. We of Glaris will be ever ready to aid our confederates in all their wars; and at their desire, will accede to any alliance they may think proper to form with other states: to obviate all future dissensions, we of Glaris do promise that if any complaint of ours shall appear frivolous or groundless to our confederates, we will waive it without reluctance or delay. Should any man of Glaris arm against, or otherwise molest our confederates, singly or collectively, he shall be tried for his life by the magistrates of our own valley; and on conviction, his whole property shall be forfeited to the confederacy. In all differences that may arise, arbitrators shall be chosen by both parties, whose award

shall be decisive. We of Glaris shall enter into no alliance without the concurrence of our confederates."

Zug admitted. The next member admitted into the confederacy 1352. was the ancient town of Zug.

Berne enters In the same auspicious year Berne was admitted as into the con- a confederate on the following terms: "The Swiss of federacy.

the three forest cantons shall be assisted by Berne, when and in whatever manner they shall require. And the cantons reciprocally engage to defend the city of Berne, its burghers, co-burghers, fiefs, mortgages, and all appurtenances: the Swiss when summoned, shall, without subsidy, march over mount Brünig into the vale of Unterseen: should this march not produce the desired effect, they will advance further, and Berne will pay to each man one groat tournois: the expenses of such wars as shall affect both parties, shall be borne in common; and expeditions into the Argau, whichever be the summoning party, shall be defrayed by both.* No subsidy shall be given, if, while either party is waging war in the Oberland, the other advances in the low lands against an enemy. We the Berners promise to assist Zurich and Lucern, whenever required by our Swiss confederates. We of Zurich and Lucern, promise that whenever Berne shall be attacked, and its council shall send to the Swiss cantons for succour, we will, at our own expense, immediately march to its assistance. Should a difference ever arise between Berne and the forest cantons, a congress shall be held at Kienholz: each party shall name two arbitrators; and should Berne be the complainant, its deputy shall choose one out of sixteen men proposed by the canton complained of; and these five shall decide according to the established laws and equity, and upon oath: should the complainant be one of three cantons, the same shall choose a senator of Berne as the fifth arbitrator. This league, reserving all previous alliances and privileges, shall be binding on us and our posterity forever."

The duke of Austria once more made war on the confederates. [1353.] He was joined by the emperor, and many princes spiritual and temporal of the empire. The emperor declared

* The dukes of Austria, the most powerful princes in the Argau, were then already considered as the hereditary enemies of this confederacy.

that the Swiss confederacy was null and void; and that members of the empire had no right to combine together without the consent of its supreme head. The Swiss answered to this effect: that they were a plain, artless people, who did not understand nice legal distinctions; but that they considered an oath as sacred; and that accordingly what they had once confirmed by oath, they were determined to maintain. The enemy advanced. Four thousand confederates were now besieged in Zurich by five times that number. The Swiss made many sallies. The emperor began to think himself in the wrong. The imperial army withdrew in disorder; and the confusion was greatly increased by their ceremonious contests concerning precedency. Austria was at length obliged to give up the contest, and agreed to a truce for eleven years.

In 1359, Gersau acceded to the confederacy. This sovereign state, consisting of less than five hundred males, continued to be a constituent part of the Helvetic body; and its interests were as anxiously consulted as those of the most powerful canton.

The undue influence of the clergy was restrained by an act or agreement, called the Priest's Ordinance: [1370] which declared, "That the people would strenuously maintain their laws against all foreign power, whether public or private, civil or ecclesiastical: that all persons dependent on the house of Austria, should, as long as they resided within the cantons, engage by an oath, more binding than any other oath, to promote the honour and welfare of the confederacy: that all appeals to foreign tribunals be strictly prohibited: that the clergy abstain from pronouncing in their own concerns, ~~even~~ in canonical matters, if they had any reference to temporalities; that every priest who shall transgress this ordinance, be debarred all the comforts of society, and declared out of the protection of the laws: that all the roads and avenues from the foaming bridge to the city of Zurich be kept perfectly open and secure for travellers of all descriptions; and that no one not duly authorized by his magistrates, dare to distrain or otherwise invade the property of another."

The Austrian delegates and mortgagees once ~~war~~ gave scope to their resentment against the nobles. 1385. shepherds and burghers of the confederacy. The shepherds of Entlibuch were cruelly oppressed. Lucern received them into its

burghership. Thus began the war between the nobles, under the auspices of duke Leopold of Austria, and the confederates of all the cantons. The latter, knowing how warmly the neighbouring lords would espouse his cause, took and demolished several of their castles. [1386.]

Leopold upon this denounced vengeance against the Swiss cantons. The inveterate malevolence of the nobles now broke out so suddenly, that in twelve days the confederates saw themselves assailed by one hundred and sixty-seven sovereign princes or lords, most of whom were desirous to avenge the disgrace they or their fathers had experienced at Morgarten, Laupen, or other less celebrated encounters; all exulting in the firm persuasion of their irresistible force, but deeming the conquest too easy for the glory they were ambitious to acquire. The declarations of hostilities from different lords were sent to the confederates by twenty successive messengers, in hopes that repeated alarms would gradually depress their spirit.

The Swiss summoned all their confederates. Berne complained of exhausted funds; and objected that some months were yet wanting before the expiration of the eleven years truce they had concluded with Leopold. They therefore requested to be exempted from engaging in this war. The Swiss received this answer in mournful silence; and the annals of Berne were forever tarnished.

The duke advanced with his forces to the walls of Sempach. [9th July.] The confederates occupied the surrounding woods. They saw a numerous, well appointed host; each band led on by an illustrious baron. Among all the chiefs none was more conspicuous than duke Leopold, at that time thirty-five years of age; manly, high-minded, full of martial ardour, elate with former victories, revengeful, and eager for the combat. It was harvest time; his people reaped the corn: the nobles approached the walls of Sempach and upbraided the citizens. One of them held up a halter, and said, "this is for your avoyer:"* others demanded that breakfast should be sent out to the reapers: these were answered "the Swiss are preparing it."

* Chief magistrate.

The confederates drew up on an eminence under cover of the wood. The duke was solicited not to expose himself, and admonished that the loss of a commander is often more ruinous than that of half his force: he replied with warmth, "Shall Leopold look on from afar, and see how his brave knights combat and die for him? Here in my country, and with my people, will I either conquer or perish."

The contracted line of the confederates consisted of about fifteen hundred men. Each band, under its proper banner, was commanded by the landamman of its valley, and the Lucerners by their avoyer; they were armed with short weapons; some held the halberds their fathers had wielded at Morgarten; several instead of shields, had small boards tied round their left arms. According to ancient custom, they knelt and implored the blessing of heaven. The nobles closed their helmets: the duke of Austria, conformably to the usages of chivalry, created knights on the field of battle: the sun stood high: the day was sultry.

The Swiss, after their devotion, ran with full speed and with loud clamour, seeking an opening where they might break the line, and spread havock on each side of them. But they were opposed by a solid range of shields as by a wall, and by the numberless points of spears, as by a thick fence of iron thorns. The knights, who had dismounted and left their horses with their servants, advanced with hideous rattle, and attempted to outflank and surround the assailants. The banner of Lucern was now, for a time, in imminent danger; the avoyer having been severely wounded, and several of the principal leaders slain. Anthony du Port, of the valley of Uri, cried out, "strike the poles of the spears; they are hollow!" this was effected; but the broken spears were immediately replaced by fresh ones, and Du Port himself perished in the conflict. The knights, owing to their unskilfulness, and the unwieldiness of their armour, found it impracticable to form the intended crescent; but they stood firm and unshaken.

The battle was at length decided by one heroic deed. Arnold of Winkelried, a knight of Unterwalden, burst suddenly from the ranks; "I will open a passage, he cried, into the enemy's line. Provide for my wife and children, dear countrymen

and confederates;—honour my race.” He then threw himself instantly upon the enemy’s pikes, grasped as many of them as he could reach, buried them in his bosom, and being of a tall, corpulent stature, bore them to the ground with his own ponderous mass. His companions instantly rushed over his expiring body, and a close column forced itself into the broken ranks of the enemy. The pressure this occasioned, added to the intenseness of the heat, proved fatal to many knights, who fell without a wound. Fresh columns of the assailants availed themselves of this disorder, and the havoc became general. The servants of the nobles and knights, who had been left with the horses, perceiving from afar the consternation that prevailed, mounted, and consulted their own safety by flight. The banner of Austria sunk to the ground, together with its bearer. Ulric of Arburg raised it anew, and endeavoured to restore the fight, but he also was soon oppressed, and fell, exclaiming, “ Help, Austria, help!” Duke Leopold ran to him, received the banner, now steeped in gore, from his dying hand, and once more waved it on high. The conflict at this moment became most fierce and obstinate. Numbers of combatants pressed round the duke; many of his illustrious companions fell near him: at length, all hope being at an end, he exclaimed, “ I too will fall with honour.” He then rushed into the thickest of the enemy; he fell, and while, weighed down by his ponderous armour, he was struggling to raise himself, he was approached by a Swiss, who levelled a blow at him. Leopold called out “ I am the duke of Austria:” but the Swiss slew him notwithstanding. The banneret of Friburg saw the disaster; he stood appalled: the banner dropped from his hand: he threw himself upon the corpse of his slaughtered sovereign to preserve it from insult, and there met his own fate.

The Austrian infantry now betook themselves to flight. The nobles called loudly for their horses; but their faithless servants had long since led them away. The triumph of the confederates was complete. Six hundred and fifty-six counts, lords, and knights, whose presence was wont to grace the court of Anstria, were found among the slain. Among the leaders of the confederates fell Gundoldingen, the avoyer of Lucern. While he was bleeding to death, one of his townsmen approached him to learn his

dying request: he answered, "Tell our fellow citizens never to continue an avoyer longer than one year in office; tell them this is the last advice of Gundoldingen, who dies contented, wishing them repeated victories and a long series of prosperous years."

The glorious victory of Sempach was followed Battle of Næfels. by another gained over the Austrians and their auxilia-
ries at Næfels. [9th April, 1388.] By these victories the Swiss confederacy was firmly established. In 1389, Austria agreed to a truce of seven years.

The confederates some time afterwards framed an ordinance chiefly relating to military affairs, which was called the decree of Sempach. [10th July, 1393.] The following are its most important articles: "We, the eight Helvetic cantons, and the city and district of Soleure, agree to preserve peace and unanimity among ourselves and to uphold each other. All traders shall be protected in their persons and merchandise. Should any one in battle or at an attack be wounded, so as to be disabled from service, he shall nevertheless retain his station, and continue there amidst his companions until the conflict is terminated and danger is at an end. On no account must the field of battle be deserted: and (as an enemy has often rallied among the pillagers, and lately at Sempach the foe would have sustained greater losses had not our men been too eager after booty) no one shall betake himself to spoil until permitted by the commander: all the plunder taken shall be delivered to the commander, who shall make an equal distribution of it, according to the number of men from each canton. Since Almighty God has declared churches to be his habitations, and has been pleased to effect the salvation of mankind by means of a woman, it is our will and positive decree, that none of us shall break open, pillage, or burn a church or chapel, or any way insult or molest a woman: this law shall suffer no exception, unless when enemies and their property are secreted in sanctuaries, or when women by their clamours impede the progress of our forces. This we ordain, accept, and confirm on oath, at a general diet held at Zurich on the 10th of July, 1393."

This ordinance formed the chief martial law of the Swiss nation.—The seven years truce was at the request of the duke of

Austria prolonged for a further term of twenty years. [1394.] The Helvetic cities, under the auspices of the confederacy, now advanced rapidly in wealth and consequence. In a few years they acquired upwards of forty seigneuries from Austria and its vassals; some by voluntary surrender, but most of them by open purchase.

Friburg was admitted into the confederacy in 1403, and Appenzel in 1411. The truce or peace with Austria was extended to fifty years. [8th July, 1412.]

The Swiss confederacy was now fully established, and spread its benign influence over all Helvetia, and the Rhætian Alps.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—THOUGHTS OF A HERMIT, NO. X.

ON NATIONAL DEBTS.

THE steady increase of the national debt of Great Britain has been long thought, by political writers of the first reputation, to lead to the most ruinous consequences. Some have predicted a national bankruptcy, and the final destruction of all public credit: others, civil commotions, and perhaps a revolution: and some in the continual accumulation of taxes, see the discouragement of industry, the decline of manufactures, and the gradual decay of national wealth and the power it supports. However firmly persuaded men may be of the disastrous issue of this system of borrowing and funding, all will agree that the present enormous amount of the debt, (now supposed to be upwards of one thousand millions) has greatly exceeded what was once thought its utmost possible limits. In spite of the increasing sum which is annually expended by the unproductive class of soldiers and sailors; of the further sums paid to the public creditors; of the taxes levied on every species of labour; and of the consequent addition to the price of all their commodities in foreign markets, the wealth, population, and resources of the country, have been steadily augmenting with the debt. So regularly indeed has the growth of the national power and riches kept pace with the increase of the pub-

lic debt, that some few have not scrupled to impute to this very debt the prosperity of the nation.

The causes of this political phenomenon will deserve to be understood, not only as the subject concerns our own finances, which are so similarly circumstanced, but also as it respects the resources of a nation whose undivided hostility we have now to cope with, and whose power we are long destined to feel when she ceases to be an enemy.

A recurrence to the most undeniable principles of political economy may aid us in clearing the subject from the obscurity in which it seems to have been involved, and in ascertaining the immediate operation of public debts, their possible limits, and their probable effects.

The gross revenue of a nation is, in proportion to the goodness of its soil and climate—the number of its inhabitants—and their well directed industry.

This revenue is disposed of in the four following ways: 1. In furnishing the *necessary* subsistence to the men and animals employed in productive labour, and in keeping up the stock of its machinery. 2. In the *luxurious* consumption of individuals. 3. In the accumulation of merchandise and the precious metals, and in augmenting the productiveness and the facilities of labour. 4. In the expenditures of government.

The first of these portions is indispensable to the existence of society. In producing food and clothing, food and clothing are necessarily consumed. It is the excess of the production above the consumption which is the disposable fund from which the three last portions are drawn, that is to say: it is from this source that avarice can add to his stores; that luxury can procure gratification, and that government can derive its taxes.

Each of these three sharers of the national income, or *net* revenue, endeavour to appropriate as much as possible to itself; but by this very operation the share of the others is indirectly augmented. Thus the savings of one man often constitute the materials of another's luxury, and they always add to the fund from which the state draws its supplies. A part of the expenditure of the luxurious flows into the coffers of avarice, and a part

into the public treasury. Of the expenditure of government a large portion is employed in purchasing luxurious gratification to the individuals in its service, and by means of this consumption the parsimonious receive a share in the form of wages or mercantile profit.

Where the whole national wealth is in the hands of the citizens, as is commonly the case in modern times, the surplus income naturally flows into the second and third channels, as individuals are inclined to save or to spend. It is forced into the third only by the strong hand of government.

It seems abstractedly true that either of these three drains of the national income may absorb the whole. All beyond what is necessarily consumed in reproducing may be wasted in luxury—or laid up in some useful permanent form—or expended by the state in fleets and armies. But while men continue to be influenced by their passions, and government remains a costly piece of machinery, each one will come in for its share.

The parts which the frugal and the prodigal appropriate to themselves are the reservoir from which the government draws aid, by different expedients according to circumstances. This aid is sometimes voluntary, as by loans, which are made by the frugal class; and sometimes involuntary, in the form of taxes, which are levied on both classes.

There are two very different modes by which the government draws money from the community by taxation—one is by a direct contribution of a gross sum, according either to the capital or the income of each individual—the other is by an indirect and insensible contribution by each person according to his consumption.

Upon neither of these modes can government take more than a part, commonly a small part of the surplus income. Taxes upon consumption are productive only in proportion to individual waste: like Mongolfier's ingenious hydraulic machine for raising water by the force of its own current, there is a great deal wasted for the little that is raised. On the other hand, a tax either upon capital or income, if it be proportioned to the fortunes of individuals, must leave a large portion of the wealth of the community untouched; for though it takes more from a rich than a poor man, it

also leaves more. But if the tax were not to be so proportioned, but was to increase, *in its rate*, according to the wealth of each individual, it would create discontent and too much discourage industry. A man with a thousand a year, may pay ten or perhaps twenty times as much as he who has but an hundred a year; but if he were called upon to pay the whole excess of his income beyond that of the other, it would not only shock his ideas of justice, but be a death blow to his economy and exertion. With all the various gratifications which wealth can purchase—all the power and influence it gives in society, large numbers are found incapable of the exertion and self-denial necessary to obtain it. But what toil would be bestowed on the acquisition of wealth—what care in its preservation, if the government could reap the fruits of every man's labour?

Limited by these natural restraints to taxation, governments, which are generally neither very moderate in the formation of their plans, nor very good economists in their execution, often find themselves unable to raise as much money by taxes within the year, as will meet their purposed expenses. They therefore call in aid the capital which the industry and frugality of individuals had previously accumulated, and bargain with its proprietors to give them for so much as the public occasions require, a small sum every year thereafter, until it suits the state to return the sum borrowed. Thus have arisen national debts.

But since the same necessity which first existed is likely to recur occasionally, in all subsequent times, and since for each loan the government must provide the annual interest, every succeeding debt manifestly tends to occasion the contraction of new debts; as suppose the sum to be raised by loan to be ten millions, and the annual interest to be half a million, if the public necessities the following year remain the same, the sum then to be raised is, besides the ten millions, another half million for the interest on the loan of the preceding year; the third year two half millions must be raised in addition, and so on. Hence it is, that nations which have once resorted to borrowing have seldom or never extricated themselves from debts; but on the contrary, the amount of what they owe is steadily increasing.

The better to estimate the effects of a public debt, let us compare the actual state of the national wealth, under the existence of a debt, with what would have been its probable state if either the money had not been expended or it had been raised by taxes within the year:

First. If the money for which the debt was contracted, had never been expended by the government, it might seem to some, that the nation would have been so much the richer—that the money, being owned chiefly by the frugal and industrious class, would have been employed in augmenting the productiveness of labour; in the establishment of manufactures; in improving the lands, and making solid additions to the wealth of the nation. Without doubt a part of it would have been thus beneficially employed, but a part would also have been lent to individuals who would have spent it as unprofitably as the public did. A large proportion of landed proprietors have been always observed to live beyond their incomes, while a majority of merchants and tradesmen are disposed to accumulate. It is this latter class who are the principal lenders to the government, and whose money, secured by mortgage, would often minister to the pleasures and ostentation of the country gentleman, if it did not find the public a better customer. In the view of an economist it can make no difference whether the national capital be annihilated by gentlemen of the army and navy, or in the pleasures of the turf and the chase—whether it be consumed by horses and hounds, or in the “pomp and circumstance” of war.

It is to be recollected that the actual cost of the public expenditures to the nation, consists not in the nominal amount of the money laid out, but in the real diminution of its useful commodities—the produce of its land and labour; and this must be either by increasing the consumption, or diminishing the productive labour of the nation.

As to increased consumption—the same men who constitute the army and navy, (the principal drains of the public revenue) would have in some other way procured a subsistence, if they had not been taken into the service of the government, and have consumed food and clothing precisely as they now do. And though the aggregate of their consumption may be greater than if they

had remained at home, the difference bears an inconsiderable proportion to the whole amount consumed.

As to diminished production—it is certain that a large portion of those who are in the pay of government, if they had not been thus employed would have been engaged in profitable industry; but many are also taken from the idle classes, and so far as this is the case, the employment of them does not lessen the national revenue. Most of the officers are of this description, and no inconsiderable part of the soldiers have been drawn from the least industrious portion of the community.

From the preceding views it would seem that the public expenditures do not operate on the national wealth so much by increasing consumption as by lessening production, and consequently that they tend much more to check the further increase of riches, than to make the nation poorer.

Secondly. If the money procured by loan had been raised by taxes within the year. The cost of the national expenditure we have seen is so much food, clothing, and other useful commodities consumed by the soldiers, sailors, and other persons in the service of the government. The national income is therefore diminished in the same degree, whether the money expended by the state be procured in the one way or the other. The difference then of the two modes of raising supplies, as to their immediate effects on the national capital, is rather apparent than real. They both draw from the same fund the surplus income of the nation, though from different classes of those who hold it. They both draw too the same amount, and in the same time.

Assimilating a nation to an individual it is commonly said to *anticipate* its revenue. But as the capital actually consumed is the food, clothing, and stores of its servants and agents, and these are the product of the current year, when we apply this expression to the government, we mean a very different anticipation from that of an individual who borrows on the credit of his future income, or if we use the term in the same sense than we distinguish the government from the nation.

But though the *direct* loss to the nation is the same in either of the above modes of providing for the public exigencies, there

may be a considerable difference in their indirect effects on the public industry and prosperity. Although they take the same sum from the same general fund, they may not equally affect the residue of that fund.

Raising money by taxes tends most to lessen consumption. Those who live upon stated incomes, are compelled to practice economy in proportion as their expenses are increased by taxes. The prodigal who spend all that they have the means of spending must necessarily endeavour to retrench their expenses to the same amount that they contribute to the public revenue, and what they do from necessity, the frugal do from choice. Though sugar, for example, is now selling in the United States at double the price it commonly bore in peace, there are thousands of families who have so lessened their consumption of that article that they expend very little more in the purchase of it than they formerly did. Now so far as taxes diminish consumption, they merely commute one species of waste for another. Government expends in this unproductive employment what private consumers would have expended in that. Taxes also in some degree stimulate to industry by making more labour necessary for a bare subsistence. Arthur Young observes that the poorer classes in England are always more industrious when the price of provisions is high; for the price of labour not rising immediately, in no other way can they meet the increased difficulty of earning the means of support.

But on the other hand the raising money by loans most favours private accumulation: though, as we have seen, some but increase their expense by reason of the forbearance of the state, others are enabled through that forbearance to augment the national wealth by improving their own; and as the thrifty class exceed the prodigal, according to Adam Smith, the sum thus saved would be employed in still further augmenting the products and improving the productive faculties of the nation. If it were proposed to every individual in the United States, either to pay his proportional part of the public expense, or the annual interest on the same amount, how many even of prudent, thrifty, calculating men would consider themselves gainers by choosing the latter. Now it is precisely this option which takes place in a public loan. Those who prefer advancing any part of the money the public oc-

casions require, may do so, by a loan to the government; and those who prefer retaining their money in their own hands, may do so on paying, in the form of taxes, their quota of interest.

Loans, indeed, produce the same effects as taxes, though not to the same extent. Thus, a part of the money lent to government, if it had remained in the hands of the proprietors, would have been lent to individuals who would have spent it, and thus far they, like taxes, merely substitute one species of unprofitable consumption for another; and a part would have been vested in the employment of productive labour, in establishing manufactories, making roads and canals, reclaiming marshes and the like, if its holders had not found in the public a ready and liberal borrower; and thus far loans as well as taxes are unfriendly to private accumulation. Taxes make every one poorer, but with many they balance that effect by superinducing greater industry and economy. Loans make no one immediately poorer, but prevent many from becoming richer. Loans are most exhausting to the nation, and least so to individuals: taxes press most upon individuals and least upon the nation. Loans draw altogether from the most idle and unproductive funds of the community: taxes draw indiscriminately from the active and inactive capital—from profitable enterprise and wasteful luxury.

As it is more easy to governments to raise money by loans than by taxes, because they are less felt by the people, they have been objected to, on account of the greater temptation they afford to nations to engage in wars and waste the wealth of the community; and it is said that the public should show some of the same sort of caution with regard to loans that some self-doubting individuals manifest, who prefer a landed, to a monied estate, not because it is more profitable, but because they cannot so easily spend it. But however the practice of borrowing may encourage the strong propensity of governments to incur expense, this objection to loans is perhaps compensated by their also furnishing a very good criterion of the ability of the nation to bear that expense. Loans are made from the surplus capital which the industry and frugality of individuals had accumulated over and above their voluntary consumption; and the rate of interest at which they can be made, shows the degree of the redundancy, and how far the national

stock admits of reduction. If the rate of interest be high, then there is no more capital than can be beneficially employed; and a part must be withdrawn from productive labour to defray the unproductive expenses of government. But if the rate of interest be low, it is proportionably an indication of redundancy. As animals of the sleeping tribe are able to bear the want of food in winter according to the degree of fatness they have previously acquired; so nations are able to bear the unproductive state of war in proportion to the amount of capital they have previously accumulated. But taxes, on the other hand, may be so high as to impair the future sources of revenue, and not merely to reduce the national income to less than it would otherwise have been, but even to less than it was the year before. In that case they begin the career of national impoverishment and decay. Nor are the loud complaints which their pressure produces always an effectual check against this mischievous excess.

Upon the whole, then, it appears that funded debts are at least as little likely to impoverish the nation as taxes to the same amount, since the mischief lies rather in the expenditure of the national wealth, than in the mode in which that expenditure is met. And that however they may, by the demand of a perpetual interest, diminish individual comfort and enjoyment, yet as they expend within the year a part of the product of that year, or of preceding years, they can never exhaust the resources of a nation which retains its industry. They evince the strength derived from former opulence, rather than afford indications of *future* weakness. If they prove past extravagance, they also prove correspondent wealth. They show, in short, that the nation has been just as able to lend as it was tempted to borrow.

Let us now inquire into the limits of national debts. As every loan is followed by the payment of an annual interest, which is raised by taxes, these must increase in proportion to the debt; so that in a certain number of years, if there be the same annual loan, the taxes to be annually raised for the payment of interest amounts to the sum that has been annually borrowed. As if there be a loan of ten millions each year, the interest at five per cent. on the whole sum borrowed will be also ten millions in twenty years. If the interest be six per cent. the same result will take place in sixteen years; if at eight per cent. in twelve and a half years.

The burthen of taxes is not therefore avoided by the system of borrowing; it is merely postponed: and though somewhat in the rear, they march at the same accelerated rate to which we have seen that national debts manifestly tend. Thus at this time the money raised by taxes to pay the public creditors of Great Britain would be considerably more than sufficient to defray the whole annual charge of the government if there had been no debt. The utmost limits to taxation then prescribe the utmost limits to the debt.

It must however be recollected that the very debt which increases the burthen of tax, increases the ability of the nation to bear that additional burthen. Thus, if the annual tax be augmented ten millions for the purpose of paying the interest on the debt, the income of the individuals who receive this interest has also been increased to the same amount: always supposing, however, that the debt is due to citizens, for when it is due abroad the income of the nation is so much the less by the amount of the interest. Now since the class of public creditors is as much richer as the rest of the community is poorer, by reason of the public debt, the surplus income of the nation, supposing private industry and frugality to continue unchanged, remains the same, notwithstanding the debt; and may of course be reached by taxes in one form if not in another. Thus if taxes on consumption are found inadequate, a tax on income may be resorted to; and if that should still prove insufficient, a tax on capital may supply the deficiency.

But although the taxes occasioned by the public debt do not affect the revenue of the whole community, they may very differently affect the individual members according to the distribution of the debt. Thus, let us suppose, in the first place, that every man contributed to the loan in proportion to his property and that he was taxed in the same ratio, then the money he would be entitled to receive in the way of interest would be precisely equal to that he would be compelled to pay in the way of tax; and having as much to draw from the treasury, as he has to pay into it, he is virtually relieved from any tax at all, and has of course the same ability to make further contributions to the state, as if the public debt were extinguished. But let us now suppose that the whole public debt, and consequently the interest, was payable to a single creditor: in that case,

although he would be better able, by reason of the interest, to discharge his quota of interest, the rest of the community would not; and the whole of the interest, except his proportion, would augment the burthen of the others. It would therefore seem that the inconvenient pressure of a public debt upon individuals is in proportion to the inequality of its distribution, and that if it were divided among all the citizens according to the rate they were severally taxed, loans would differ in no respect from taxes to the same amount, and might continue to increase the amount of the debt *ad infinitum*.

But this equal distribution does not and never can exist: for the public creditors every where comprehend but a small proportion of the community: and the inequality has a strong tendency to diminish the aggregate amount of private industry and frugality, the two great sources of national wealth, and thus to create a check, *the only check*, on the further increase of the public debt. The revenue drawn from the interest on the national debt adds the body of stockholders to the unproductive class of soldiers and sailors. It also perpetuates the means of individual luxury, and thus both by increasing consumption and lessening production, it tends to lessen the general income.

Nor is it only in this way that an overgrown debt may produce deleterious effects to the national prosperity. It discourages foreign commerce, by burthening all exports with the numerous taxes which must necessarily enter into its price. Books, for example, with which we used to be altogether supplied from England, have gradually become so dear in this country, that we now import them only to an inconsiderable amount. The same burthensome taxes induce many of the inhabitants to remove to countries where they are required to give a smaller portion of their income to the state, and are able to purchase more with the residue.

It is from these obvious tendencies of the enormous and still increasing debt of Great Britain, that almost every writer who has speculated on the subject for the last fifty years, has predicted the most ruinous consequences; but they seem not distinctly to have perceived that the mischiefs they apprehended always give no very doubtful indications of their approach; that whatever may be

the highest point to which their debt could mount, facts plainly showed, was far from being yet reached—and that it might be stopped and kept stationary, with as much safety and ease when at its acme, as during the first steps of its progress. The injurious operation of a public debt is indeed gradual and slow; and perhaps after all, though a nation with a permanent debt is constantly drawing nearer to the limits of its credit, it can never finally reach them; like certain lines of mathematicians which, though constantly approximating, yet can never touch.

Great Britain now pays above 30,000,000*l.* annually to the holders of her debt: a sum more than three times the amount of her whole revenue fifty years ago, and sufficient to maintain thirty thousand families in idleness, at the no very meagre rate of a thousand pounds sterling a year. Yet notwithstanding this enormous expenditure, she at present supports a greater military and naval force, than at any former period. It would therefore follow that in spite of the seeming inducements to idleness and luxury afforded by the immense revenue paid to the public creditors, either productive labour has so augmented, or private expense has so declined, as still to create an additional surplus for the government. The following considerations seem to explain a result which the most discerning would have once thought impossible, and which is by many yet a matter of wonder.

1. Every successive loan lessens the value not only of the capital then lent, but of all former stock, for it is followed by new taxes to pay the interest, which taxes fall upon the stockholder in common with every other class of the community. Thus, suppose a public creditor entitled to receive 100*l.* per annum, as the interest of his stock: if by means of taxes on income or consumption, in consequence of a new loan, 10*l.* per annum is drawn from the stockholder, it is the same thing as if the interest had been reduced from 5 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and consequently (so long as the principal remains unpaid) as if his claim on the government had been reduced from 100*l.* to 90*l.*

2. The continual increase of taxes has the same effect as the depreciation of money. When articles of necessary and universal consumption are taxed as in England, the labouring class, who must necessarily earn the means of subsistence, are compelled to rise in

their wages: and a rise in the price of labour must raise the price of every thing else. A growing public debt, therefore, is not only always drawing something from the creditor, but it renders the residue of his claim of less value; of course he is less and less able to indulge in idleness and luxury by means of the income he derives from the public.

3. The stockholders do not add to the idle class according to their numerical amount, because much of the public debt is held by those who would have been just as idle if the debt had never existed, and much is held by those who are still engaged in useful and profitable employment. The regularity and certainty of the income derived from the public funds, have also a favourable effect on private expense, and in some degree, perhaps, stimulate to industry.

4. But the chief cause of the ability of Great Britain to bear the increased burthen of her expense is to be found in her internal improvement. During the growth of her public debt her subjects have been continually abridging the operations of manufacture, so that now one hand often can do what formerly required three or four. More perhaps than two thousand miles of canal navigation have, within a little more than half a century, saved the labour of men and horses to the amount of several millions a year. Lands formerly waste have been brought into cultivation, and the mode of cultivation itself has undergone prodigious improvement. Materials the most common and worthless have been converted into articles of use and ornament. The beauty and solidity of their fabrics have so increased that they have commanded a ready sale in foreign markets at an advanced price. In short, every mode by which the useful products of a nation can be augmented, the avarice, the love of pleasure, the ingenuity, and too often the necessities of individuals have conspired to effect. Their united operation have been sufficient not only to repair the extensive waste made by the government, but in spite of that waste to make the whole annual income still exceed the whole annual public and private expenditure.

It must also be recollected that the real amount of the debt is less than its nominal amount. A part is held, not by private creditors, but by the commissioners of the sinking fund, who have

from time to time made purchases of the public stock. Perhaps one fifth part* is now held by the commissioners; in which case, it is precisely the same thing (saving the comparatively small trouble and expense of paying and receiving) as if one fifth of the debt was extinguished.

Let us here consider the nature and operation of this fund on the national debt. It has been the practice in Great Britain within the last twenty-five years, to appropriate a portion of every new loan to the sinking fund, so that this portion, at compound interest, would redeem the sum borrowed in something less than forty years. Every new debt thus professes to be accompanied with the means of its own extinguishment. But this result is founded on the suppositions that the sinking fund will be suffered to go on uninterrupted and undiminished by the government, and that the price of stock will continue unchanged—neither of which are practically true. The sinking fund affords a resource too convenient and tempting in times of emergency for the ministers to forego; and its profits are of course occasionally diverted from the payment of the principal of the old debt, to the payment of the interest which accrues on new loans. As to the price of stock, the purchases made by the commissioners of the sinking fund have a direct tendency to raise it, both by increasing the quantity of capital in the country, and by diminishing its field of profitable employment.

Notwithstanding these practical difficulties in the way of the theoretical operation of sinking funds, they are useful institutions. Their purchases are indeed nothing but a mode of paying the public creditors; but the mode has this recommendation, that it pays them according to their several occasions and necessities, giving the preference to those who will take the least for their debts, and it profits by whatsoever depreciation public stock may undergo; thus affording facility to the payment of old debts, as the difficulty of contracting new loans is increased. This however is the sum total of their advantage, for as to any *peculiar*

*I regret that on this as well as other occasions, for want of access to the latest documents respecting the finances of Great Britain, I am obliged to resort to conjecture: but in the discussion of principles, perfect accuracy in quantities is of minor importance.

benefit they afford, by enabling the public to receive compound interest, it is all an illusion, since the government by punctually paying interest to its creditors, at short periods, does in fact *borrow* as well as *lend* at compound interest. A sinking fund, in short, is like the fly-wheel in mechanics: it gives regularity and equability indeed to the machine, but it is so far from increasing the momentum, that it, by the force expended in its own motion, in a small degree impairs it.

Let us now suppose, that by the successive purchases of stock by the managers of the sinking fund, or in any other mode, the national debt was completely extinguished, what would be the consequences?

A part of the capital returned to the community, would seek profitable employment in the construction of roads and canals; thus remunerating the proprietors by the tolls in lieu of the interest they formerly received from the government, and benefiting the class which pays the tolls still more than that which receives them. A part would be used to augment individual comfort and enjoyment. A part would be employed in extending foreign commerce by lowering the rate of profit. And a part would probably be transferred to other countries where capital being less abundant, would yield higher profits. These several tendencies of so great an amount of redundant capital, thus compelled to seek new employment, are sufficiently obvious; but the precise result of their combined operation, depending upon the time and manner in which the capital was returned, and an infinite number of contingent circumstances, experience alone could determine.

It has been the principal object of the preceding examination to show that public debts merely evince how much the nation has been able to spare of her former products for the use of the government; and that the ability of a state to borrow, furnishes conclusive evidence that there is a surplus of production over consumption. But however gratifying this view of the subject may be to the mere economist and politician, who coldly regards a nation as a merchant's counting-house, and considers no other profit or loss but what appears in the ledger, it must not be forgotten by the philanthropist, that though there may be a great national surplus, it may be in the hands of a comparatively small

number, and that the increased economy and exertion necessary to counterbalance the impoverishing tendency of the debt may fall upon those who are least able to bear it. While in this case the result may be the same as to the *wealth* of the nation, there is a wide and melancholy difference as to the sum of its individual *happiness*. The surplus may be in the hands of a few thousand landholders and capitalists, while millions, thrown into the class of parish paupers, are consigned to the lowest state of wretchedness and civil degradation.

From the propositions which have been herein discussed, the following political corollaries seem plainly deducible.

A nation is no more the poorer for the payment of the interest on its debt, than it is the richer for its stock. It merely causes a transfer of a portion of its wealth from one part of the community to another. As the moisture which is raised by evaporation from the whole surface of the earth is distributed irregularly in rain: but the quantities of each are precisely equal.

Loans made by citizens, are always derived from the surplus of the general income over the general expenditure; and whatsoever may be the amount of this surplus, if individual industry and economy continue undiminished, this surplus also continues the same, whether the debt be a large or a small one.

National debts do not necessarily lessen the quantum of private industry or economy. They have a tendency to diminish these qualities with the public creditors; and to increase them with every other class. If the increase in the one case is equal to the diminution in the other, then is the ability of the nation to borrow equal to what it formerly was; if greater, greater; and if less, less.

Supposing individual industry and expense to continue the same, the public debt may be annually augmented *ad infinitum*.

The greater the amount of the debt, the more difficult in practice is the displacement of capital it creates.

Whatever may be the effect of the public debt on the industry and economy of the nation, this effect is unequivocally manifested by the comparative state of its population, its exports, its facility of borrowing, and its public expenditures.

As the money lent to the government is always taken from the excess of the annual revenue of the community above its annual consumption, and this excess is the fund of taxation as well as loans, a nation is always able to pay as long as it is able to borrow, and the ability to effect the one will always increase the ability to effect the other.

As the public credit will decline with the national solvency, there is a natural check to the exhausting of the public credit, which will compel the government either to lessen its expense, or to keep it stationary.

If from a sudden diminution of prosperity or any other cause public credit was so to decline as to produce a confusion in public affairs, or even a change in the government, the nation would be in fact neither richer nor poorer: while the proprietors of the public debt would be deprived of the incomes they received in the way of interest, the community at large would be gainers to the same amount, which they might use either in public improvements, or spend in additional gratifications; or finally the equilibrium may be restored, by their relaxing their industry when less impelled by the strong stimulus of necessity.

And lastly, so far as public debts stimulate to greater exertions of economy, labour, or skill, they may not only not impair, but even improve the present and future wealth of the nation: but so far as they intercept that which would be vested in the means of abridging and facilitating productive labour, they do impair it: and that in compelling those to work who would otherwise be idle, they are in a small degree favourable to human happiness, but in making the labouring class, which is far more numerous, poorer, and in lessening the enjoyments of the middling classes, they in a much higher degree diminish it.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AMERICAN JURISPRUDENCE, written and published at Washington, being a few reflections suggested on reading "Wheaton on Captures." Pamphlet, pp. 52, 8vo.

LOWLY and unassuming as the title of this pamphlet is, if we may venture to believe that, in matters of mind, there exists al-

ways and necessarily a resemblance between parent and offspring, we pronounce it the production of no common intellect. Without pretending to decide on the soundness, in every point, of the doctrine which it maintains, we find it marked in most parts with a vigour of conception, and a force of argument, as often as the writer attempts to argue, which, wherever it may be read, will secure to it the respect of the reflecting and the intelligent. If we mistake not it is a publication, which, small as it is, will excite much attention, and perhaps no inconsiderable share of discussion, both here and in countries beyond the Atlantic. As far as it may become known—and we apprehend its circulation will not be very limited—a lively sensation it will certainly produce in the breast of every American and of every Englishman who are respectively devoted to their native soil.

In his estimate of the comparative force and cultivation of the intellect of the New and of the Old World, we are of opinion that our author has fallen short of the truth. From facts within our own knowledge we feel an assurance, that not only in the science of jurisprudence, but in every branch of knowledge and every department of art to which, from motives of necessity, interest, or ambition, the mind of America has been intensely and perseveringly applied, it has manifested, to say the least, an entire equality with the mind of Europe, both in native strength and acquired information. To the professions of physic and divinity we might safely have recourse for examples in confirmation of this position. In no country on earth are diseases, even those of the most complicated character and Herculean mould, combatted with more skill and effect; nor is the pulpit graced with more eloquence and piety, than in the United States. The physicians and divines of Europe exceed, perhaps, those of America in classical learning and the science of books; but, if we may be permitted to judge from the issue of things—and we know of no other basis so solid on which to found a satisfactory decision—they possess no superiority over them in the knowledge of those great practical truths that constitute the essence of both professions. In the skilful and vigorous application of these truths, it might, we think; were the occasion a suitable one, be made clearly to appear, that they fall beneath them. American physicians practise with the

same spirit and much in the same style and manner that American seamen fight—take deadly aim at the enemy they encounter, and rarely throw away a single shot. With much less of parade preparatory to the battle, they deal also, we think, much less in *brutum fulmen* during its continuance than the physicians of other countries.

Of the comparative amelioration of the codes of jurisprudence, civil, criminal, and commercial, in this country and in Great Britain, since the epoch of our independence, we leave to gentlemen of the law to judge. Our own studies have not been such as to qualify us seriously to engage in the inquiry. From all we have been able, however, to learn on the subject, we can have no hesitation in believing, that, touching this point, the United States has eminently the advantage. Nor do we think it probable that the warmest advocate for the excellence of English law will hazard the maintenance of the contrary opinion. The simple fact—for we have been told it is a fact—that several late improved British statutes are modelled after some that had been previously enacted in the United States, amounts to an acknowledgment by parliament itself, that the legislatures of this country have taken the lead of them in practical jurisprudence: and it is practice alone that can adequately test the soundness of laws and the wisdom of lawgivers. Indeed being situated in a section of the globe where there is less of precedent and authority to trammel us, and, of course, a fairer field for the exercise of observation, judgment, and experience, in adapting laws to the principles of our nature and the changes of circumstances, it follows almost as a matter of necessity that we must make improvements in the science of legislation.

Our author has endeavoured to make it appear, that the jurisprudence of England is in no degree benefitted by the custom which there prevails of the gentlemen of the law confining themselves exclusively to one branch of the profession.

This opinion, although contrary, as we believe, to that which usually obtains in relation to such cases, appears to us to rest on ground that is tenable. So pliable and elastic is the human mind, that, to a very great extent, it conforms with certainty and adapts itself with ease to the character and dimensions of the subject in the contemplation and pursuit of which it is steadily engaged. It

is thus that great occasions make great men, and great dangers intrepid men, the intellect and the spirit rising and swelling with the magnitude of the conjuncture; while the reverse of this is known to be no less true. Take two youths of equal talents, equal industry, and equal perseverance: place one in a narrow, and the other in an extended sphere of enterprise and action; and let them remain there till the meridian of life. The former will have become perfectly master of his duty, and will be found scrupulously correct in all his transactions: but the efforts of his mind will be feeble and sickly, and his ideas as restricted and undignified as his station. He will be in fact a common, if not in the true sense of the word, a little man. But essentially different will be the character of the latter: he will be, perhaps, somewhat less orderly than he whose case we have just considered; but vastly superior in every thing relating to action, elevation, and strength. The port of his mind will be lofty, its march vigorous and firm, its touch masculine, and all its views expanded and liberal. As far as the original texture of his intellect may admit, he will have become a great and an efficient man.

Nature abounds in analogies confirmatory of this truth. The well-born child that, till its third or fourth year, is much confined within the walls of a nursery, is greatly inferior in strength of muscle and boldness of spirit to the hardy little rustic that, from the period at which it can first walk, ranges freely over its paternal domain. The favourite bird that is imprisoned within a cage, has neither the vigour of wing nor the compass of note with its fellow that enjoys the freedom of the forest. Nor can the individual who, though given to reflection and versed in books, has never crossed the limits of the parish in which he was born, have his mind so expanded and liberalized, invigorated and stocked, as he who, other circumstances being alike, has added the advantages of travel to the study of letters.

In like manner, as we are inclined to believe, the gentleman of the forum, who circumscribes his studies and his practice within a single branch of his profession, however accurate and dexterous he may become in transacting the business appertaining to that particular sphere, must exhibit, in the main, an intellect much less amply endowed and invigorated than he who, possessing equal advantages from nature, has enriched his mind, and

made a trial of its strength, in every various department of the law. Besides, not to speak confidently on a subject with which we profess but a very limited acquaintance, we do suppose that there exists between the several branches of legal science, such an intercommunity in relation to matter and principle, that a knowledge of one contributes not a little towards a knowledge of the rest—much more, that a knowledge of all confers signal advantages in the practice of either. It is thus that the several kinds of troops of which an army is composed, riflemen and musketry, cavalry and artillery, light horse and heavy horse, although differing from each other in their discipline, as well as in the particular descriptions of service for which they are more especially intended, may all, by the arrangement of an able commander, be brought to act, in the same engagement, with harmonious and terrible effect on an enemy. Thus, also, the gentleman who wishes to enrich and ornament his walks and shrubbery with the indigenous plants of his own country, if he confine his researches to his immediate neighbourhood, will find his collection scanty and defective; but, by drawing also on the growth of other and more distant districts, his pleasure grounds may become a repository of all that is valuable, elegant, and rare.

But, respectable as is the manifestation of intellect made in this pamphlet, its moral qualities constitute by far its highest commendation. Unembittered by party animosities, free from the poison of local jealousies, and unpolluted by foreign partialities, it is restricted by no narrownesses, sullied by no illiberalties, and is in soul and feature purely American. Breathing a firm and manly spirit, replete with sentiments lofty and free, independent and perfectly correct, and, hallowed throughout by a love of country, it will be found in unison with the loyal and well-regulated American heart, and cannot fail to command the approbation of the liberal and the patriotic in every part of the world to which it may find its way.

But the faults of our author, as well as his excellencies, claim our attention: for it is our wish, no less than our duty, to render justice and nothing more. His pamphlet, we are persuaded, is a hasty production. It is the rapid emptyings of the mind of a man of parts and acquirements, who thinks strongly and combines with

facility; but who, if we may judge from his diction, is much more accustomed to speak than to write. The style, if not tumid, is at least redundant and unfinished, and, from the use of words in a manner and under a signification not warranted by the science of lexicography, in many places incorrect. If the language, issuing, as we believe it does, from a high source, falls occasionally with the fluency and force of a mountain torrent, it has the misfortune to exhibit also not a little of its abruptness and irregularity.

Our author is of opinion that, to use his own language, "the law mind of the United States has, from adequate causes, been already accelerated and matured into as much force and discipline as it is likely to reach in any more distant period of the country's advancement."

On this point we are apprehensive that he has fallen into an error. Bright and elevated as is at present the rising forensic sun of our country, it has not attained its full meridian. Splendours more rich and radiant are yet in store for it, as it proceeds in its course. Greece and Rome were many centuries before they produced, the one a Demosthenes, the other a Cicero: and we should think more humbly than we do of the destinies of our country, did we not believe that it will be her lot hereafter to dazzle the world with a similar luminary; an event which has not yet occurred to shed lustre on her annals. The pre-eminence of the continent of America over every other quarter of the globe in the magnificence of its outline and the grandeur of its features—unequalled lakes and rivers, forests and mountains—with the excellence of its climates, the fertility of its soil, and the inexhaustibility of its mines of the precious metals—these considerations conjoined furnish a foundation of belief, by no means chimerical, that it is also destined to exhibit, in time, a decided superiority over other regions, in the intellect of its inhabitants. Be this hypothesis, however, true or false, still must we regard the event we are considering as likely to occur. Mind is very peculiarly the result of surrounding circumstances: and we feel assured that, with the lapse of years, circumstances will not fail to arise calculated to elevate even the "law mind" of America to a higher pitch than it has hitherto attained. A more crowded population will increase the number of chances for the appearance in our country of some superior genius: a more extended and substantial elementary

education will lay a broader and firmer basis for future greatness: with the multiplication of candidates for fame, competition will necessarily become more spirited and ardent: weightier occasions, higher rewards, and stronger motives of ambition will prove more powerful incentives to exertion and industry: the whole community will arrive at perfect maturity, a state of things that never fails to exercise an ameliorating influence over the individuals who compose it: the sun of a real Augustan age will, for many years, shine on America, rearing to perfection the talents of her children, as it has heretofore done in relation to several of the countries of Europe: these, and other circumstances of perhaps inferior moment, will concur hereafter to impart to the intellect of the United States an elevation and a splendour which will not only be strongly and most felicitously felt in the learned professions, the walks of science, and the departments of art, but will diffuse a cheering, ornamental, and invigorating influence through every avenue of refined life.

But we are, perhaps, doing injustice to our author in so long deferring to lay before our readers a few extracts from his pamphlet, to serve as a specimen of his style and manner.

In contrasting the bold and hardy independence of the American bar with the subserviency of the British tribunals of justice to the influence of parliament and the authority of the crown, he expresses himself as follows:

But he who has carefully surveyed the spirit of our own in contrast with that of British jurisprudence, deceives himself if he supposes that it mounts no higher in a disdainful exemption from all extraneous impression. Taking the remark in its genuine meaning, we are called upon to *invert* it before we can arrive at the bold anomaly which sits upon the stern portals of American justice. Here the courts are always in fact *interfering* with the government! Pass but an embargo law; pass but an act for the enlistment of minors; let the legislature venture to abolish a court, or touch with only the pressure of a hair the supposed rights of the citizen, and you will soon see what a storm will be raised about the ears of their supposed sovereign authority. Sometimes too, in its own way, it will rage terribly. The merchant, or the master, or the judge, or the citizen, declares he is aggrieved. The lawyers meet. They ponder, they deliberate, they analyze; they investigate; finally they denounce. Or, it may be, that they denounce first, and do all the rest afterwards. Then approaches a scene of high expectation.

We behold crowded lobbies, witness a palpitating array of judges, and barristers, and by-standers. The selected advocate rises, the motive to his duty is momentous, a crisis has arrived, posterity may be implicated in the decision; this is the exordium; and then—with a scrutinizing severity of critical examination, tasking the deepest stores of acquired learning and drawing upon the powers of an invention sharpened by patriotic or by unworthy passions, he proceeds to lay open the incompatibility of the exercise of the delegated trust with the limits and injunctions of the constitutional charter. If he be successful, as sometimes happens, away goes the act of congress or the act of assembly with all its virtues or all its blunders upon its head. The representatives of the people complain, but what follows? They submit to the defeat; or, roused by the discomfiture, are invoked anew to review their work, supplying its oversights, filling up its defects, and making it proof in short against the well directed, the bold, the ceaseless shocks of these terrible legal battering rams. The Constitution with captain Hull in her, did not come down upon the *Guiriere* in a spirit of more daring and triumphant energy than the Philadelphia or New-York lawyers will sometimes do upon a statute that happens to run a little amiss!

We do not say these things in any political feeling. We merely say them because they are so. We refer to them in illustration of some of the haughty and intractable features of American jurisprudence, and as marking in this respect certainly an opposition to the genius of the British. Looking upon the good and the bad, we are inclined to approve and admire such occasional bursts of intellectual and forensic rebellion, as having their seat in the very soul of liberty, and as better assuagers of the public uneasiness than any which monarchies can resort to in seasons of alarm; the more especially when co-operating with a press wholly exempt as to political matters, not only from previous, but (by the habits of the country) even all subsequent interposition. If they do sometimes embarrass they may in the long run do good, and, considering the complicated counterbalancings under which the machine of our freedom as it grows more vast and more magnificent is to work, contribute their subsidiary aid to the safety, the happiness, and the grandeur of the republic. The same providence which permits the lightning to rive the single oak, or blast the solitary traveller, freshens through its instrumentality the general atmosphere into purity and health.

He attempts, in a passage which we shall quote, to illustrate and establish by example, the narrowing and debilitating effect which an exclusive confinement to the study and practice of one branch of the law produces on the mind of a reporter of cases.

Endeavouring to divest ourselves as far as possible of the national feeling, we candidly think, that the English lawyers, taken in the *bird's*, bear up-

on them, in the comparison with our own, something of the stamp of this rigidly exclusive occupation of the faculties.

Open, at random, a volume of Burrow or of East, and then do the same with one of Dallas or Cranch. We declare, that, to us, there seem in the general discussions of the former, a certain stiffness; nearly every thing appears to turn upon the memory; the argument is a statement, accurate if you will, but scarcely any thing in most instances beyond a naked statement, of the cases decided upon the same point, nicely fixed off in chronological order. The work, shall we add, appears to wind up like that of the mechanic, who has been less deeply engaged in thinking than in keeping to the rules of the trade. In those of the latter it strikes us that there is more freedom; more fulness; more learning poured out; more illustration borrowed from the whole science; more trials of the mind's strength in the higher province of reasoning; and, mixed with no dearth of authorities from the books, a more frequent mounting up to principles.

These are only opinions. We would by no means be understood as asserting them with any dogmatic confidence. The English have theirs upon all subjects, and no doubt will upon this. There can be no harm in having and expressing ours. Those who do not think our way of accounting for them good, will not agree with us. It lately seemed strange, and to some inexplicable, that we should keep vanquishing their frigates, and their sloops of war, and their squadrons, with scarcely an exception, wherever we happened to find them; and yet so was the fact. Now, as their jurisprudence has been as long and is as justly their boast as their navy, who knows, if we could only get impartial arbiters, but that this country of their own peopling, might also be thought in danger of tearing from them some of the laurels of the law? We leave others to talk about the causes or effects of the war, and for ourselves have nothing more to do with its events than barely to try if we can draw from them some remote but possibly not imperceptible analogies to mix with our speculations. Humbly supposing that we have gone near towards surpassing them in the one line, we do not know that it ought wholly to shock belief should any one be bold enough to dream of our falling into the same unexpected sort of sacrilege in another!

We shall conclude with our author's contrast between the characters of sir William Scott, judge of the high court of admiralty of England, and the honourable John Marshall, chief justice of the United States. Touching the correctness of the delineation we do not profess ourselves competent to judge, the character of sir William being very little known to us; but it is executed in a descriptive and forcible style.

There is, indeed, at the present day in England a judge, perhaps their first, of the volumes containing whose decisions it has been said in the British house of commons, "that they were no less valuable to the classical reader than to the student of law by perpetuating the style in which the judgments of the court were delivered."* A man he is of dazzling mind. Born, we believe, a miller's son, he can talk of giving a *rusticum judicium*. Yet, surely, no judge upon the face of the earth was ever farther from having rendered such a one. His intellect is so polished that it has been called transparent. Some of his pages are as if diamond sparks were on them. When he deals in wit, it is like a sun-beam and gone as quick. But so much the worse; we pity the more the suitor, or the poor vice-admiralty judge, it may happen to hit. Abundant learning is also his. We must say of him, that if he wants qualities necessary to consummate the fame of a great judge, he has others which perhaps no judge ever possessed before, or in the same degree. It was said, "How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost." But the judge we speak of is an Ariel. He holds a judicial wand. Touching the scales with it they at once look even, no matter what preponderance an instant before. How can such a judge be truly great? One day, in the midst of some of those beautiful little judicial aphorisms the web of which he can weave so fine, he declares "that astutia does not belong to a court." The next "that humanity is but its second virtue, justice being forever the first." The third that it is "monstrous to suppose that because one nation falls into guilt others are let loose from the morality of public law." But a frost comes on the fourth! Certain retaliating orders are laid upon his desk, that shrine which no foreign touch ought ever to pollute. Unlike an illustrious British judge who has just returned from India, the pliant spirit bows obedience. Instead of the dignity of his mind upholding the independence of justice, its subtlety is enlisted to show that on her majestic form no violation was imprinted. In one breath admitting that the rescript of the throne was the rule of his decision, he strives in the next to hide the consciousness of judicial obeisance. In an argument where the utmost attenuation of thought is drawn out into corresponding exilities of expression, he labours with abortive yet splendid ingenuity to show, that justice and such rescripts must ever be in harmonious union. So spake not the Holts and the Hales! No doubt it is a keen, and an exquisite, and a suple mind. It can enchain its listeners. Leaving its strength, it can disport in its gambols; it can exhale its sweets. But is it, can it be great? Where is the lofty port when it can thus bend? Acknowledging its confinement within royal orders, can it hold, in true keeping, the divine attribute it was sworn to cherish unsullied? It is impossible.

There graces the first seat of judicial magistracy in this country a man of another stamp, and exhibiting different aspects of excellence. Venerable and dignified, laborious and intuitive, common law, chancery law, and admi-

* Lord Henry Petty, speaking of Robinson's Reports.

ralty law each make their demands upon his profound, his discriminating, and his well stored mind. Universal in his attainments in legal science, prompt and patient, courteous and firm, he fills up, by a combination of rare endowments, the measure of his difficult, his extensive, and his responsible duties; responsible not to the dictates of an executive, but, moving in a sphere of true independence, responsible to his conscience, to his country, and to his God. What a grand, and to a mind exalted and virtuous, what an awful sphere! How independent, how responsible! Vain would it be for us to expect to do justice to the full orb'd merit with which he moves in it. Bred up in a state rich in great names, counting her Washingtons, her Jeffersons, her Madisons, he long sustained a career of the highest reputation at the bar. Passing to the bench of the supreme court of the United States, he carried to its duties a mind matured by experience, and invigorated by long, daily, and successful toil. In the voluminous state of our jurisprudence, every portion of which is occasionally brought under his review, and in the novelties of our political state, often does it happen that questions are brought before him where the path is untrodden, where neither the book-case nor the record exist to guide, and where the elementary writer himself glimmers dimly. It is upon such occasions that he pierces what is dark, examines what is remote, separates what is entangled, and draws down analogies from the fountain of first principles. Seizing with a large grasp what few other minds at first see, he embodies his comprehensive and distinct conceptions in language not sarcastic, but suited to the gravity and to the solemnity of the temple around him; thus he is found always with masterly ability, and most frequently with conviction, to lay open and elucidate the difficult subject. If there be any applicable learning, to a mind so formed, so furnished, and so trained, it is reasonable to think that it will be at hand. Where there is none, the fertile deductions of its own independent vigour and clearness stand in the place of learning, and will become learning to those who are to live after him. His country alternately a neutral and a belligerent, again and again is he called upon to expound the volume of national law, to explore its intricate passages, to mark its nicest limitations. Upon such occasions, as well as upon the entire body of commercial law so copiously in the last resort intermingled with his adjudications, his recorded opinions will best make known to the world the penetration of his views, the extent of his knowledge, and the solidity of his judgment. They are a national treasure. Posterity will read in them as well the rule of conduct, as the monuments of a genius that would have done honour to any age or to any country. Such is the sketch we would attempt of the judicial character of the chief justice of our country. That country is on a swift wing to greatness and to glory. To the world at large the early day of her jurisprudence may remain unknown until then; but then it will break into light, and his name, like the Fortesques and the Cokes of the early day of Eng-

land, fill perhaps even a wider region from the less local foundations upon which it will rest. Let the courts of England boast of Sir William Scott. Those of America will boast of John Marshall.

On the whole, this pamphlet, although we think it too limited fully to elucidate the subject of which it treats, is notwithstanding recommended as a work containing no inconsiderable amount of relevant and important matter, and well calculated, therefore, to excite interest whilst it communicates instruction. C.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SOME ACCOUNT OF AN ORIGINAL PICTURE OF ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM PENN.

THERE is an original portrait of the famous admiral, sir WILLIAM PENN, now in the possession of one of the descendants of the late Dr. Benjamin Franklin, in the city of Philadelphia. It is painted on board, and represents the admiral as a middle-aged man, attired in the habit usually worn about the middle of the seventeenth century. As a painting, this portrait possesses no great merit: the fine arts having been greatly depressed in England, during the fanatical times in which it must have been painted, it has consequently something of the puritanical cast. But as it is, doubtless, an *original* picture—and probably the *only* one extant—of that celebrated man, it is an interesting curiosity to the *virtuoso*;—more especially so, to a *Pennsylvanian*; as sir William Penn was father of that truly great man, who founded the now important *state* which bears his name.

The circumstances which relate to the introduction of this picture into Pennsylvania, are somewhat curious, and deserve to be known. The facts are these—Towards the close of the year 1759, Dr. Franklin, together with his son, the late governor Franklin of New Jersey, visited Scotland. While in that country, the doctor received particular attentions from the celebrated Henry Home, lord Kames—a character well known in the literary world; with whom he then passed some days, at his lordship's country-seat in the shire of Berwick. From this commencement of their personal acquaintance with each other, an epistolary correspondence subsisted between lord Kames and the doctor, until a

few years before the death of the former, which occurred in the year 1782; when his lordship was in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

It appears, that some time prior to the year 1760, lord Kames had offered to Dr. Franklin the loan of Penn's picture: for in a letter to his lordship from the doctor, written from London on the 3d of January, in that year, he refers to this offer. It will appear, however, by the doctor's letter, that he had conceived the picture to be a portrait of William Penn, *the founder of Pennsylvania*,—perhaps, from lord Kames having only mentioned it as being "*Penn's picture*," without designating him as *admiral Penn*. That part of the doctor's letter which relates to this subject, is in these words:

"Your lordship's kind offer of *Penn's picture* is extremely obliging. But, were it certainly *his* picture, it would be too valuable a curiosity for me to think of accepting it. *I should only desire leave to take a copy of it.* I could wish to know the history of the picture before it came into your hands, and the grounds for supposing it *his*. I have at present some doubt about it: first, because the primitive quakers* used to declare against pictures as a vain expense: a man's suffering his portrait to be taken, was condemned as pride; and I think to this day it is very little practised among them. Then, it is on *board*; and I imagine the practice of painting portraits on boards did not come down so low as to Penn's time; but of this I am not certain. My other reason is, an anecdote I have heard; viz: that when old lord Cobham was adorning his gardens at Stowe, with the busts of famous men, he made inquiry of the family for a picture of *William Penn*, in order to get a bust formed from it; but could find none: that Sylvanus Bevan, an old quaker apothecary, remarkable for the notice he takes of countenances, and a *knack*† he has of *cutting in*

* *Admiral Penn's religious creed was very unlike quakerism.*

† The publisher of the letter above quoted, makes here, (in a note,) this just remark; "sure, *carving* in this *extraordinary* manner, *portraits in ivory*, is something more than a *knack*."—Dr. Franklin could not, most assuredly, have been ignorant, that the well executed medallion of William Penn, as large as the life, (and which, if the recollection of the writer of this article be correct, is in *demi relievo*), now in the public library in Philadelphia, was done from a bust by Sylvanus Bevan. The head of the noble statue of Penn, at the Pennsylvania hospital, was modelled from the same bust:

ivory, strong likenesses of persons he has once seen, hearing of lord Cobham's desire, set himself to recollect Penn's face, with which he had been well acquainted, and cut a little bust of him in ivory, which he sent to lord Cobham, without any letter or notice that it was Penn's. But my lord, who had personally known Penn, on seeing it immediately cried out, "whence came this? It is William Penn himself!" and from this little bust, the large one in the gardens was formed—I doubt, too, whether the whisker was not quite out of use, at the time when Penn must have been of the age appearing on the face of that picture. And yet, notwithstanding these reasons, I am not without some hope that it may be his, because I know some eminent quakers have their pictures drawn, and deposited with trusty friends; and I also know that there is extant, at Philadelphia, a very good picture of Mrs. Penn, his last wife. After all, I own I have a strong desire to be satisfied concerning this picture; and as Bevan is yet living here, and many other old quakers that remember William Penn, who died but in 1718, I would wish to have it sent me, carefully packed in a box, by the wagon, (for I would not trust it by sea,) that I may obtain their opinion. The charges I shall very cheerfully pay; and if it proves to be Penn's picture, I shall be greatly obliged to your lordship for leave to take a copy of it, and *will carefully return the original.*"*

It is very evident, from the whole tenor of the foregoing extract, that doctor Franklin imagined this picture, before he saw it, to be a portrait of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania: and it is even possible that lord Kames himself, who, probably, and a fine medal was also struck from that model, before the American revolution:—all of them are said to be strong likenesses. A pretty good engraving of the same illustrious man was likewise made, before the revolution, copied from a drawing of Du Simitiere taken from the medallion just mentioned.

* The following note refers to this part of the letter, in lord Woodhouselee's Memoirs of the Life of Lord Kames; viz.—"The picture here mentioned was sent to Dr. Franklin, according to his wish, and *it was never returned.*—It proved to be the portrait of *admiral* Penn; not *our* William Penn's, as the doctor supposed it to be; and *perhaps*, the doctor had obtained lord Kames's permission to retain it.

had never seen any likeness of *the great legislator*—thought that the portrait then in his possession was his. But, certainly it is not: it is wholly unlike him.

There is, however, no reason whatever for doubting that *this* picture is a portrait,—and an *original*, too,—of *admiral Penn*.^{*} It is, therefore, an object of some interest to the curious, as has been already observed.

If this painting were the property of some one of our public institutions, it would be considered, in such a situation, as a valuable deposit:—the possessor may, perhaps, contemplate such a disposition of it, at a future day. But if this ought not to be reasonably expected; especially, if the gentleman now possessing the picture should think himself under any obligation to restore it to the family of the late lord Kames, it may be hoped, that some public-spirited artist, of celebrity (either painter or engraver,) in Philadelphia, will be induced to copy it with the permission of the present owner.

A PENNSYLVANIAN.

Lancaster, October 5, 1815.

VARIETY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I THINK I am safe in stating, that the best and most dignified measure of English poetry, whether in rhyme or blank verse, was heretofore considered to be the line of ten feet or syllables. In this it is, that Dryden has displayed his “long resounding march and energy divine;” and in this it is, that Pope has exemplified whatever of grace, of harmony and majesty, English versification is susceptible. In blank verse, Milton, Thomson, Young, and Armstrong, have also illustrated its strength and beauty.

* Sir William Penn was born in the year 1621, at the city of Bristol in England. At the age of twenty-one, he became a captain in the navy, at twenty-three, he was rear-admiral of Ireland; and he was made vice-admiral of England, at thirty-one, and general in the first Dutch war, at thirty-two. At the age of forty-three, he was appointed great captain-commander, under the duke of York.—This brave and distinguished sea officer died in 1670, at the age of forty-nine years; and was interred at Bristol, in that noble Gothic edifice, the church of St. Mary Radcliffe.

Before the time of Walter Scott and the songsters of the modern school, no poet composing in any other numbers, could have obtained a primary rank. He would never have been placed on the summit of Parnassus, and could have aspired to no more than a secondary character. He might be called a light and pleasing poet, but never a great or sublime one. But how far this interdiction to such a versifier was right, I will not take upon me to decide. Modern taste, indeed, seems to more than question its justice.

That my assertion, however, of its having been until the present age, our heroic measure, is correct, may be collected from the circumstance of all our most celebrated poets having adopted it. To Dryden and Pope, in rhyme, may be added the names of Young, Addison, Prior, Rowe, &c. and in later times, those of Goldsmith, Johnson, Hayley, &c. In long and serious poems it was always used, and deemed indispensable; witness Dryden's and Pitt's Virgil, Pope's Homer, Rowe's Lucan, Hoole's Tasso, Mickel's Camoens, Sotheby's translation of the Georgics, Addison's Campaign, Prior's Solomon, Young's Last Day and Universal Passion, Goldsmith's Traveller and Deserted Village, Johnson's London, Hayley's Poem on History.—What figure would these have made in the broken and uneven numbers of Scott? Still this gentleman (in spite of all, a poet) pertinaciously adheres to them, and in so doing, probably consults his reputation. His hitherto ambling movements, in which he may not unaptly be compared to a horse not yet broke to his gaits, but jumbling together, or using in quick succession, the trot, the pace, and the canter, have probably impaired his capacity for fine action, still to speak in horseman's phrase. He may therefore be utterly unable to assume, with any prospect of success, the epic march. Lord Byron, however, has got into it, as I perceive from the criticism with quotations, in a late Port Folio, on his Lara. The measure though has character, and to a nice ear is susceptible of great variety, and consequently has its degrees of elegance. Young's manner, for instance, in his rhyme, is neither that of Pope nor Dryden. Prior too has his peculiarity: so has Rowe, and so has Goldsmith. Johnson and Hayley in their happiest efforts, are Pope all over. This cannot be said of lord Byron, whose diction

is not that of the versifiers distinguished for ease and smoothness of numbers. It is somewhat harsh, stiff, and quaint; nevertheless it is forcible, and apparently well adapted to poetical portraiture. It frequently brings out a complete feature at a stroke. But it is not original, nor equal in harmony or variety to the model on which I suppose it to have been formed; that is, Rowe's translation of the *Pharsalia*. That the reader may judge for himself how far I am right in my conjecture, I will set before him, passages from the first book of the *Pharsalia*, in which Pompey and Cæsar are characterized. After these are read, let them be compared with the character of Lara and his page, by lord Byron.

Thee Pompey thy past deeds by turns infest,
 And jealous glory burns within thy breast;
 Thy fam'd Piratic laurel seems to fade
 Beneath successful Cæsar's rising shade;
 His Gallic wreaths thou viewest with anxious eyes
 Above thy naval crowns triumphant rise.
 Thee Cæsar, thy long labours past incite,
 Thy use of war, and custom of the fight:
 While bold ambition prompts thee in the race,
 And bids thy courage scorn a second place.
 Superior pow'r fierce faction's dearest care,
 One could not brook, and one disdain'd to share.
 Justly to name the better cause, were hard,
 Whilst greatest names for either side declar'd.
 Victorious Cæsar by the gods was crown'd,
 The vanquish'd party was by Cato own'd.
 Nor came the rivals equal to the field;
 One to increasing years began to yield,
 Old age came creeping in the peaceful gown,
 And civil functions weigh'd the soldier down;
 Disus'd to arms, he turn'd him to the laws,
 And pleas'd himself with popular applause;
 With gifts and lib'ral bounty sought for fame,
 And lov'd to hear the vulgar shout his name;
 Still seem'd he to possess, and fill his place;
 But stood the shadow of what once he was.

But Cæsar's greatness, and his strength, were more
 Than past renown and antiquated power;
 'Twas not the fame of what he once had been,
 Or tales in old records and annals seen;

But 'twas a valour, restless, unconfined,
 Which no success could sate, nor limits bind;
 'Twas shame, a soldier's shame untaught to yield,
 And blush for nothing but an ill fought field;
 Fierce in his hopes he was nor knew to stay,
 Where vengeance or ambition led the way;
 Still prodigal of war whene'er withstood,
 Nor spar'd to stain the guilty sword with blood;
 Urging advantage he improv'd all odds,
 And made the most of fortune and the gods;
 Pleas'd to o'erturn whate'er withheld his prize,
 And saw the ruin with rejoicing eyes.

Now, but a line or two taken at random, to show the similarity of lord Byron's manner and cadence. Speaking of the page, he says,

Light was his form, and darkly delicate
 That brow whereon his native sun had sate,
 But had not mark'd though in his beams he grew,
 The cheek where oft the hidden blush shone through;
 Yet not such blush as mounts when health would show
 All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;
 But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care
 That for a burning moment fevered there, &c.

July 17, 1815.

D. R.

I HAVE already observed in speaking of fashion, that even war was not exempt from its overwhelming influence. And this, is no less exemplified in the sublime than in the minutiae of the man-slaying art; in its comprehensive policy and designs, than in its petty tactics and details, its pride, its pomp, and showy circumstance. To be convinced of the all-powerful dominion of mode over these accessories to military science, requires not the study of history. It only needs the employment of our eyes.

To trace it then from the dawn of Voltaire's fourth and greatest historical age, *La Siecle de Louis quatorze*, let us advert to the portrait of the vicomte de Turenne as given in the volume which details the campaigns of this great captain. We shall find the figure, the half length of it at least which appears, clad in armour, over

which a broad band or bib descends from the chin to the chest, covering in that part, a sash, which obliquely embraces the body from the right shoulder to the left haunch. Unfortunately, that all-important part of the military costume, the head covering, is omitted in the portrait, fully disclosing the ample and luxuriant locks of the *mareschal*, carefully parted on the top of the forehead and loosely descending in flowing ringlets on either shoulder, much in the manner of our great father Adam's, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The upper lip is decorated with a thin mustache, and a small tuft is also left about the middle of the lower one. Such, if there be truth in the graphical art, was the warlike form of the "godlike Turenne," who, by order of Louis the fourteenth, carried fire and sword into the Palatinate;* and not very different from it, probably, was that of the grand Condé, and those of the Walsteins, the Mercys, the Picolomines and Montecucullis of that martial age.

Turning from this *effigies* to that of the great duke of Marlborough, we find it also completely enveloped in armour, with a rapier suspended to the thigh, and an ample sash bound round the waist, but without a bib or tucker beneath the chin. Neither does any thing like a mustache or a whisker encroach upon the fair surface of the "human face divine." In place of the flowing locks of Turenne, the head of the duke is encompassed with a venerably majestic tie-wig, whose widely diffused curls, after gracefully embracing the temples and cheeks, "close their long glories" about the neck and shoulders. The figure, like that of the *vicomte's*, is unhappily not exhibited in a *sub dio* equipment; but the right hand, resting on a helmet placed on a table, sufficiently indicates what that would be: although it must be confessed, that a helmet and a perriwig seems to be but an incongruous sort of association, and such a one as we may confidently assume, was

* It is insinuated by some French writer, that though Turenne, as a soldier, was obliged to obey orders, he was not obliged to remain in command. And such was the fashionable mode of thinking in America, at the beginning of the revolution. Lord Effingham had given colour to it by laying down his commission; and, in the simplicity of our hearts, we publicly called upon Howe to do the same. The duties of soldiership are now better understood.

"never dreamt of in the philosophy" of the helmeted warriors of Homer's time. Thus, nevertheless, is this pink of the military men of his day depicted; and, in like guise, no doubt, did also figure his colleagues Eugene and D'Auverquerque, as well as the Tallards and the Marsins, and the Villarses, the Villeroys and Vendomes, of the opposing armies of France. An epigram of Voltaire upon an officer whose hair had been carried away by a cannon ball, is so exactly in point and confirmatory of my position, that I cannot forbear citing the conclusion of it:

On pretend que Cesar, le phenix des guerriers,
N'ayant plus de cheveux se coiffa de lauriers.
Cet ornement est beau, mais n'est plus de ce monde.
Si Cesar nous etait rendu,
Et q'en servant Louis il eut ete tondu
Il n'y gagnerait q'une peruque blonde.

That is, if Cæsar, restored to us, had been a warrior of the day, and shorn in the service of Louis, instead of the laurels with which he covered his baldness, his meed would have merely been a well powdered perriwig.

It ought, however, to be observed here, that there were exceptions to the mode, the most illustrious of which was found in the person of Charles the twelfth of Sweden. This mad hero of the north, disdained the use of the effeminate peruke, instead of which, he wore his own hair, miserably thinly-stuck, as we are told, upon the pericraneum, and displaying a truly royal altitude of forehead. But whether or not the example of the Swede, had any tendency to repudiate the peruke, it gradually lost its consequence, and not long afterwards was wholly laid aside, together with the use of armour, if this indeed was actually worn by Marlborough, or only gratuitously bestowed upon him by his painter, as I am inclined to believe, as a fancy or emblematic dress.

In a score or two of years after this, the military men of Europe, began to cherish with fond sedulity a luxuriant growth of hair, rising above the forehead in a well-pomatumed and well-powdered toupee, and descending from the nape behind either *en queue* or *ramilie* to the lowest region of the back. When equipped for the field, the hairy structure cemented with flour and grease was surmounted by a smartly cocked hat, whose forward projecting

bluff, turned well to the left, brought the right side of the triangular coiffure almost in front, nearly resting upon the nose (if aquiline all the better) and covering the right eyebrow; while the left, from the elevation of the beaver in that part, was fully displayed. If to this you add a sash and gorget (the insignia of duty) you have the outline of your gay, irresistible, lady-killing officer of the middle of the last century.

Such was the fashion, such, in part, the pride and pomp of the plumed troops, and the big war, in the time of the Braddocks, the Wolfes, and the Montcalms; and which reached with little or no variation to the era of our revolution. Need it be noted that whiskers then were not; and that your young soldier thought he could look fierce enough without them? Need it be mentioned, that the hair was sometimes boxed, that is, twisted or platted behind, turned up to the top of the head and there fastened by a comb or string; and need it be observed, that the coats, except of the light troops, were generally long, and the corners of each skirt hooked together, so as to bring into an uniform view the white linings, and take off a little the appearance of heaviness and incumbrance.

But how gothic, how clumsy, how paltry all this, when compared to the close-cropped hair, the capeless, the lappelless *just-a-corps* or round-a-bout of Buonaparte! The towering, tall-plumed chapeau, indeed, with its wide-spread corners drooping to the shoulders, seems not strictly in unison with the simplicity of the crop and round-a-bout. Still, no doubt, it is vastly becoming, military, and imposing; though to the disgrace of the taste of former time, even up to that of the revolution, it must be confessed, it would have been condemned as a ridiculous, swaggering piece of furniture, and consigned to the theatrical wardrobe, for the exclusive use of such *dramatis persone* as your captain Flashes, your major Sturgeons, your Daredevils, your Noll Bluffs and ancient Pistols.

The toilet unquestionably ranks high in the cluster of circumstances, that, in the language of Othello, tend to make ambition virtue. Nor is its influence only felt in relation to the person of the hero. Custom has assigned it an equally important duty, in the performance of which it operated by reaction. My allusion is to those ornaments of the fair, which take their

name either from that of the warrior himself, or the place become immortal from his splendid achievement—the Nelson such a thing, the Trafalgar such a thing, for instance. Nor let it be supposed that this is but a fashion of yesterday. Our ancestors, I am sometimes tempted to believe, were almost as wise and politic as ourselves; and who knows but the Grecian ladies at the time of the Trojan war, might have worn their Achilles this, their Ajax that, and their Diomed t'other thing! The first historical notice, however, of the custom which I recollect to have met with, was a compliment paid to the officers of the French army at the battle of Steinkirk, where the duke de Luxembourg had the good fortune to repel an unexpected night attack of William the third. Upon this occasion, we are told, the Parisian ladies adopted ornaments called Steinkirks, formed upon the model of the carelessly tied on cravats of the hastily dressed officers. Milliners and others employed in female decoration, are too sharp-sighted to their interest, not to profit by like devices when the occasion offers; and hence the continuance and probable perpetuation of a custom, stimulating no less to martial deeds, than

The Dorian mood

Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper, heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat.

From these influences of fashion in minor points, I had contemplated to pass to those of greater magnitude; but having already vented so much verbiage on this part of the subject, the other is reserved for a separate discussion.

INGOLA MUNDI.

—
The Poet's Creation.

WE doubt much whether an artist of abilities could in any way prepare a more curious and interesting gallery of paintings than by representing on canvass, in a suitable style, the various allegorical and other figures of their own creation, which the fancy of distinguished poets has from time to time imaged forth in their writings.

For the amusement of our readers, we shall here throw together a few of those descriptive passages which might furnish excellent matter for the pencil of a painter engaged in the formation of such a gallery.

Picture of the Fury Alecto, drawn by Virgil, translated by Dryden.

Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonian blood,
The fury sprang above the Stygian flood:
And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight;
There sought the queen's apartment, stood before
The peaceful threshold, and besieged the door—
From her black bloody locks the fury shakes
Her darling plague, the favourite of her snakes:
With her full force she threw the pois'nous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart.

Figure of Fame, by the same writers.

Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows—
Swift from the first and every moment brings
New vigour to her flight, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies—
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste—
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast.
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong;
And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue;
And round with listening ears the plague is hung.

Figure of Despair, by Spenser.

The darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
His greasy locks, long growing and unbound
Disorder'd hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Look'd deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw cheek bones, through penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pin'd and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapped abouts:
And him besides there lay upon the grass
A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallow'd in his own yet lukewarm blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Picture of the " Spirit of the Cape," by Camoens.

I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air,
Appall'd we saw a hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lour'd:
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect uprose his hair of wither'd red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combin'd;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scar'd
The inward anguish of his soul declar'd.
His red eyes glowing, from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
——the while, with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began.

Figure of the Demon of War, by Barlow.

Columbus turn'd; when, rolling to the shore,
Swells o'er the seas an undulating roar;
Slow, dark, portentous, as the meteors sweep,
And curtain black the illimitable deep,
High stalks from surge to surge a demon form,
That howls through heaven, and breathes a billowing storm:
His head is hung with clouds; his giant hand
Flings a blue flame far fleckering to the land;
His blood-stained limbs drip carnage as he strides,
And taint with gory glume the staggering tides;
Like two red suns his quivering eye-balls glare
His mouth disgorges all the stores of war,

Pikes, muskets, mortars, guns, and globes of fire,
 And lighted bombs, that fusing trails expire.
 Perch'd on his helmet, two twin sisters rode,
 The favourite offspring of the murderous God,
 Famine and Pestilence; whom whilom bore,
 His wife, grim Discord, on Trinacria's shore;
 When first their Cyclop sons, from Etna's forge
 Fill'd his foul magazine, his gaping gorge:
 Then earth convulsive groan'd, high shriek'd the air,
 And Hell, in gratulation, call'd him War.

The figure of Atlas, by the same.

—— 'tis Atlas thron'd sublime,
 Great brother guardian of old Afric's clime;
 High o'er his coast he rears his frowning form,
 O'erlooks and calms his sky-borne fields of storm,
 Flings off the clouds that round his shoulders hung,
 And breaks from clogs of ice his trembling tongue;
 While far through space with rage and grief he glares,
 Heaves his hoar-head, and shakes the heaven he bears.

To ese we shall only add,

Dante's picture of Fraud.

A saint-like face the latent fiend conceal'd,
 But the foul form her genuine race revealed,
 Though half immers'd within the sound:
 Thick sable plumes her shoulders broad array'd,
 Her nether shape a serpent train display'd,
 In many a gorgeous volume roll'd around:

and

Milton's well-known pictures of Sin and Death.

Sin.

—— Seeming woman to the waist, and fair,
 But ending foul in many a scaly fold
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting—

Death.

—— black as night,
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart.

In looking over these extracts our readers will have an opportunity of comparing with each other some of the finest passages of descriptive poetry in the English language. If a Shakespeare gallery be regarded as an object of taste and attraction, a gallery of the poets in general ought to be much more so.

ON THE DANGER OF BEING A WIT.

I WAS vastly pleased with some observations I lately came across on this subject. He who professes wit, said the writer, is in general so delighted with the praise and attention it procures, that he will suffer no consideration of propriety or charity to keep it within bounds; to raise the loudest laugh, and keep the table in a roar of merriment is his only object.

It cannot be denied, that this must be gratifying to a young man of lively parts, a warm imagination, and ambitious of fame; but in the delight of such enjoyments, he ought to recollect, in every large company, there are selfish, ill-natured people, who from envy, or for worse purposes, will not fail to circulate a joke which, perhaps, first originated from harmless levity; but which, diffused by these retailers of scandal, may render the object of it ridiculous for life, and ruin him forever as a commercial or professional man: for him at whom we have long laughed we shall soon despise.

A striking instance of this species of misapplication occurs in the life of Swift; who, conceiving an aversion against the political opinions of serjeant Bettesworth, a lawyer of abilities and reputation in the reign of queen Anne, made a rhyme to his name which attached an unconquerable ridicule to it, and by the barrister's own confession in the house of commons, deprived him of practice to the value of one thousand pounds a year.

Calling on the dean, Bettesworth threatened to chastise him, which the lampoon certainly deserved: yet Swift, of all party zealots the most malignant, pretended to make an outcry on the occasion, as if it was not he himself that had given the first blow.

Another common failing with men of wit, is that they are perpetually tempted to wander from matter of fact; so many little additions to, or deviations from it appear necessary to *varnish the tale*, that they become gradually reconciled to falsehood, forget that

the law of truth is, or ought to be inviolable and sacred, and at last consider the excellence of a story, as a sufficient apology for its being wholly unfounded.

But let us see whither these pursuits will lead. The enemies the wit has created (for no man likes to be made a joke of) and the provocations he receives sour his temper and exasperate his passions; anger gets the better of prudence, and he degenerates into a bully, a duelist, a satyrist or a cynic: the talent which first made him a public favourite, now estranges him from the common benefits of society, and he becomes a living proof that even in this life, judgments are prepared for the scorner.

Since I am upon this subject, Mr. Editor, I will relate in addition an anecdote in point, and which is well known in England to be true.—Warton lost his election to the headship of Trinity college, Oxford, by an indiscreet indulgence of his wit. As one of the fellows of that society, by no means remarkable for wisdom, was reading prayers, he came to that verse in the Psalms, "Lord thou knowest my simpleness."—"Why," said Warton, "that is known to every body." When the headship was vacant, Warton asked his friend for his vote, which happened to be the casting one.—"No, no," replied he, "I am not so simple as that;" and Warton lost his election. Such is the curse of wit!—Yet who is he that would not accept it with all its inconveniencies and hazards?

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

MILTON has very judiciously represented the father of mankind, as seized with horror and astonishment at the sight of death, represented to him on the mount of Vision. For surely nothing can so much disturb the passions, or perplex the intellects of man, as a disruption of his union with visible nature, a separation from every thing that has hitherto engaged or delighted him; a change not only of the place, but the manner of his being: an entrance into a state, not simply unknown, but which perhaps he has not faculties to know, an immediate and perceptible communication with the Supreme Being, and what is above all distressful and alarming, the final sentence, and unalterable allotment.

Yet we, whom the shortness of life has made acquainted with mortality, can, without emotion, see generations of men pass away, are at leisure to establish modes of sorrow, to adjust the ceremonials of death, look upon funeral pomp as a circumstance in which we have no concern, and turn away from it to trifles and amusements without dejection of look, or inquietude of spirit.

It is indeed apparent from the constitution of the world, that there must be a time for other thoughts; and a perpetual meditation upon the last hour, however it may become the solitude of a monastery, is inconsistent with the duties of common life. But surely the remembrance of death ought to predominate in our minds as an habitual and settled principle, always operating, though not always perceived; and our attention wanders so far from our own condition, as not to be recalled and fixed by the sight of an event which must soon, we know not how soon, happen likewise to ourselves, and of which though we cannot appoint the time, we may secure the consequence.

Yet, though every instance of death may justly awaken our fears, and quicken our vigilance, it seldom happens that we are much alarmed, unless some close connexion is broken, some scheme frustrated, or some hope defeated. There are many, therefore, who seem to live without any reflection on the end of life, because they are wholly involved within themselves, and look on others as unworthy their notice, without any expectation of receiving, or intention of bestowing good.

It is indeed impossible without some mortification of that desire which every man feels of being remembered and lamented, to behold how little concern is caused by the eternal departure even of those who have passed their lives with public honours, and been distinguished by superior qualities, or extraordinary performances. It is not possible to be regarded with tenderness, except by a few. That merit which gives reputation and renown diffuses its influence to a wide compass, but acts weakly in every single breast: it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat. The wit, the hero, the philosopher, whom either their tempers, or their fortunes have hindered from intimate relations, or tender intercourses, die often without any other effect,

than that of adding a new topic to the conversation of the day, and impress none with any fresh conviction of the fragility of our nature, because none had any particular interest in their lives, or were united to them by a reciprocation of benefits and endearments.

Thus we find it often happens, that they who, in their lives have excited applause, and attracted admiration, are at length laid in the dust without the common honour of a stone; because by those excellencies with which many have been delighted, none have been obliged; and though they had many to celebrate them, they had none to love them.

Custom so far regulates the sentiments at least of common minds, that men may be generally observed to grow less tender as they advance in age; and he who, when life was new, melted at the loss of every companion, can, in time, look without concern upon the grave into which his last friend was thrown, and into which he himself is ready to fall; not because he is more willing to die than formerly, but because he is more familiar with the death of others, and therefore not alarmed so far as to consider how much nearer he approaches to his end. But this is tamely to submit to the tyranny of accident, and to suffer our reason to lie useless. Every funeral may be justly considered as a summons to prepare for that state, into which it is a proof that we must sometime enter, and a summons more hard and piercing, as the event of which it warns us is at less distance. To neglect at any time making preparations for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep during an attack.

It has always seemed to me one of the most striking passages in the *Visions of Quevedo*, where he stigmatizes those as fools who complain that they failed of happiness by sudden death. "How, says he, can death be sudden to a being who always knew that he must die, and that the time of his death was uncertain?"

Since there are not wanting admonitions of our mortality to preserve it active in our minds, nothing can more properly renew the impression, than the examples which every day supplies; and as the great incentives to virtue is the reflection that we must die, it may be useful to accustom ourselves, whenever we see a funeral,

to consider how soon we may be added to the number of those whose probation is past, and whose happiness or misery shall endure forever.

The following letter from lord Bolingbroke to Pope, is not to be found, at least we have not been able to discover it in any collection of the letters, published in the works of the authors contemporary with these great men. It is an original, and exhibits a lively specimen of the style of the noble author; and unfolds his sentiments on the depravity of mankind, and his opinion of the poetry of Addison.

DEAR POPE,

I do not know how it is, but the air of Twickenham agrees with me considerably better than a residence in town; and I find a greater share of satisfaction at the bottom of your little garden, than ever I experienced in the bustle of a court. Possibly this may proceed from a proper estimation of your worth, and a just opinion of all the ambitious coronets, or fawning sycophants I was once surrounded with. Certain it is, however, the dignity of human nature lessens my notions of things, according to the knowledge I have of mankind; and the more intimate I become with the generality of people, the greater occasion I have to despise them. The felon at the bar, and the judge upon the bench, are stimulated by the same motives, though they act in different capacities; for the one but plunders through a hope of gain: and let me ask, if the other would take any pains in the administration of justice, without a reasonable gratuity for his labour.

This you will say may be carrying things too far, and possibly it may be so—yet, though a particular instance or two may be brought to contradict an observation of this kind, they can by no means be produced as arguments against universal depravity. I am greatly pleased with a remark which Swift made a few days ago in a conversation which we had on this subject:—I need not tell you how sour the dean is in his sentiments of the world;—but I think the following declaration is not more distinguished for its severity than supported by its justice: “Were we, said he, to make a nice examination into the actions of every man, we should find

one half of the world to be rogues, and the other half to be block-heads. The latter half may be divided into two classes—the good-natured blockhead, and the sensible; the one, through an easiness of temper, is always liable to be ill used; the other, through an excess of vanity, is frequently exposed to be wretched. Mutual confidence and real friendship are very pretty words, but seldom carry any meaning; no man will entertain an opinion of another, which is opposite to his own interest; and a nod from a great man, or a smile from a strumpet, will set a couple of block-heads by the ears, who, a moment before, would have ventured their lives for each others reputation!”

Lord Peterborough dined with me yesterday. I have a high idea of the goodness of this nobleman's heart, though it may be brought as a proof against my favourite system; but he is of a turn so excessively romantic, that I cannot be equally prejudiced in favour of his understanding. I have no notion of a man's perpetually exposing himself to unnecessary dangers for the mere sake of being talked of; or through a ridiculous thirst for military glory, venturing a life which should be preserved for the service of his prince and the interest of his country. My motive for saying this is neither founded upon pique, nor directed by ill-nature. My lord is a man for whom I have a most perfect regard, and my esteem alone is the reason why I may be so extremely sensible of his errors.

I saw Addison this morning—somehow or other, Pope, I can by no means think that man an excellent poet: his prose is very well—but there is a heaviness about his versification which is totally inconsistent with elegance and spirit, and which though it may, in the thoughts of some people, carry much judgment, is in my opinion a proof of very little genius. I am far, you know, from being fond of eternal epithets in poetry, or endless endeavours at sublimity of expression; but I would have it exalted a little above prose in the most humble species, and carry an air of some dignity and importance.

Trivial as the remark may appear, it is very well for a boy of fourteen who was reading Cato, and coming to that part which is so highly celebrated by some of the author's friends,

“ So the pure limpid stream when foul with stains;”

the lad burst into a fit of laughing, and cried, here is a bull—whoever thought that a stream could be pure and limpid, yet at the same time foul with stains? I could not help joining the laugh at the archness of the boy's observation, though the criticism might seem too low for judgments of more experience and maturity. But why do I entertain a fellow of your abilities in this manner, who are so greatly a superior master of the subject. I am somehow fond of scribbling, and become trifling for the sake of spinning out a letter.—If possible, I shall take an airing down your way on Saturday, and pray let me have a little leg of lamb, with some spinnach and plain butter, to regale on. Where I dine in town, they starve me with luxury; and I have sat at many a table where I had not a bit of any thing to eat, because I had too much of every thing. You and I can go down to the bottom of the garden, and manage a bottle or two of that excellent ale after dinner, and enjoy what you are good-naturedly pleased to call

“ The feast of reason, and the flow of soul.”

Farewell, dear Pope, and believe me to be your own

BOLINGBROKE.

SUPERIORITY OF SHAKSPEARE'S DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT.

Mr. Oldschool,

In an old shattered British publication which I have long had lying by me, and from which I have heretofore extracted some very interesting pieces for your Port Folio, I extract the following: CR.

Of all the topics on which the poets, ancient and modern, have exercised their imaginations, and vied, as it were, with each other, for the victory, there is not one that has been more generally or more successfully attempted than the description of the night. Homer and Apollonius among the Greek, Virgil and Statius among the Roman writers, seem to have put forth all their strength on this favourite point; and have each found their several admirers, who have weighed and adjusted their several pretensions with a scrupulous exactness. Great as their merits are, I

shall, with the leave of the critics, venture to assert that they have all been eclipsed, in this one article, by the poets of our own language. The copy of Homer's night-piece has received some delicate touches and exquisite heightenings from the pencil of Pope, which render it superior to the original; and Shakspeare's dreadful description in *Macbeth* (not to mention the pleasingly picturesque one in *Milton*) infinitely excels all that have preceded it, as being an assemblage of the most striking images perhaps that nature itself can afford, or poetic fancy can form.

MACBETH *alone.*

"—————Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd Murder
(Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.*——"

This is truly a *night of horror*. We see here one half the globe buried in the profoundest sleep, except the three great enemies of mankind, *lust*, *witchcraft*, and *murder*; and them, too, waking only to perpetrate their deeds of darkness. *We shudder whilst we read*. We look round, affrighted and alarmed, expecting every moment to see the assassin's dagger lifted against us. The additional horror which Mr. Garrick's inimitably awful pronunciation breathed over this soliloquy, the last time I heard him repeat it, threw me into this train of thinking, and occasioned me, at my return home, to turn to the several descriptions before alluded to, and to some other celebrated ones of our English authors. Among these, none, I think, approaches so near to the merit of Shakspeare's as that of Marston, his cotemporary, in the opening of his tragedy called *Antonio's Revenge*.

* The picture by young Leslie now exhibited in the ————— and designed from this passage, produces upon the fancy effects little less powerful than the lines themselves. Seldom has the witchery of that poet been better seconded by the pencil of the artist. *We shudder while we look at it.*

CR.

PIERO *solus*.

'Tis yet dead night: yet all the earth is clought
 In the dull, leaden hand of snoring Sleep.
 No breath disturbs the quiet of the air;
 No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
 Save howling dogs, night crows, and screech owls;
 Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.

My edition of this play is of the year 1602: it is certain therefore that Shakspeare had read it, before he wrote his *Macbeth*; in all likelihood had played a part in it, since we learn from Langbaine (catalogue of Dramatic authors, article *MARSTON*) that all *Mars-ton's* pieces had been performed and "approved by the audience at Blackfriars." It is, however, very observable, that although this description consists of so many just and natural images, and is worked up with such strength and propriety of diction, with some of the most expressive and characteristic epithets in the English language; yet such is the originality of Shakspeare's genius, that he has not copied even a single image (for the ghost is introduced only by way of simile,) nor adopted more than one epithet in his own description, and that too has been considerably improved in his hands, by the manner in which he has applied it. *Mars-ton* confines his ideas to the night alone, and this, by a bold metaphor, he represents as being actually *dead*. Shakspeare, with a much bolder flight of fancy, extends the epithet to Nature herself; but at the same time with the strictest attention to propriety and truth, qualifies its force by the verb he makes use of. "*NATURE seems DEAD*." Dryden, struck with the beauty and forcibleness of this image, has transplanted it into that well-known description in the conquest of Mexico:

"All things are hush'd as *Nature's* self lay *dead*;

where it constitutes the principal figure in the piece; being equally just and noble in itself, and rising still higher in estimation from a comparison with the many *concetti* and affected prettinesses that appear in the succeeding lines:

The mountains seem to *nod their drowsy heads*;
 The little birds in *dreams their songs repeat*,
 And *sleeping flow'rs* beneath the night-dew *sweat*.

There is another description of night which has been much and deservedly admired; I mean that of Lee in his *Theodocius*: but had one of the critics, who has noticed it,* known how greatly it is indebted to Marston's for its principal beauties, he would not probably have passed over the old bard without allowing him his due proportion of the praise.

'Tis night, *dead night*, and weary Nature lies
 So fast, as if she never were to rise;
No breath of wind now whispers through the trees,
 No noise at land, nor murmur in the seas:
 Lean wolves forget to *howl* at Night's pale noon,
 No wakeful dogs bark at the silent moon
 Nor bay the ghosts that glide with horror by,
 To view the caverns where their bodies lie:
 The ravens perch, and no presages give
 Nor to the windows of the dying cleave;
 The owls forget to scream, no midnight sound
 Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow ground;
 In vaults the walking fires extinguished lie
 The stars, heaven's sentry, wink, and seem to die.

Almost every image is evidently taken from Marston; that of the stars, which are quaintly termed *heaven's sentry*, is from a passage of the old poet, no less quaint, in the same scene with his description of the night:

—————Yon horrid scouts
 That *sentinel* swart night.

It is, however, somewhat surprising that Lee, when he was copying should omit the finest image of the whole—*black thoughts*—especially as it would so admirably have suited the temper and situation of Varomes's mind, at the time the poet puts these beautiful lines into his mouth, which is just before he destroys himself.

The sixth scene of the first act of *Macbeth* begins with a short dialogue between the king and Banquo, which, though very beautiful, is hardly noticed by any but the judicious few, in perusal. The king, on a visit to Macbeth, has just arrived with his attendants at the gate of the castle of Inverness, and, struck with the beauties of its situation, says—

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 Unto our gentle senses.

* Trapp, in his notes on the 4th book of the *Æneid*.

BANQUO ——— This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
 By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here: no jetty frieze,
 Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
 The air is delicate.

Sir Joshua, whose authority as a critic and philosopher is considered by the learned as little less absolute than as an artist, has left the following judicious remarks upon this little passage:

"The short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlet's nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds must breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, what is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.—This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestic life."

ANECDOTE.

One of the most servile and active coadjutors of the sanguinary Collet d'Herbois, during the dreadful period of his proconsulship at Lyons, was an actor of the name of *Fusil*, who became afterwards, by appointment, a performer at the "Theatre de la Republique," at Paris. During the reign of carnage and terror, the Parisians were compelled to endure this ruffian's appearance with silent indignation; but no sooner was the storm passed over their heads, than they seized a signal opportunity to testify their just abhorrence of so execrable a wretch.

One evening, after the performance of the first piece, a paper was thrown on the stage, which the audience were given to understand consisted of a copy of verses entitled "*Le Reveil du Peuple*"—(the rousing of the people.) With tumultuous vociferations, the spectators demanded that Fusil should come forward and make known the contents of the paper. Appalled and unnerved by the sudden outcry, Fusil hesitated to obey the summons, nor could be induced to make his expiatory *debut*, till the uproar increased to so alarming a pitch as to threaten the most fatal consequences. When his trembling hands had unfolded the scroll, on a sudden the universal silence which had ensued upon his appearance was broken by loud cries of "take a taper in your hand, that is the manner after which public penance is performed!"—Fusil was forced to comply. He then began to read aloud the famous "*Reveil du Peuple*," which was so universally sung after the downfall of Robespierre. Upon reciting the stanza,

Quelle est cette lenteur barbare!
 Hate toi, peuple souverain!
 De rendre aux antres du Tenare
 Ces buveurs du sang humain!

the theatre was rent with shouts of "encore! encore!"—repeat the sentence, monster! and Fusil's quivering lips again pronounced the fatal lines. He then continued

Souffrez vous q'une horde atroce,
 Et d'assassins, et de brigands
 Souille de leur souffle feroce
 Le territoire des vivans!

The audience now imagined that he had undergone ample humiliation, and insisted upon the appearance of two other jacobin performers, but they were not to be found. Their deservedly esteemed Talmathen came forward—Not *you*, not *you*—*you* are no jacobin! shouted the spectators—*you* are no ruffian—*you* are a true patriot!—But his hearing a cry raised which seemed to question his real attachment to the principles he professed, pathetically exclaimed, "citizens, citizens! *all my* friends died on *the scaffold*." From every part of the theatre this short but mournful allusion to recent events was received with groans and sighs and tears: not a person present but seemed to feel that he had lost a father or a brother, a consort or a friend.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

The following speech of the chief **BIG ELK**, is worthy of preservation in the history of American eloquence. For the high-minded feeling and compass of intellect which it exhibits, we doubt if it be surpassed by any morsel of the kind that has been placed on record—the celebrated speech of Logan not excepted.

That our readers may examine and compare at their leisure, and to the more advantage, these two specimens of Indian eloquence, we publish them together.

“ On the night of the 14th July, the Black Buffalo, principal chief of the Teton tribe of Indians, departed this life at Portage Des Sioux. The succeeding day he was solemnly interred with the honours of war. Robert Wash, Esq. secretary to the commissioners, has furnished the following speech, delivered over the grave by the **BIG ELK**, Maha chief. It is truly eloquent, and is literally given.”—*Edit. West Journal.*

BIG ELK'S SPEECH.

Do not grieve. Misfortunes will happen to the wisest and best men. Death will come, and always comes out of season. It is the command of the Great Spirit, and all nations and people must obey. What is past and cannot be prevented, should not be grieved for. Be not discouraged or displeased, then, that in visiting your father here you have lost your chief. A misfortune of this kind may never again befall you; but this would have attended you perhaps at your own village. Five times have I visited this land and never returned with sorrow or pain. Misfortunes do not flourish particularly in our path. They grow every where. (*Addressing himself to governor Edwards and Col Miller.*) What a misfortune for me that I could not have died this day, instead of the chief that lies before us. The trifling loss my nation would have sustained in my death, would have been doubly paid for, by the honours of my burial.—They would have wiped off every thing like regret. Instead of being covered with a cloud of sorrow, my warriors would have felt the sunshine of joy in their hearts. To me it would have been a most glorious occurrence. Hereafter, when I die at home, instead of a noble grave and a grand proces-

sion, the rolling music and the thundering cannon, with a flag waving at my head—I shall be wrapped in a robe, (an old robe perhaps) and hoisted on a slender scaffold to the whistling winds, soon to be blown to the earth—my flesh to be devoured by the wolves, and my bones rattled on the plain by the wild beasts.

(Addresses himself to Col. Miller.)

CHIEF OF THE SOLDIERS,

Your labours have not been in vain. Your attention shall not be forgotten. My nation shall know the respect that is paid over the dead.—When I return I will echo the sound of your guns.

SPEECH OF LOGAN.

I APPEAL to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat: if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance: for my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one.

EXPERIMENTS MADE WITH THE LARGE BURNING-GLASS OF
DICKINSON COLLEGE, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PROFESSOR
COOPER.

THIS lens was purchased by the trustees of Dickinson college from the son of the late Dr. Priestley. It was made by the same Mr. Parker of Fleet-street, London, who constructed the celebrated burning-glass sent, among other presents, to the em-

peror of China; and which was esteemed the most powerful ingenuity and perseverance had produced. The burning-glass of Dickinson college may be considered as one of the best in the United States. It is made of flint glass, and compounded of two lenses, both double convex, of solid glass.

The diameter of the large lens is in the frame $16\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

surface exposed, $15\frac{1}{2}$

Its thickness at the centre, $1\frac{5}{16}$ inches.

at the edge, $\frac{4}{16}$ ths of an inch.

Its focal distance, 2 feet $11\frac{3}{16}$ inches.

The diameter of the small lens is $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Its focal distance, 1 foot $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Both glasses are fixed in a wooden frame, which turns on a pivot and slides on a brass bow, and can be moved with ease horizontally or perpendicularly. The smaller lens is placed at such a distance from the large one as that the diameter of a cone of rays falling on the small lens is equal to the diameter of the small lens.

Substances fused, with their weight and time of fusion.

Fahrenheit's thermometer at eighty-six degrees in the sun, and seventy-four degrees in the shade.

Silver—7 gr. melted in two seconds.

Copper—22 gr. melted in thirty seconds.

Bar iron—18 gr. partly melted in five minutes.

Antimony—25 gr. melted instantaneously.

Flint glass—5 gr. melted in forty seconds.

Green glass—6 gr. melted in thirty-five seconds.

Fahrenheit's thermometer at one hundred and one degrees in the sun, eighty-six in the shade.

Crystal of limestone—in four minutes partly reduced to lime.

Glass coloured by gold—in thirty seconds ran into a beautiful globule of variegated colours.

Blue clay from Jersey—6 gr. in one minute melted and ran into a globule.

Asbestos—became instantaneously red hot, but not otherwise affected.

Clay and lime—in equal proportions instantaneously melted into a glass globule.

Lime and quartz—3 gr. each, melted in thirty seconds.

Clay, quartz, and lime—3 gr. each, in thirty-five seconds melted into a glass.

Mica—in ten seconds partly melted.

Precious serpentine—in two minutes changed in colour and reduced in weight.

Platina in grains—in five minutes agglutinated into a mass.

Iron filings—in three seconds partly melted.

Red lead and charcoal—in ten seconds the lead reduced to its metallic state.

Pyrites or sulphate of iron—the sulphur driven off and the iron reduced to the metallic state, which was proved by the magnet attracting it.

Porcelain clay from Armstrong county, Penn. in five minutes partly changed its colour.

A cork, suspended in a decanter of clear water, was slightly charred.

All the above substances were placed on charcoal when exposed to the lens. H.

Carlisle, September 20, 1815.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR OLDSCHOOL,

Among the many candidates for regal dignity, I have ventured to establish one upon the throne, who, in point of dominion, has certainly a right to be elevated to that distinguished situation. The "Water King," and "Fire-King," and "Erl-King," by monk Lewis, The "Ale-King,"—the "French King," by the allies, and above all the host of "Kings," by Bonaparte, are in my opinion no more entitled to their stations on the score of power, than the new monarch whom I now submit to your attention.

THE AVARICE KING.

Who is he with the golden wand,
And eyes of diamonds bright,
With mines of riches in either hand,
And around his head an emerald band,
And his teeth of chrystal white?

'Tis the Avarice King in his brilliant form,
'Tis the lord of the Burning-hill,
He rides on the lightning amid the storm,
And his heart is cold, though his hand be warm,
When the flashes glance at his will.

His throne is formed of the ruby red,
And the marble white and fair,
And the pearls that glisten around his head,
Are the bright sparkling tears by Beauty shed,
Preserved in triumph there.

And a glittering temple flashes high,
Where orange jacinths shine,
And the amethyst, and the sapphire vie,
With the jasper, agate, and porphyry,
And emerald laurels twine.

But who is he with the face of wo,
And the hollow, blood-shot eye,
Which glances on all, as if man were his foe,
And red matted hair, interspersed with the snow,
Of many a year gone by?

'Tis the Avarice King in his mortal form,
'Tis the lord of the Burning-hill,
But Want has palsied his fleshless arm,
And his soul is torn by the canker-worm,
And his heart is cold and chill.

But his hand is warm, though his heart be cold
As he presses the miser's brow,
And sweet are the golden tales that are told,
And bright are the mines of wealth they unfold,
And rich the streams that flow.

But the swelling form of the speckled toad,
Or the rattlesnake's hiss in the ear,
Or the foetid horrors of Death's abode,
Or the slimy trace of the earth-worm's road,
Or the midnight groan of fear,

Are not so dread to the noble soul,
As the sound of the monster's voice,
For the softest songs of melody roll,
And the miser bends to the dark control
Of the idol god of his choice.

" See ye the temple that flashes high
On top of the Burning-hill,
Where the amethyst and the sapphire vie,
And a million gems of the purest die,
Obedient to thy will.

" And see ye not the sun that shines,
And glitters in endless day;
'Tis the purest topaz of Indian mines,
And the gemmy wreath that round it twines,
Must guide thee on thy way.

" And sparkles not on thy dazzled sight
Yon soft, transparent rill?
For every drop is a diamond bright,
And every diamond a fire to light
Thy steps to the Burning-hill.

" Then haste away to the Burning-hill,
The rocks and the precipice brave,
E'er the winter of age thy blood shall chill,
And Death bid the pulse of thy heart be still,
And thy form be laid in the grave.

" The slaves of the Avarice King shall guide
Thy footsteps on the way,
And frugal Penury be thy bride,
And Poverty cheer thee side by side,
Throughout the live-long day."

Thus he breathes in the miser's ear,
But poison lives in his breath,
And the miser's veins are chill'd with fear,
And the thoughts of danger are ever near,
But afar the thoughts of death.

He follows along the narrow road
 (Where all but Wo is still,
And the groans of the starving freeze the blood,)
To abandon the altar of Nature's God,
 For the king of the Burning-hill.

But the feeble limbs of the traveller bend,
 The temple glitters in vain,
For the storms of Want and Hunger descend
And the burning fires of Madness rend
 The chaos of his brain.

And now the storms of Winter grind
 The relicts of his form,
His bones are bleached by the passing wind,
And within his scull the lizard doth find
 A refuge from the storm.

FREDERICK.

—
THE SURPRISE.

WHEN Strephon went a wooing
 To Molly of the vale,
Like turtle-doves a cooing,
 They warbled love's soft tale.

'Twas love, and duck, and deary,
 My darling and my dove,
Fond Strephon thought his Mary
 A loving wife would prove.

And now the courtship ended,
 To church he led his bride;
So gallantly attended,
 He chuckled in his pride.

Then all was joy and feasting,
 All merry glee and dance,
With bride and bridegroom jesting
 In wink or sidelong glance.

Week roll'd on week away,
 Till time began to shew,

Poor Strephon in dismay,
His rib a very shrew.

Then deary, duck, and darling,
Are lost in Streph and Moll,
And sometimes when they're snarling,
Less gentle names they call.

A prey to melancholy,
Their sullen lives they jog,
For Strephon and his Molly
Now fight like cat and dog.

QUEVEDO.

RONDEAU.

Love, begone thou silly wight,
What have I with thee to do,
See'st thou not my locks are white,
Think you me a fool for you.

Tell me not of Rosa's eyes,
Of Emma's pouting lips so sweet,
Of Anna's soul entrancing sighs,
Her Venus form and locks of jet.

Though starry bright are Rosa's eyes,
And every charm in Anna meet,
Those brittle toys no more I prize,
I've found them all a very cheat.

Hence away thou teasing sprite,
I'll have naught with thee to do,
See, foolish boy, my locks are white;
I'm no plaything child for you.

QUEVEDO.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF MISS E. W.

SWEET Schuykill, thy soft moaning stream
Responds to our heart-rending wo,
Oh, melted in Memory's dream,
Our tears with thy waters shall flow.

Flow'ry banks by warm Friendship endear'd
How oft on thy margin we've stray'd,
Then verdant and bright ye appeared,
But now every beauty shall fade.
Oh then with what pleasure we heard,
Her converse, that angels might hear,
From her heart's pure recess flow'd each word,
Which remembrance now seals with a tear.
For gone is the virtuous maid,
The pride of thy village* has fled,
Its charms are in sadness array'd,
Sweet Emily sleeps with the dead.
Oh Death! could pure Innocence save,
Could Mind from thy grasp the maid keep,
Could Friendship preserve from the grave,
Thou could'st not have doom'd us to weep.
Devoid of all guile was her heart,
Her soul by soft feeling refined,
Her words could persuasion impart,
With manners so gentle and kind.
And bright in her mild beaming eyes,
The soul of devotion still shone—
That soul which was form'd in the skies
To its Father in Heaven hath flown.
And her's was the dignified mind,
Every action discretion portrayed,
In wit by chaste feeling refined,
How few could compare with the maid.
As an angel of pity she seem'd
To mourn with the child of distress,
And her eye with sweet joy ever beam'd
A sorrowing victim to bless.
Soft peace be with those she has left,
May that God who directed the dart
Yield them comfort, of comfort bereft,
Resignation, blest Heaven impart.

* Norristown, the place of her residence and death in 1807.

But why should e'en Friendship deplore
 Her flight from that valley of tears,
 To those regions where sorrow no more
 Can wound with afflictions and fears.

Oh world! how unfit are thy ways
 For the sensitive soul to pursue,
 Oh ever deception betrays
 The heart that to nature is true.

Then happy, dull Grave's thy release
 From Life's disappointments and woes,
 Since in thy still mansions of peace,
 Each wearied heart sleeps in repose.

But, Grave, can thy prison confine
 Immortality's child in thy chains?
 No—rais'd to her Sire divine,
 A saint the sweet Emily reigns.

—
 SYDNEY.

SONG.

Air—" *I have lov'd thee.*"

Fare-thee-well, thy injured lover
 Flies, to see thee ne'er again;
 Far through distant climes a rover,
 Seeking peace yet finding pain.
 Near thee every thought is sadness,
 By thy chilling looks opprest,
 Yet in leaving thee is madness,
 Death alone can give me rest.

Death can only yield alarm
 To those belov'd, who dearly love,
 For broken hearts it has a charm,
 To mine a balm it soon shall prove.
 And though by thee the wound was given,
 By thee thus doom'd to early death,
 For thee I'll raise my prayers to heaven,
 And bless thee with my latest breath.

SYDNEY.

INDEX

TO

VOLUME VI.

America, on the peopling of	7	Inchiquin's Letters, remarks on the review of	150-354
Character of defended	18	Lara, criticism of	33
Speeches, notice of	175	Literary intelligence—Select Speeches	175
Philosophical society	295	Dictionary of Commerce	179
Jurisprudence	590	New system of Mythology	182
Brown's campaigns	1	Life of Patrick Henry	183
Buffalo, view of	165	Abercrombie's Johnson	184
Battle of the Falls	219	Pilgrims of the sun	ib.
British troops in Upper Canada	325	Pathology of the human fluids	98
Biddle, life of	429	Charlemagne	99
Campaigns, memoir of Brown's	1	New Pantheon	398
Comparison of Hammond and Tibullus	11	Hosack on Contagion	399
Criticism on Lara	33	Influence of climate	400
Dabney's Poems	56	Views of Louisiana	401
Lord of the Isles	58	Classical Education	413
Clinton's Discourse	136	War in Louisiana	477
Inchiquin's Letters	150	Wilkinson's Memoirs	515
Roderick, the last of the Goths	333	Geographical establishment	519
Picture of Perry's victory	364	Johnson's Dictionary	520
Review of Inchiquin's letters	354	British Encyclopædia	521
Clinton's discourse	265	American Philosophical Society	295
Commercial dictionary	179	Ogilvie's Lectures	296
Canada, estimate of British troops in	325	Cooper on Dyeing	303
Constitution of the United States	450	Map of the United States	304
Charlemagne, notice of	99	Laws of the Spanish Indies	309
Chronicle, naval and military	1-105	Life of Gen. Ripley	108
219-325-429-533		Gurney	230
Defence of the American character	18	Captain Biddle	429
Discourse, review of Clinton's	136-265	Latour's Memoir	477
Falls, battle of	219	Memoirs of Brown's campaigns	1
Hammond and Tibullus compared	11	General Ripley	109
Hermit, Thoughts of, 82-164-371-574		Captain Biddle	429
VOL. VI.	4 N		

Melange	233	View of Buffaloe	105
Moor, Strictures on	506	Victory, notice of Perry's	364
Memoirs of the war in Louisiana	477	Variety—changes in meaning of words	189
Notes to Readers and Correspondents 103-218-322-427-530		—————Ostiaks	192
Naval and Military Chronicle 1-105 219-325-429-533		—————Curious river	193
Observer	160	—————A human creature that chewed the cud	ib.
Peopling of America, remarks on	7	—————Maxims for young ladies	194
Population, remarks on the density of	164	—————Turin and the Alps	199
Pitt, character and eloquence of	277	—————on English Poetry	604
Perry's Victory	364	—————Fashion	608
Pastoral Poetry, remarks on	377	—————The Poet's Creation	611
Paine, Thomas, remarks on	488	—————Danger of being a wit	615
Picture of admiral Penn	601	—————Thoughts on Death	616
Queen's Wake, remarks on	497	—————Letter from Bolingbroke	619
Remarks on vegetable Physiology	27	—————Shakspeare's description of Night	621
—————Density of Population	164	—————Indian Eloquence	627
—————on the Constitution of the United States	450	—————Experiments with a burning glass	628
—————On T. Paine	488	—————Simplicity in ornament	203
—————The Queen's Wake	497	—————Incola Mundi	287
—————On simplicity in ornament	82	—————Love of Fame	383
—————Helvetic and Rhztian confederacies	556	—————Lauder and Milton	388
—————National Debts	574	—————Mountebanks	391
Roderick, the last of the Goths	333	—————Patronage	395
Rhyme, remarks on	371	—————Atheism cured	396
Speeches, remarks on American	175	—————Case of Lunacy	ib.
Strictures on Moor	506	—————Grey's Elegy	ib.
Tibullus and Hammond compared	11	—————Good out of evil	197
Vegetable Physiology, remarks on	27	—————Tasso	ib.
—————Life	237	—————Anecdote of Marmontel	201
		—————Sir S. Cornish	ib.
		—————J. Holt	202
		—————A Pidgeon and a Cat	381
		—————Caracci	387
		—————M. Luther	ib.
		—————Fusil	625
		War in Louisiana, Latour's memoir of	477

POETRY.

Anacreontique	316	Epigram to an ill-natured beauty	127
The Avarice King	630	—————the Metamorphose	ib.
Boreal's Truce	317	A Fable from the French	424
The Child of Sorrow	207	Honour and Glory with Plenty and Peace	208
Columbia's bold Yeomanry, a song	210	Lines on a beloved Sister	204
Canzonet	422-424	—————the Death of Sir P. Parker	299
A Dream	525	—————Battle of Plattsburg	320
Evil communications corrupt good manners	207	—————in the Album at Passaic	424
Elegy	634	—————to the Memory of Mrs. Jones	425
Epigrams, to Selfo	527	—————on Melancholy	522
—————Julio	ib.		

Lines to Lavinia	525	Perfect Solitude	205
———Him who understands it	526	The Prosiad and Poesiad . .	311
———the memory of John		Rondeau	634
Andrews	518	Stanzas on the Battle at New	
———on Woman	529	Orleans	318
———to Anna	530	Song	422
The Master Thought . . .	216	The Surprise	633
The Maniac's Song . . .	432	Song	636
Naval Ode	213	Trite Advice	316
The Ocean Fight	211	The Washington Guards, a song	103
Ode to Sympathy	420		

Princeton University Library



32101 064079260

